BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1934

1/-

OLD TALES
RE-TOLD BY
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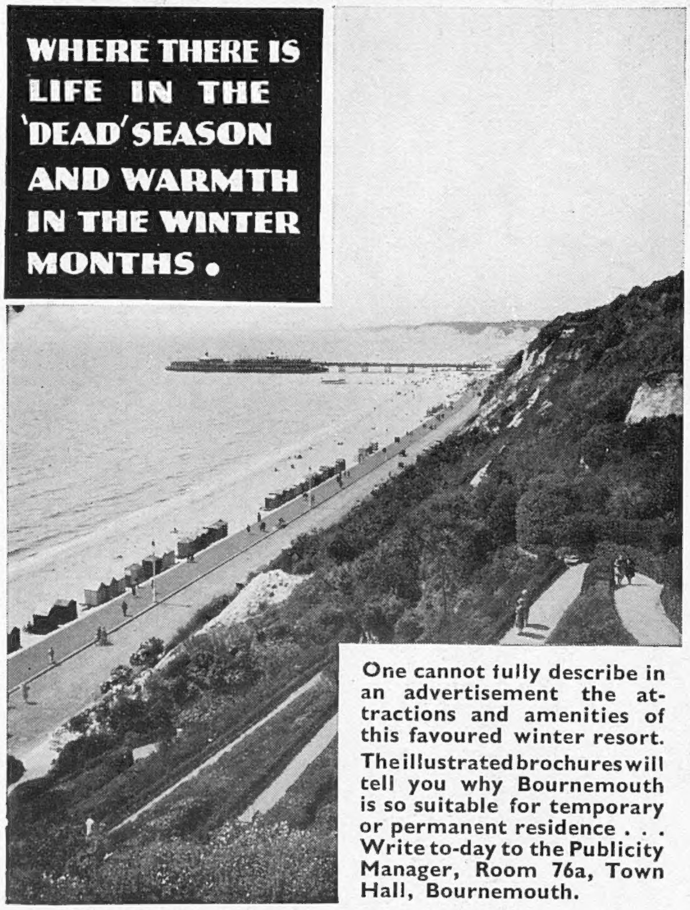

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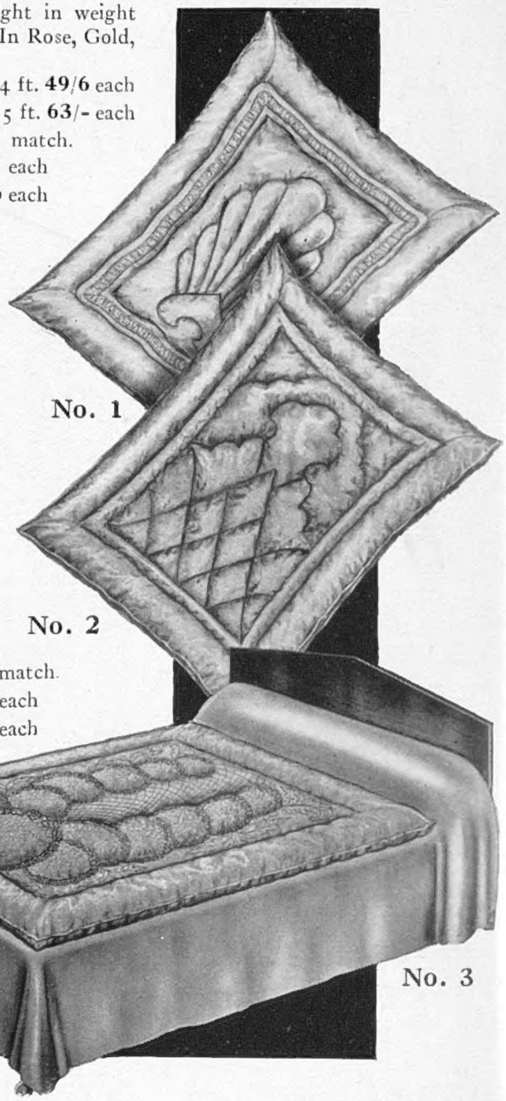

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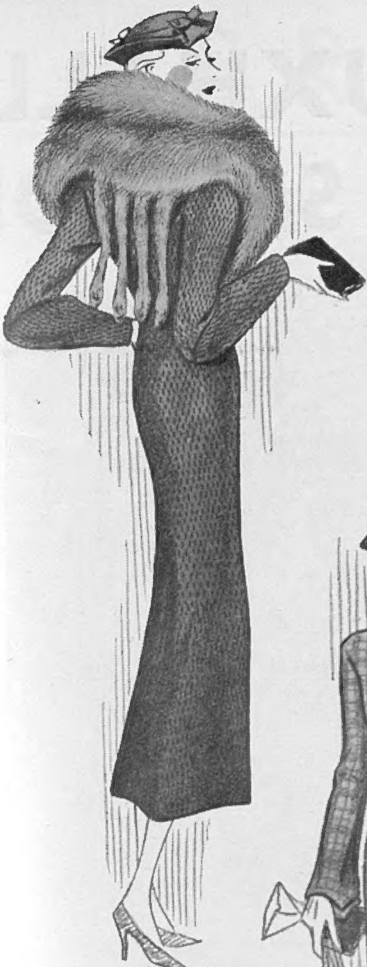

"lady of leisure"
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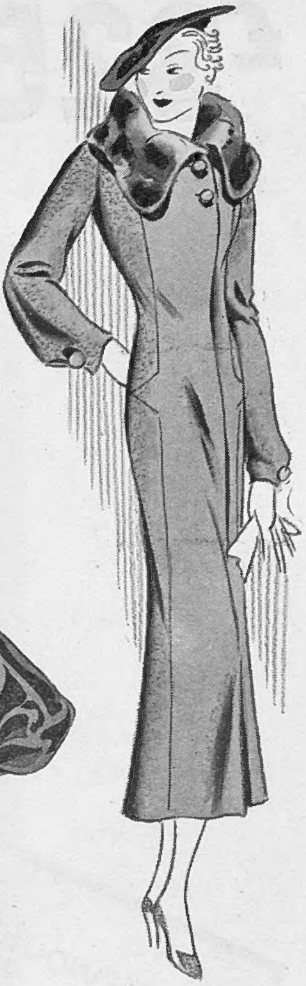

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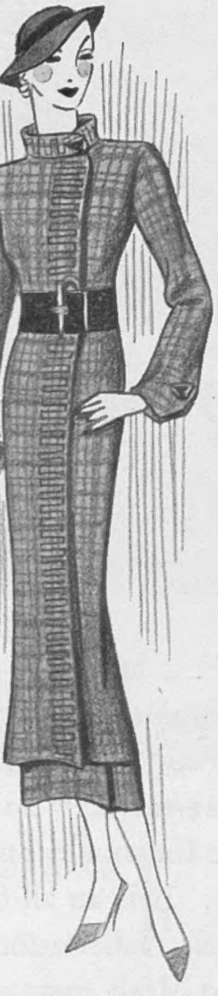

"the weather's lovely"
tweed weave two-piece of a three-quarter coat (lined art crepe) and a matching skirt. the wide belt is of leather.
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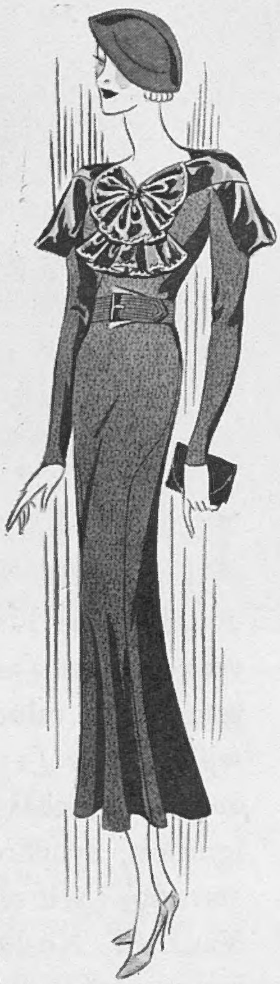

"miss britain"
satin is used for the yoke, jabot and sleeve trimming of this woollen weave frock. the belt is of self.
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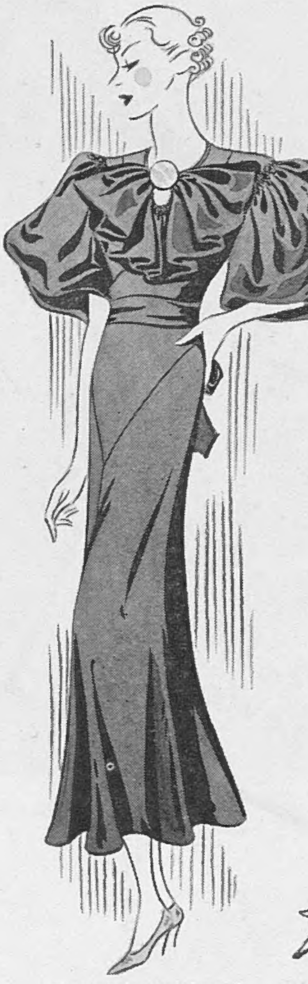

"a taffeta symphony"
wide puffed sleeves are featured on this taffeta afternoon frock. the neck is finished with a plaque brooch.
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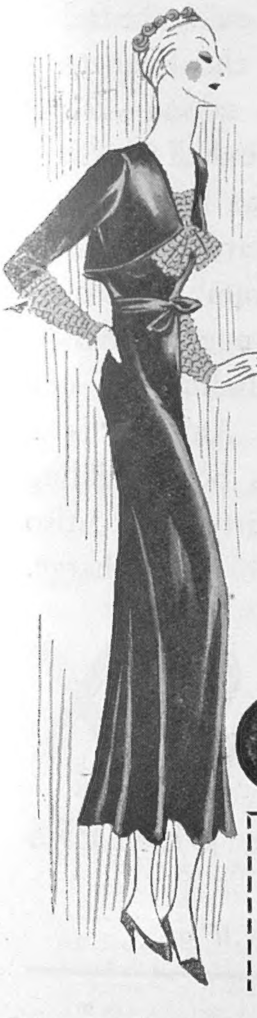

"on the air"
(at left)
a frock in velvet with deep cuffs and a vestee of frilled lace, and a bolero effect in front.
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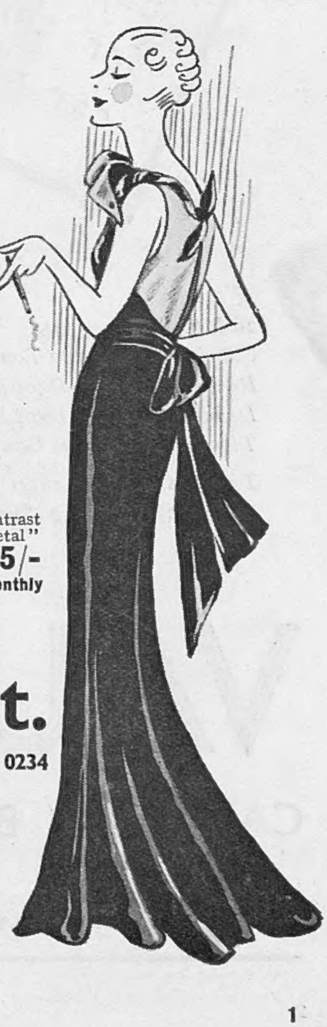

"fair women"
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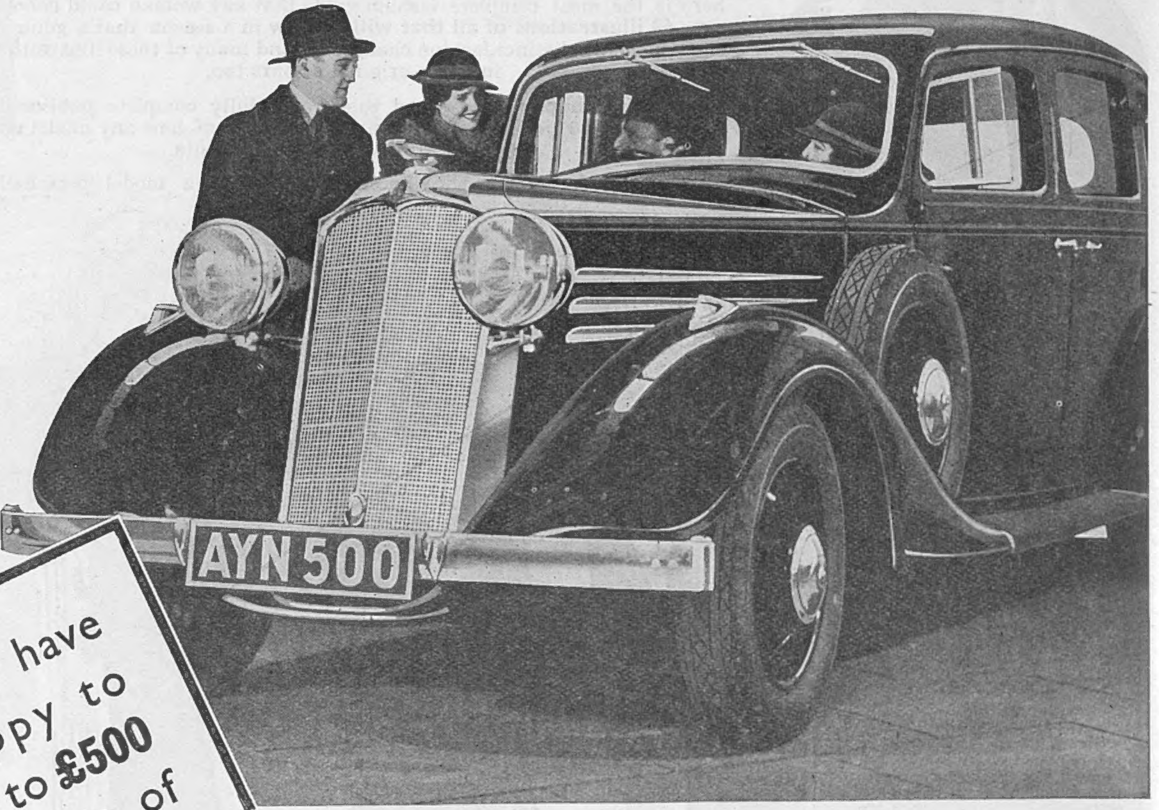

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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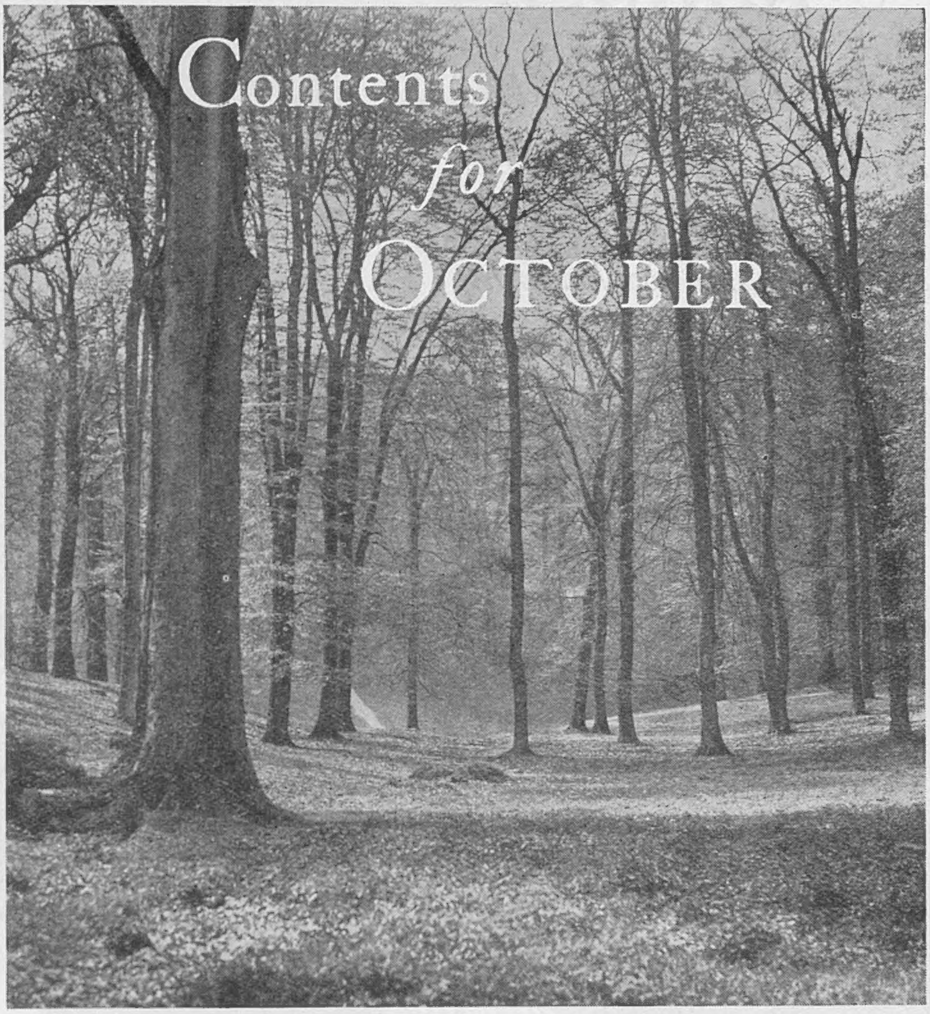

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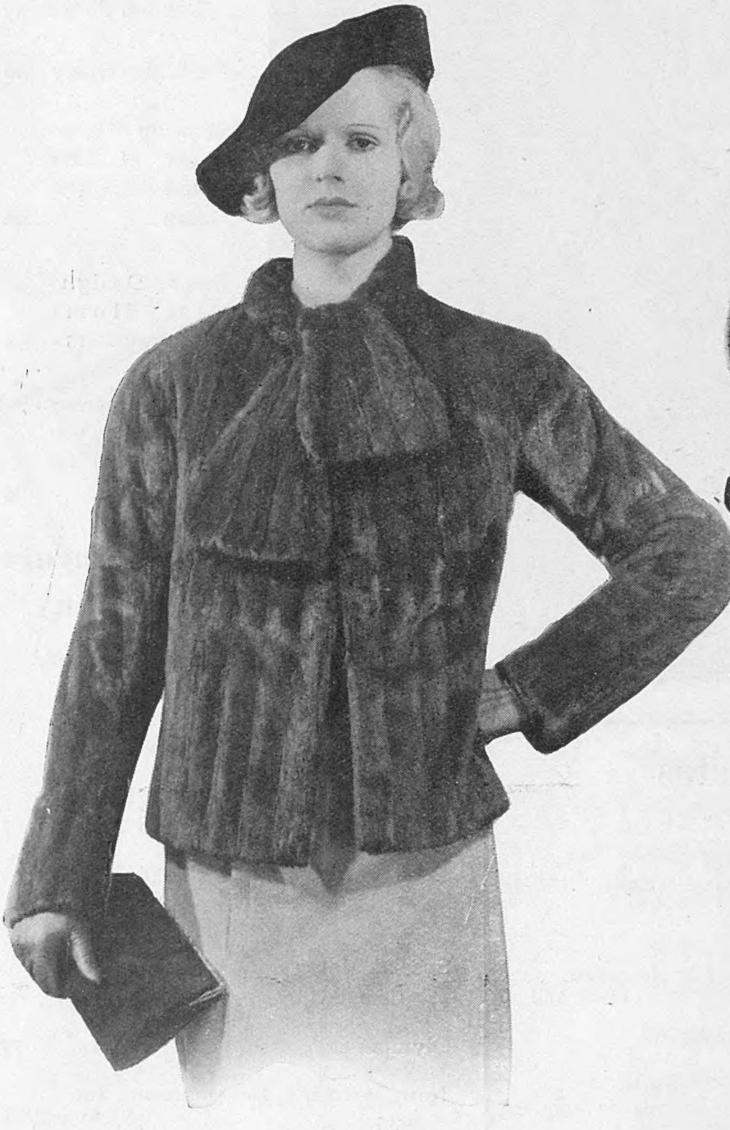

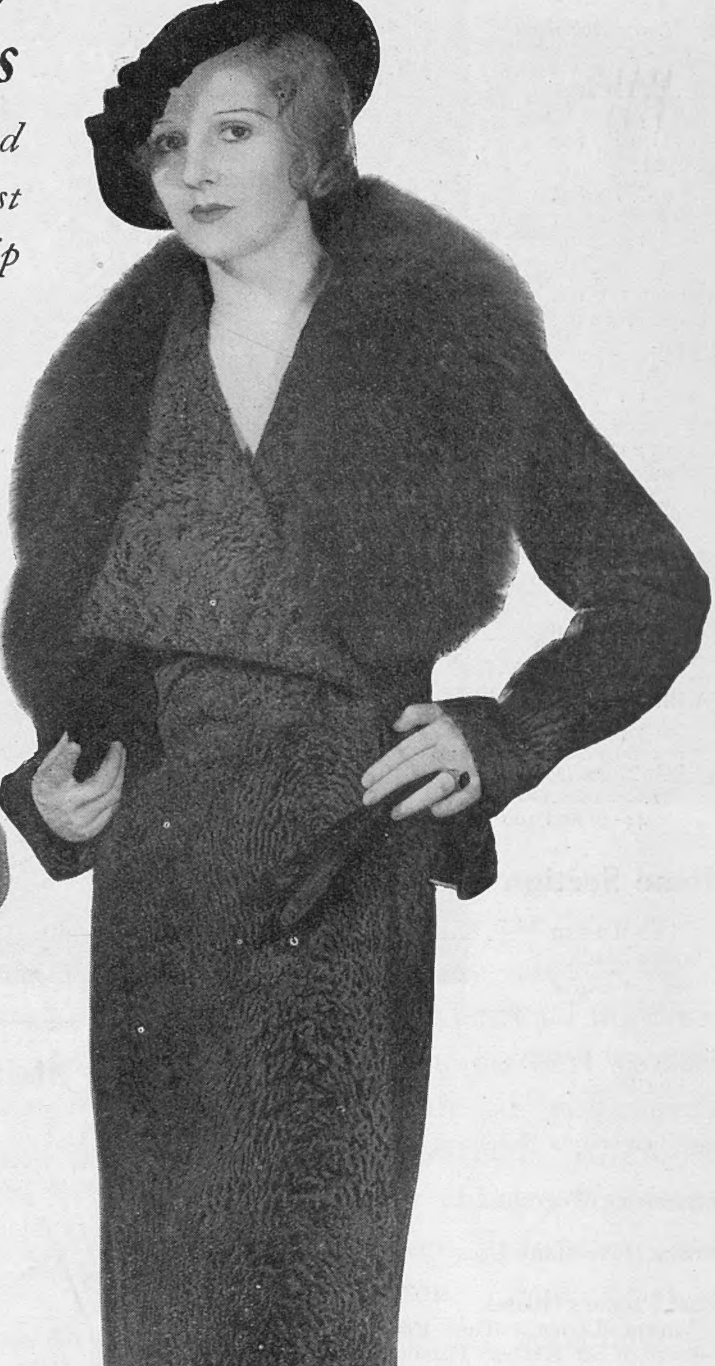

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* This WINTER SEASON

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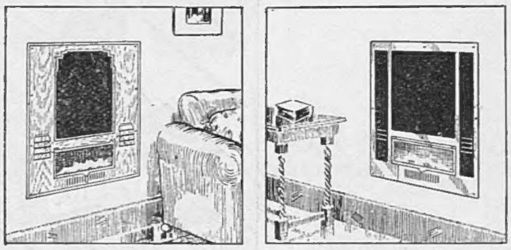
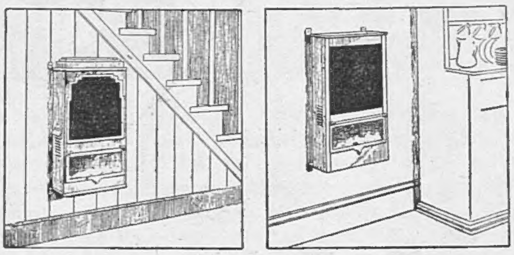


BUILT IN FLUSH WITH WALL—NO PROJECTIONS.



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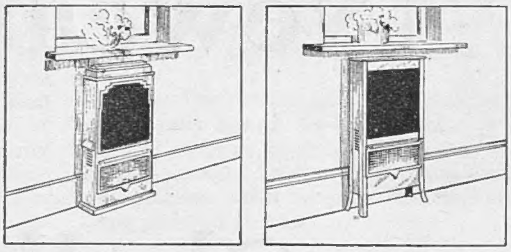
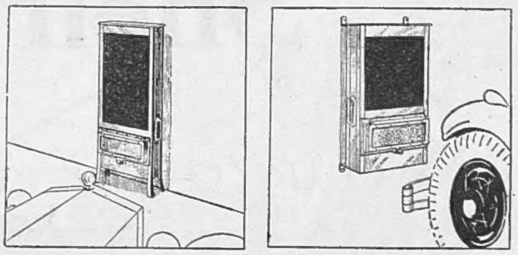


DWARF MODELS DESIGNED FOR RESTRICTED HEIGHTS.



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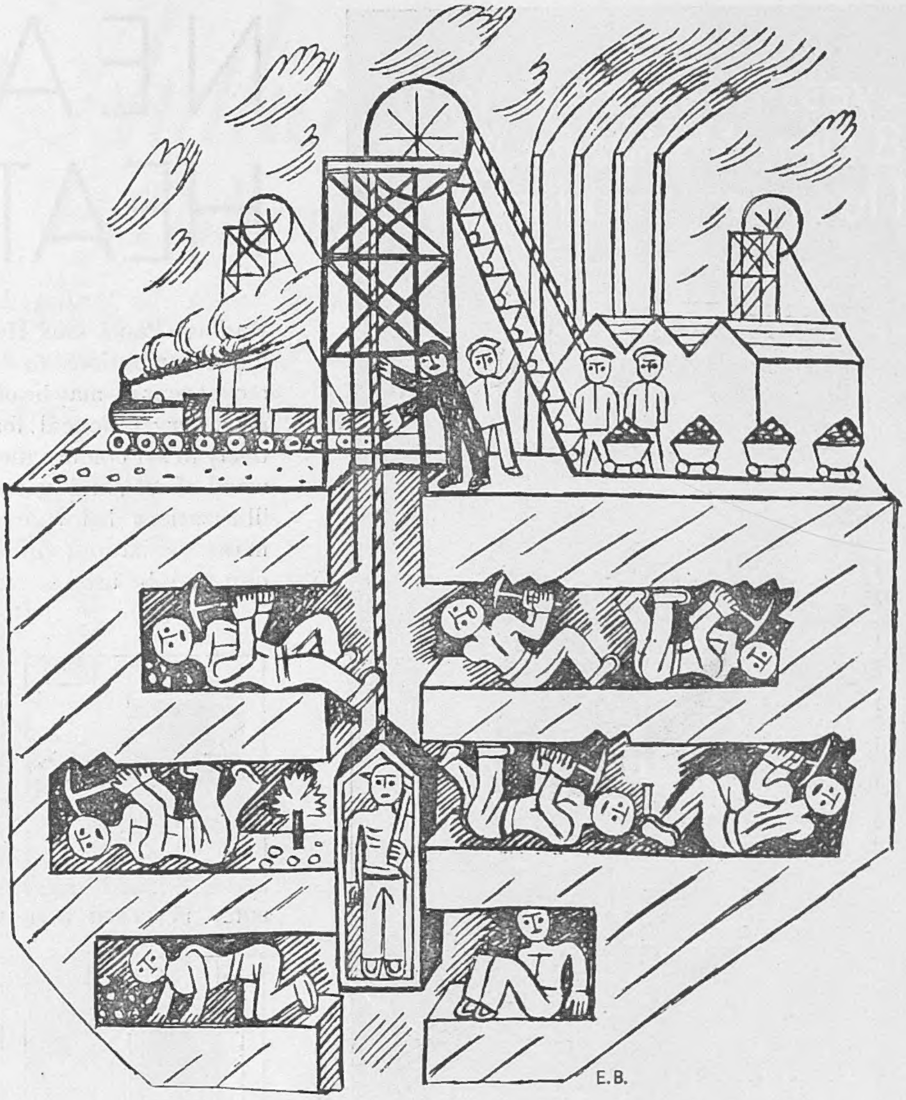

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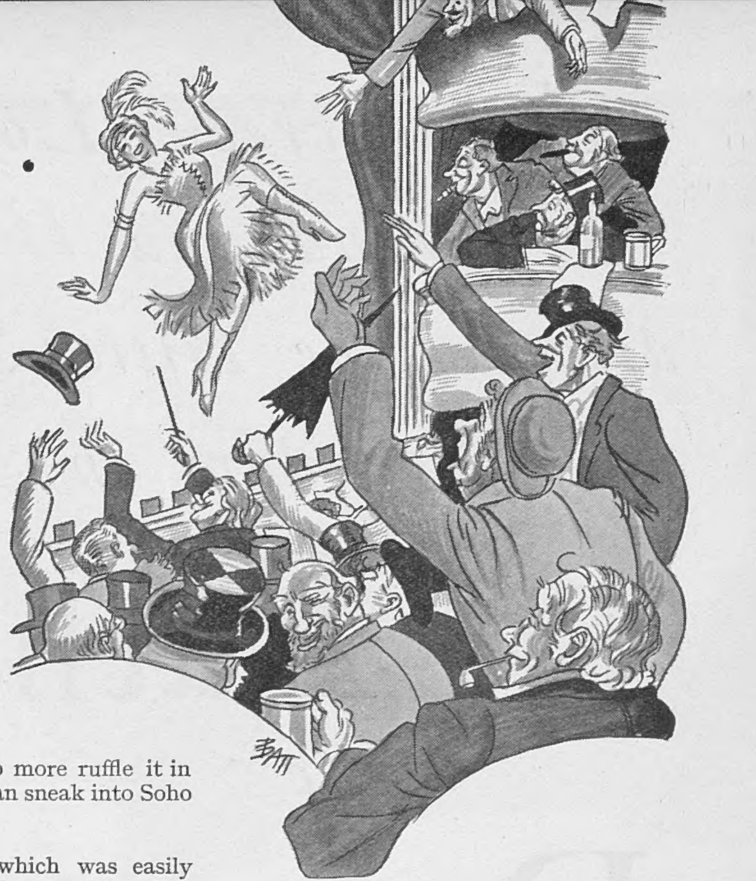
Fifty Y*ears* Ago ...

Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 10. *The Night Life of London*



THE night life of London half a century ago was almost entirely masculine except as regards the theatres, when pater and materfamilias wended their way towards Oxford Street and the Princess's to admire Mr. Wilson Barrett's conception of Hamlet—described by W. S. Gilbert as funny without being vulgar; delight in the comedy spirit displayed by Mrs. Kendal in an adaptation from the French, or be thrilled by home-made melodrama at the Adelphi. Mr. Henry Irving, the greatest draw of all, accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company, were in America.

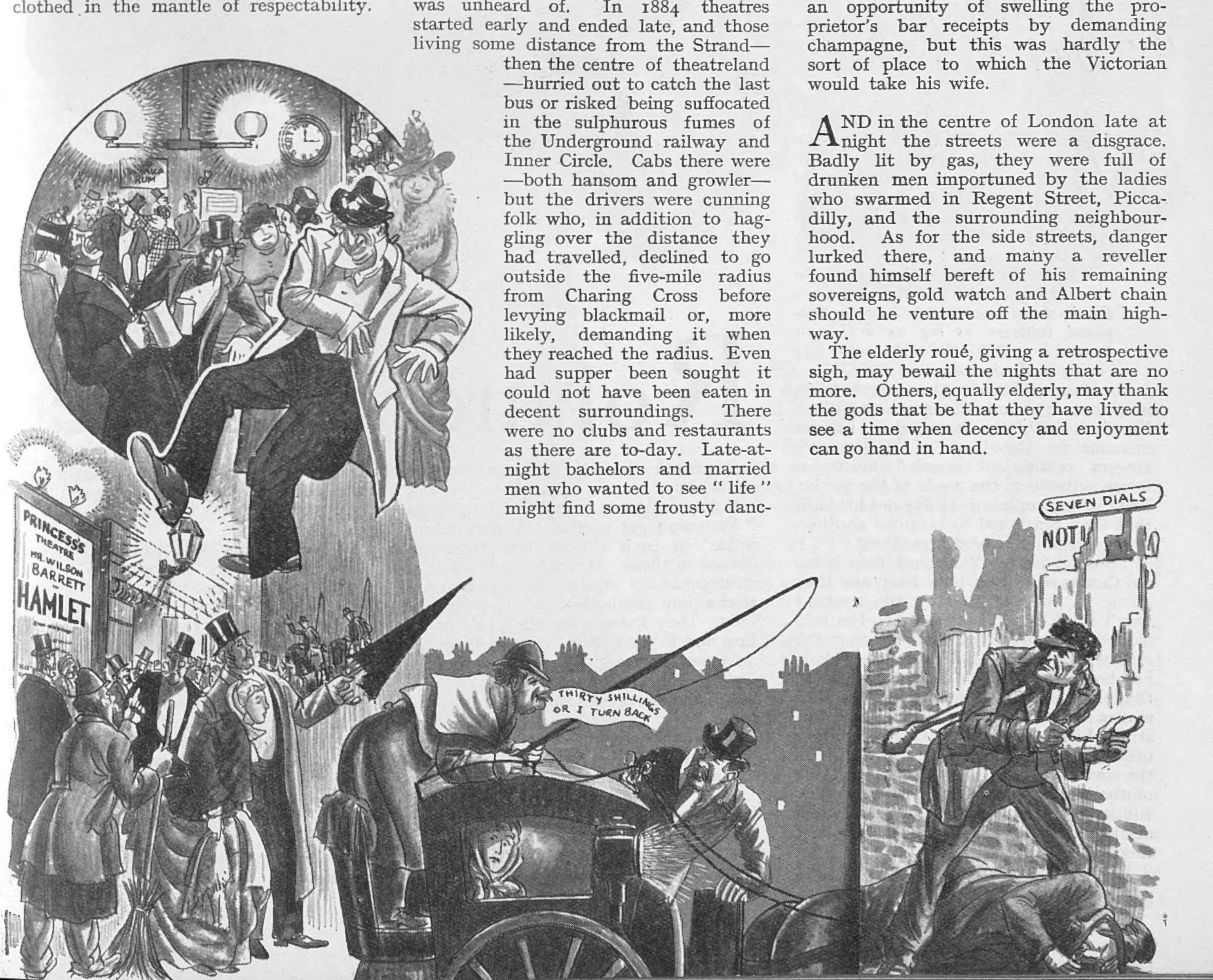
The music-halls existed and had their patrons, but no self-respecting citizen would have thought of taking his wife to one of them. It was not till Albert Chevalier, many years later, appeared at the London Pavilion that they became clothed in the mantle of respectability. And theatregoers fed at home. The dining-out habit had not been acquired and was not catered for. There were chop-houses and a meal could doubtless be obtained at an hotel, but one could no more ruffle it in the Ritz restaurant than sneak into Soho for a table-d'hôte.

IT was drink alone which was easily secured—the public houses kept late hours then—though in an environment entirely unfitted for the family. Even such places as the St. James's, affectionately known to the man-about-town as "Jimmie's," was but a glorified pub.

As for supper after the show, to the average husband and wife such a thing was unheard of. In 1884 theatres started early and ended late, and those living some distance from the Strand—then the centre of theatreland—hurried out to catch the last bus or risked being suffocated in the sulphurous fumes of the Underground railway and Inner Circle. Cabs there were—both hansom and growler—but the drivers were cunning folk who, in addition to haggling over the distance they had travelled, declined to go outside the five-mile radius from Charing Cross before levying blackmail or, more likely, demanding it when they reached the radius. Even had supper been sought it could not have been eaten in decent surroundings. There were no clubs and restaurants as there are to-day. Late-at-night bachelors and married men who wanted to see "life" might find some frousty dancing hall, designated by some high-sounding title, where in the intervals between waltz and polka a raucous voiced vocalist might sing a patriotic song to give honorary members of the "club," in the shape of women of the town, an opportunity of swelling the proprietor's bar receipts by demanding champagne, but this was hardly the sort of place to which the Victorian would take his wife.

AND in the centre of London late at night the streets were a disgrace. Badly lit by gas, they were full of drunken men importuned by the ladies who swarmed in Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the surrounding neighbourhood. As for the side streets, danger lurked there, and many a reveller found himself bereft of his remaining sovereigns, gold watch and Albert chain should he venture off the main highway.

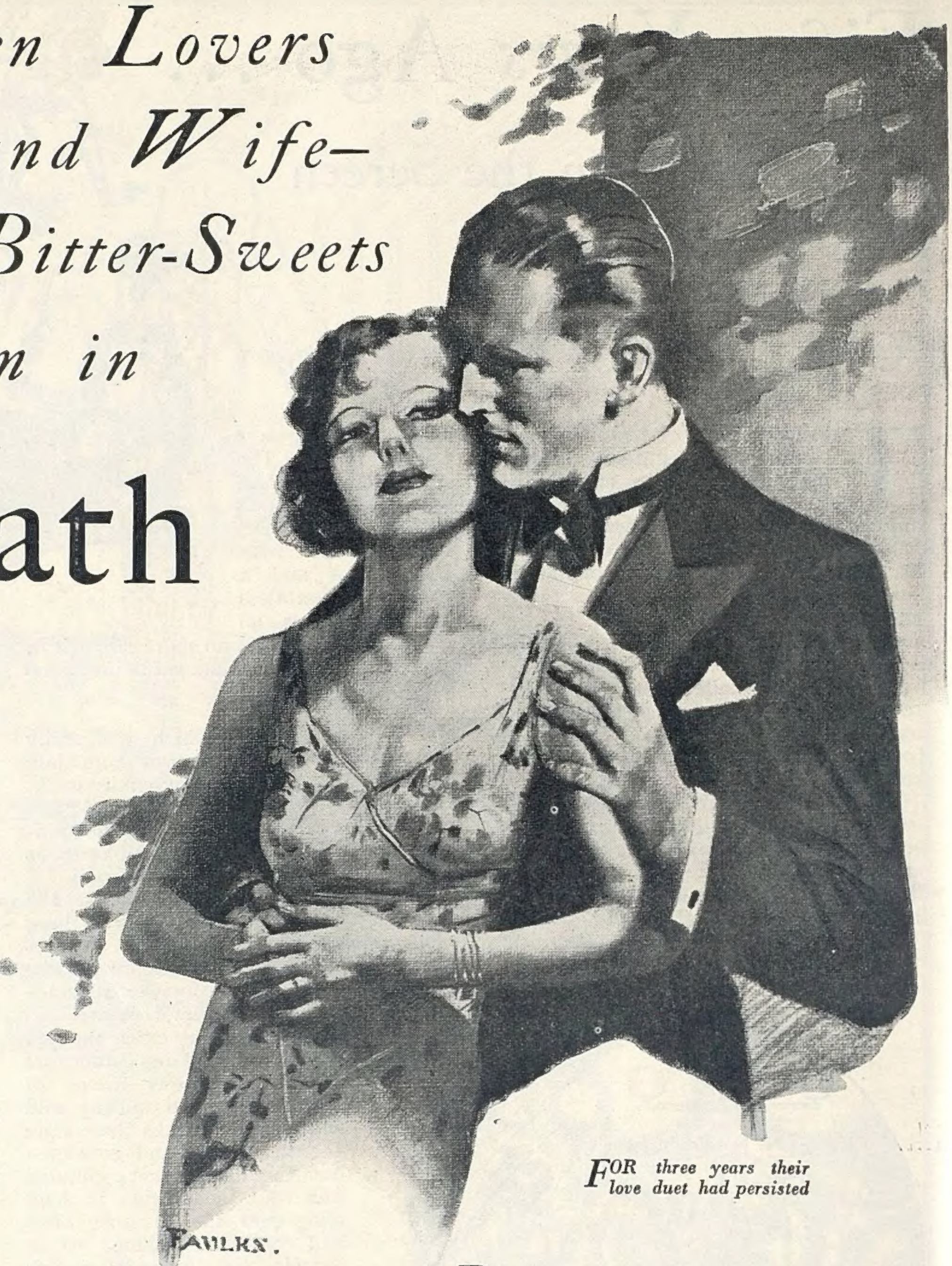
The elderly roué, giving a retrospective sigh, may bewail the nights that are no more. Others, equally elderly, may thank the gods that be that they have lived to see a time when decency and enjoyment can go hand in hand.



Two Screen Lovers –Husband and Wife– discover the Bitter-Sweets of Stardom in

The Path of Duty

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulkes



FOR three years their love duet had persisted

By Roland Pertwee

MILTON CHENNICK, of the production staff of T.L.B. Pictures, took the slip of paper that Hal Bosser, agent and publicity man, had put on his desk and viewed it with loathing and trepidation. Aloud he read :

> *" Was Jill Craven happy on the anniversary of the wedding day when the husband-lover slipped her a diamond solitaire as big as a Jumbo peanut ? OBOYOBOY there was cooing in the dovecote that night ! "*

Mr. Bosser reacted to the contemptuous inflexion with a note of vigorous hostility. He had faithfully recorded a blissful moment in the lives of Hollywood's longest established married lovers in terms suitable to the needs of the public. Then why complain ? It was not his fault that they continued to love one another.

Mr. Chennick waved him down.

" Sure it isn't. You can't help being no Casanova. But how long are they going to be able to stay the course ? Don't think I'm raising a wail—I'm not. Nobody knows better than me that the reason why we can sell those two kids is not because they *look* clean but because they *are* clean. It's only nerves that makes my stomach turn when I read this stuff. Listen, Hal, every time we release one of the ' sunshine series,' with Jill as the sweetheart, or Ray as a great big mother's boy, I offer up a prayer that they will keep right on holding hands, though all the forces of nature are levelled against them."

Hal Bosser leaned across the desk and patted the big executive on the shoulder.

" Aw, take it easy," he pleaded. " You ain't got nothin' to worry about. Sittin' in each other's laps is second nature to them. It would want all of an earthquake to shake 'em apart. And that's only the half of it. They're good kids. They know what they owe to the firm and to the public. Even if there was an upset they ain't going to let nobody down. No, sir. And I'm speakin' as a man who loves 'em like they was my own."

" So you should. You make plenty out of them."

Hal waved the insult aside.

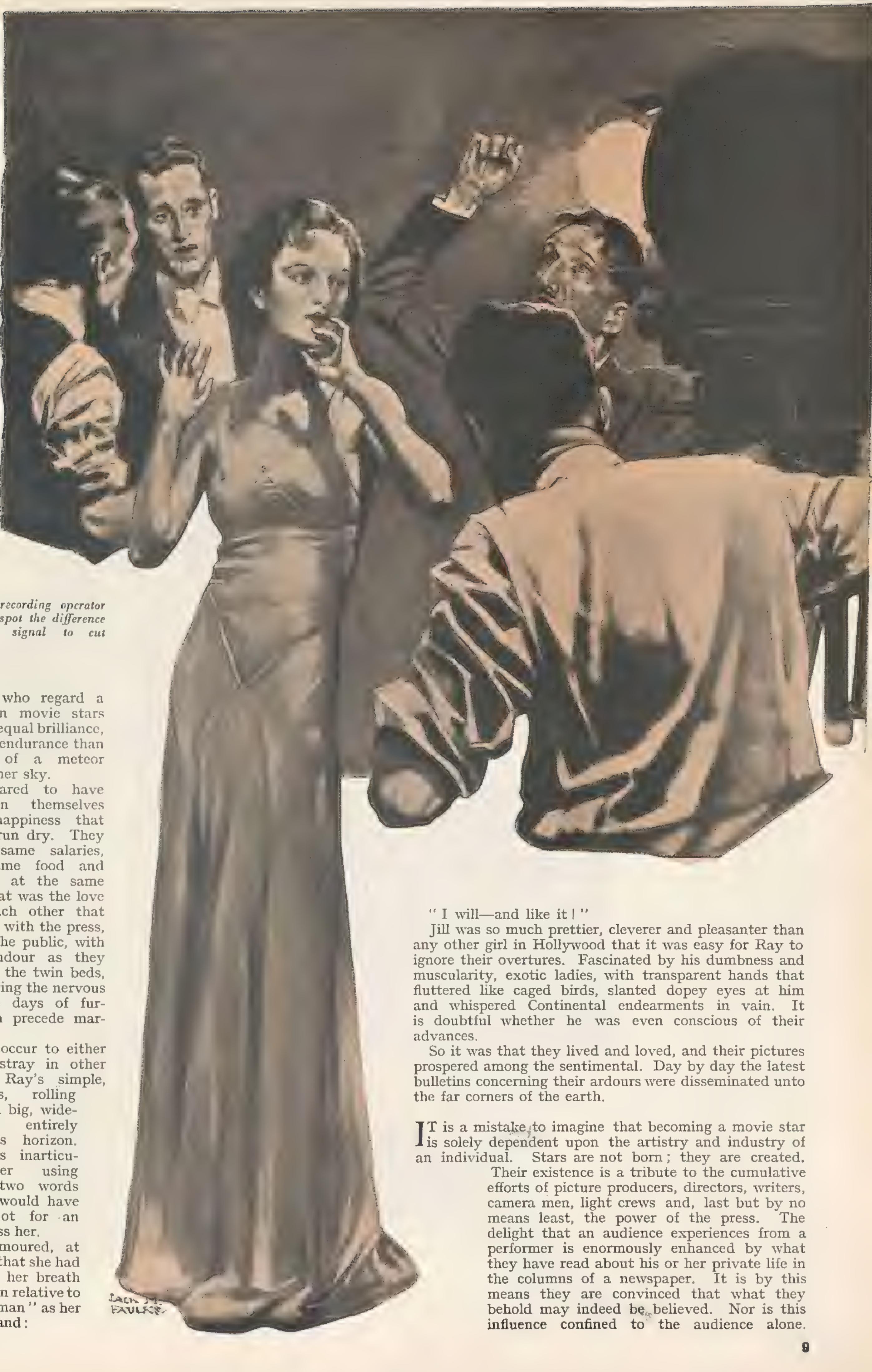
" Go on, I can take it," he said. " Besides, when have I ever told you wrong ? You know me, 'n' I know you. Haven't I worked for 'n' around this firm since the days when the cheques they paid was no good for a fortnight—and *then* they was no good ? If you can't take my word it's just too bad."

IT is commonly believed that auctioneers and agents are disposed to take an unduly optimistic view of their wares and clients, but Hal Bosser had in no way exaggerated the domestic security enjoyed by Jill Craven and Ray Brant. Their love was as a house built upon a rock.

As a fact their house was built upon a rock—nestling upon the shelf of a high crag, bearing in letters of a gargantuan size the name " Hollywoodland."

Here in a Spanish setting, divorced from any financial or economic embarrassment, they lavishly entertained—each other.

For three years their love duet had persisted ; a permanent reproach to



THE sound-recording operator was first to spot the difference and flash a signal to cut

those cynics who regard a union between movie stars as an event of equal brilliance, but even less endurance than the passing of a meteor across a summer sky.

They appeared to have discovered in themselves springs of happiness that would never run dry. They earned the same salaries, liked the same food and even laughed at the same jokes. So great was the love they bore each other that they shared it with the press, and thereby the public, with as much candour as they shared one of the twin beds, purchased during the nervous but exquisite days of furnishing which precede marriage.

It did not occur to either of them to stray in other directions. Ray's simple, husky ways, rolling shoulders and big, wide-open smile entirely covered Jill's horizon. That he was inarticulate — never using more than two words where eight would have done, did not for an instant distress her.

It was rumoured, at her wedding, that she had replied under her breath to the question relative to taking "this man" as her wedded husband:

"I will—and like it!"

Jill was so much prettier, cleverer and pleasanter than any other girl in Hollywood that it was easy for Ray to ignore their overtures. Fascinated by his dumbness and muscularity, exotic ladies, with transparent hands that fluttered like caged birds, slanted dopey eyes at him and whispered Continental endearments in vain. It is doubtful whether he was even conscious of their advances.

So it was that they lived and loved, and their pictures prospered among the sentimental. Day by day the latest bulletins concerning their ardours were disseminated unto the far corners of the earth.

IT is a mistake to imagine that becoming a movie star is solely dependent upon the artistry and industry of an individual. Stars are not born; they are created. Their existence is a tribute to the cumulative efforts of picture producers, directors, writers, camera men, light crews and, last but by no means least, the power of the press. The delight that an audience experiences from a performer is enormously enhanced by what they have read about his or her private life in the columns of a newspaper. It is by this means they are convinced that what they behold may indeed be believed. Nor is this influence confined to the audience alone.

The artistes themselves come under its spell. At times they may be a little surprised to find how closely the circumstances of their lives, as represented by the press, reflect the subject matter of thier latest screen appearances, but their surprise rarely takes the form of a printed denial. Rather do they feel a responsibility to realise the statements that have been made about them. Artistes are very receptive, and if they have not actually run away with a Russian director or contemplated retirement to a convent they will earnestly debate with themselves the advisability of so doing. For there is no more fatal policy in the world of pictures than to play one life and lead another.

The daily record of their marital happiness, as handled by Mr. Bosser, proved an enormous stimulus to the love that Ray and Jill bore each other. Contrary to every Hollywood tradition and the laws of human nature, they continued to dance through the years and the dim lights of the Coconut Grove, cheek on cheek.

There is no telling how long this state of affairs would have prevailed but for a surgeon's scalpel and a septic tonsil.

Jill developed the septic tonsil while making a picture in which she appeared in one of those " cute," " Daddy's knee," " My word, ain't you big and strong ! " parts on which her reputation as a sweetheart had been founded.

The surgeon had made the mistake of paying a dollar too little for the bottle of Scotch which he and a friend had walloped the night before the operation. What the Scotch lacked in age and virtue it made up in fusel oil. Too much fusel oil is liable to make the steadiest hand behave like the blade of a trembler coil. The scalpel slipped — not much, but enough to cut a nick in Jill's vocal cords, and put the surgeon out of business.

Until then her voice had been sweet as a silver bell, but there issued now from her throat a husky, toneless whisper, such as may be heard from those daughters of joy who have sinned all the music from their souls.

The sound-recording operator was first to spot the difference and flash a signal to cut. It would have been impossible to match up those new tones with the sound track of the earlier takes.

Mr. Chennick was sent for and he and the director went into a huddle on the set. As a result Jill was sent home and orders were issued for retakes and the engagement of a débutante who had recently arrived from South Butte, Montana.

And while Jill was weeping in Ray's arms and lamenting the end of her career, and wondering how much they could knock the surgeon for, the studio heads sat in conference to decide what could be done. Studio heads are a pretty shrewd crowd, and it did not take them long to realise the tremendous possibilities invited by a combination of Jill's innocent appearance and that rusty, broken voice. With a single stroke of a scalpel there had been brought into being a screen courtesan without rival in the history of talking pictures.

It was Hal Bosser, purple with excitement, who burst in upon the unhappy pair to spread the news.

" Yes, but I don't look like a bad girl," said Jill, for it is asking too much to expect an actress to take a hairpin bend with the mental agility of an executive.

Hal Bosser beat his palms together and rubbed them.

" That's just it, Honey ! That's why every guy in the audience'll be a pushover. Here's where we go into big money."

" Aw gee ! " said Ray, with the nearest approach to a frown of which he was capable, " but Jill don't want to play tramps. She's a honey-bunch. She don't have to play fallen women. Maybe her voice will get well again. She don't want to go playing truck like that."

For the first time in their association Jill looked at him with pity.

" What's it matter if the money's good ? I don't have to *be* that way because I *act* that way." There was a dragged, weary note in her voice. It sounded old and wise.

Ray frowned.

" No call to answer a guy in that tone," he complained.

Stung by his lack of imagination, she came back fast.

" Why, you dumb skate, how can I help the way I talk ? "

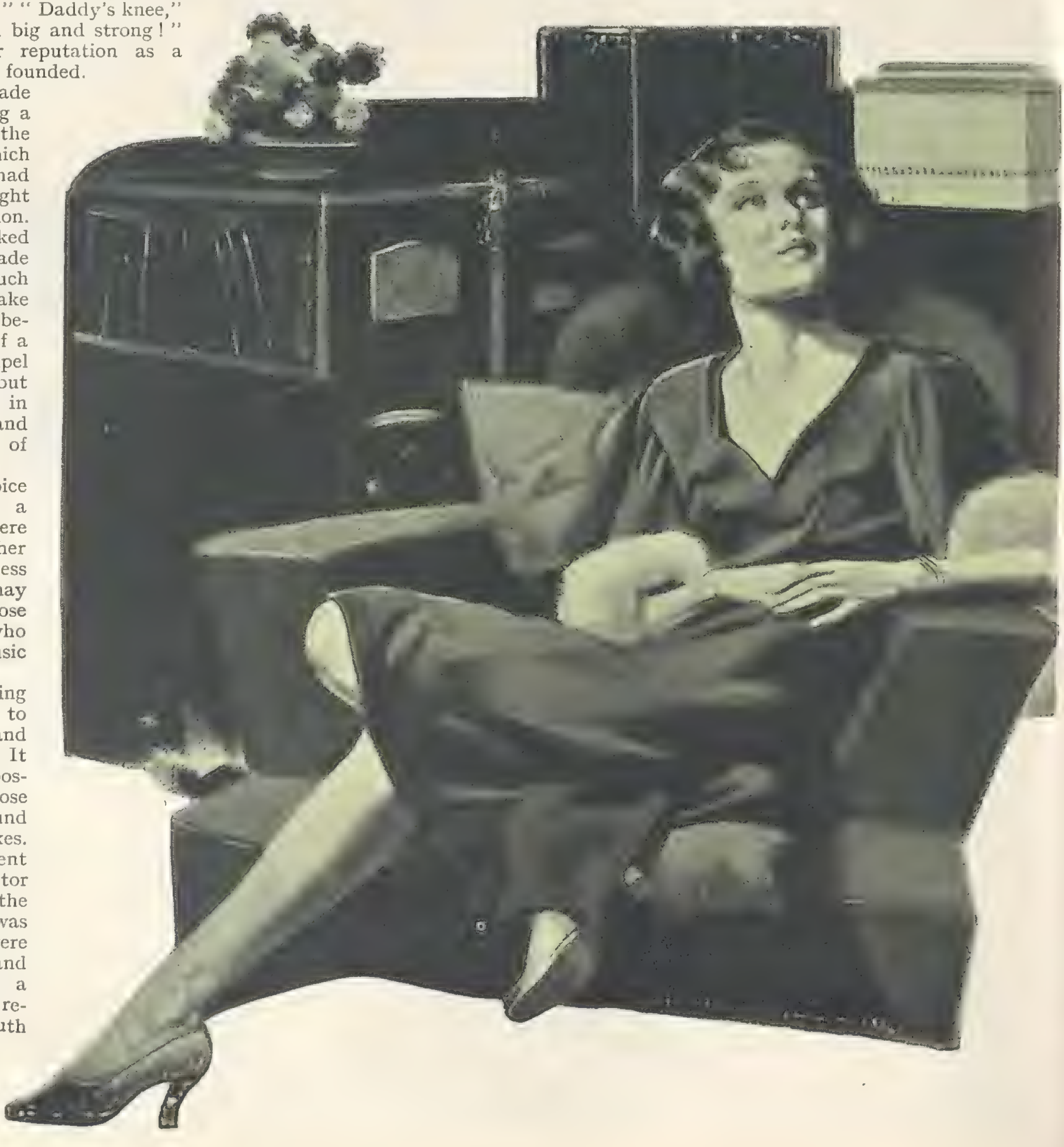
He appreciated the justice of her retort, and it was not resentment that pulled down the corners of his mouth. He was mourning for a silver bell that would no longer sound sweetly in his ears.

Hal Bosser watched the little altercation with feelings of the liveliest admiration and sympathy.

" Good kids ! " he thought to himself. " Good kids ! "

And on his way home he stopped to call up a columnist who wrote on matters of screen interest.

The paragraph which subsequently



appeared marked the first occasion that the affairs of Jill and Ray had ever been exploited to the accompaniment of a two-inch marginal query.

> *" Did I hear a peevish note in Jill Craven's voice at the Colony last night—or did I? The muscles controlling husband-lover's smile seemed to be on a lay-off period."*

What Hollywood does in private overnight is discussed with the cornflakes at forty-five million breakfast tables next day.

Milton Chennick read it and sent for Hal Bosser.

" Hal, you got vision," he said.

Hal Bosser preened himself.

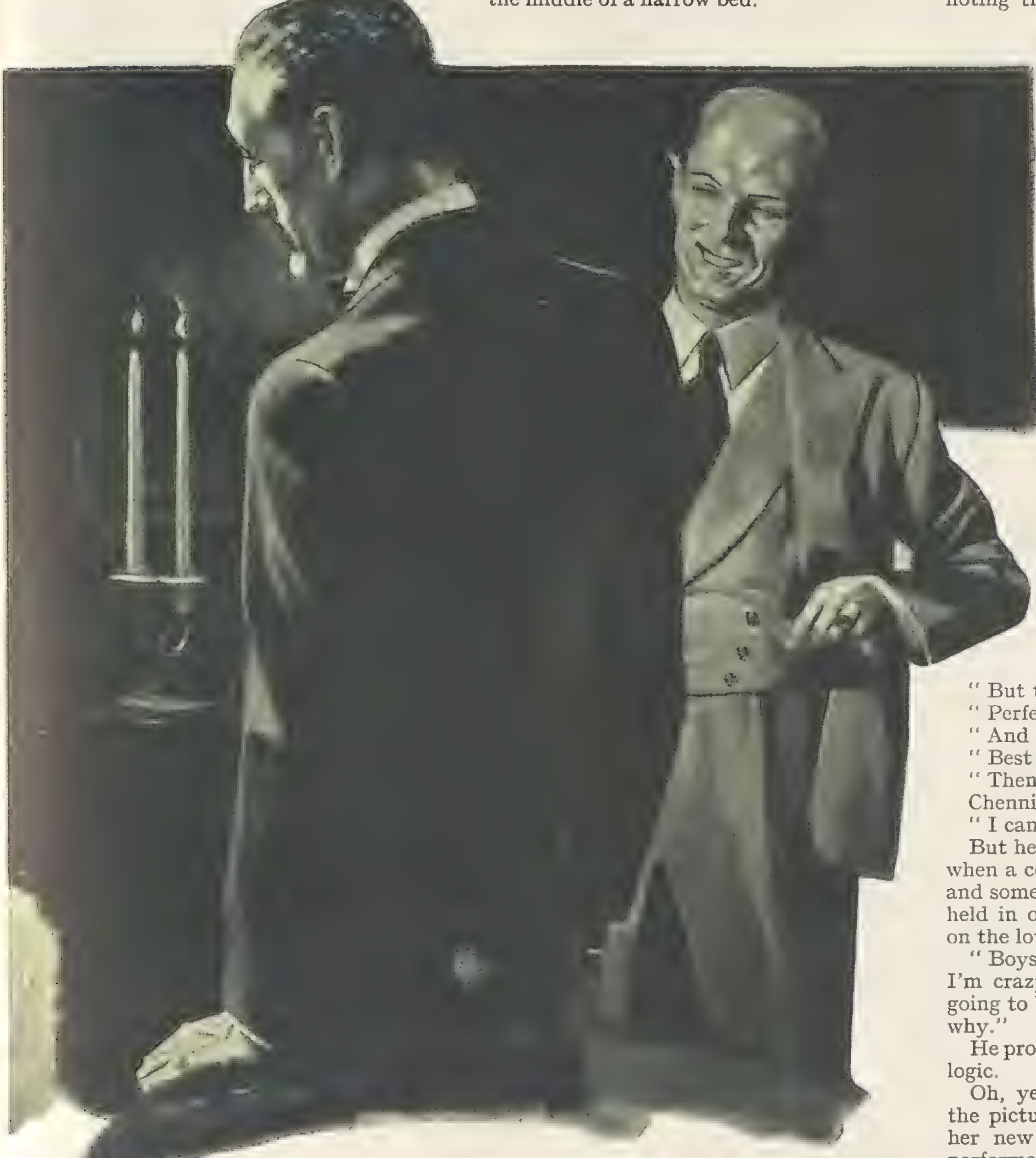
" My mother bred no fools," said he.

Ray read the item aloud as he and Jill lay in bed.

" If that isn't the darndest thing," he cried and laughed contemptuously.

Something in the quality of the laugh offended Jill. No doubt it was proper that he should laugh at the bare idea of there being a rift in their lute; on the other hand, was any husband justified in ridiculing the possibility that his wife might have wearied of his society? To do so savoured of over-confidence—of smugness. That was why, instead of laughing too, Jill rolled to the extreme edge of the twin bed and told him she had a headache—and must he be so noisy?

Witness therefrom the power of the printed word to influence the human mind, for whereas in the past the relation of their transports had impelled them more firmly into each other's arms, the first rumour of a difference accounted for three inches of vacant space right down the middle of a narrow bed.



HAL BOSSER watched the little altercation with feelings of the liveliest admiration and sympathy

Later that day, on the lot, Ray encountered Hal Bosser. To him he exhibited a closed fist and a promise. Let there be no more stuff of that kind published in the newspapers—or else! It was the first time that there had been a difference between them, and Hal Bosser was deeply hurt. He did not express his feelings aloud, but as he walked away he reflected bitterly that if people failed to realise an act of true friendship when they saw it—well, it was just too bad.

The best scenarists of the T.L.B. lot united their endeavours to make the first of Jill's courtesan pictures a " wow." The finished product combined the chief characteristics of Du Barry with situations lifted bodily from *The Shanghai Gesture*. The picture, and Jill's performance as seen in the projection room of the studio, delighted everybody, except the rival stars. Indeed, so intense was their envy that more than one seriously thought of cutting their throats, or, better still, getting the surgeon who had operated on Jill to do it for them.

Following the Hollywood practice of an unannounced try-out, the picture was put into a car and carried off to an outlying theatre for the purpose of noting the reactions of the public.

At the opening title:

T.L.B. PICTURE CORP.
PRESENTS
JILL CRAVEN
IN
DERELICTS OF LOVE

the main body of the audience settled back for one hour and twenty minutes of sentimental soporific. Only a few more discerning persons expressed astonishment at Jill appearing in a picture " with a title like that "

At the final fade out there was a little bewildered applause, stemmed by the timely appearance of Mickey Mouse.

Milton Chennick walked out of the theatre with never a word. When he did speak it was in the Rolls and in answer to a question from Ramenoutski, the director.

" How do I think it went? Lousy."

" But the kid was wonderful! "

" Perfect."

" And the picture's good."

" Best we've ever made."

" Then how do you explain it? "

Chennick looked at him and nodded.

" I can explain it all right."

But he did not until the following day, when a conference of all the studio heads and some representative of the press was held in one of the administrative offices on the lot.

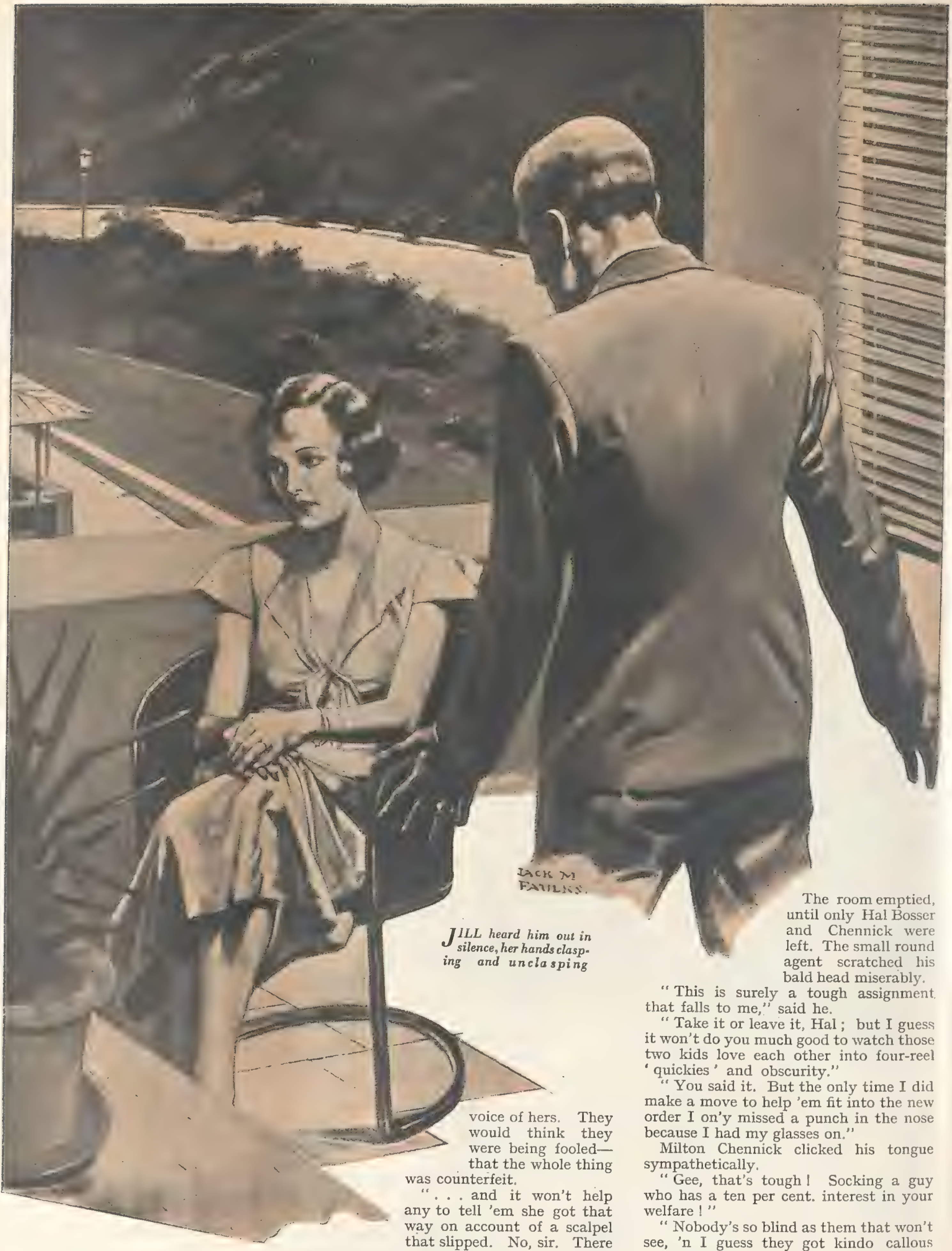
" Boys," he said, " you may think I'm crazy, but 'Derelicts of Love' isn't going to be released, and now I'll tell you why."

He proceeded to do so with fluency and logic.

Oh, yes, he was ready to admit that the picture was a classic—that Jill with her new voice gave an incomparable performance, but . . . Had Garbo or Dietrich appeared in the part all would have been well, because audiences had been trained to expect to see them in characters of that description. But with Jill it was different. Jill's reputation had been based upon the cardinal virtues. Simplicity, innocence, fidelity. And now, in a single cast, all that build-up had been thrown overboard and audiences were to be invited to accept her as mercenary, vicious, wanton.

" And they never will—never, never. You saw for yourselves how mystified they were at the preview last night. Audiences have got to believe that what they see on the screen is a mirror of the private life of the artist. If they don't, and in this case they won't, you're bust."

Audiences would not accept juveniles as character actors. What did anybody



JILL heard him out in silence, her hands clasping and unclasping

suppose would happen if Gary Cooper, say, was exploited behind a great beard? Why, his fans would rise in a body and cry aloud: "Take off that muff, we know yer!" And just the same would happen with Jill Craven and this new voice of hers. They would think they were being fooled—that the whole thing was counterfeit.

". . . and it won't help any to tell 'em she got that way on account of a scalpel that slipped. No, sir. There is only one hope of putting this picture over and making Jill credible. The public has got to be convinced that some calamity has occurred in her domestic life to account for the change. The world has got to be told that her heart is broken—either that or I scrap the picture."

The room emptied, until only Hal Bosser and Chennick were left. The small round agent scratched his bald head miserably.

"This is surely a tough assignment that falls to me," said he.

"Take it or leave it, Hal; but I guess it won't do you much good to watch those two kids love each other into four-reel 'quickies' and obscurity."

"You said it. But the only time I did make a move to help 'em fit into the new order I on'y missed a punch in the nose because I had my glasses on."

Milton Chennick clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"Gee, that's tough! Socking a guy who has a ten per cent. interest in your welfare!"

"Nobody's so blind as them that won't see, 'n I guess they got kindo callous from loving each other."

"Blind is the word. Doesn't Hollywood import enough handsome males for Jill to have given one of them a break? Ray, too. You'd think he was crippled the way he stays at home. I tell you, the lives they lead are a direct contradiction to all the laws of story construction. Hand the facts to the finest writer in the industry and he wouldn't do a fling with them."

"Listen," said Hal Bosser. "I'm not a religious man, but a few things I do believe, 'n one is that if your cause is right it'll prosper. Either I get those two kids' consent to a separation or I rub my name off the panels of industry."

Picking up his hat he walked out.

THE relations between Jill and Ray had been a little strained since the preview. Unused to see Jill appear in the role of a tough dame he had shared with the audience their bewilderment and added some indignation of his own. As a result he had refrained from uttering a single word of praise. When asked what was biting him he had frankly stated his objections to Jill being used to the unrarefied instincts of the hunting male. Jill's reply that she had been raised to three thousand dollars a week failed to mollify him. Coming nearer to an epigram than he had ever before approached, he told her that he had never held with making a profit out of sin. After that he went off to soothe his nerves on the polo ground at a game of stick and ball.

Piqued and neglected Jill welcomed the arrival of Hal Bosser with open arms.

"What's the news, Hal? Do you know when they are going to release my picture?"

Hal Bosser paused before replying:

"Maybe never."

He knew that she was well aware of the fate that befalls a star whose picture finds its way into the ashcan. It means farewell to fame. Having established a menace, he proceeded to repeat what had taken place at the conference.

Jill heard him out in silence, her hands clasping and unclasping.

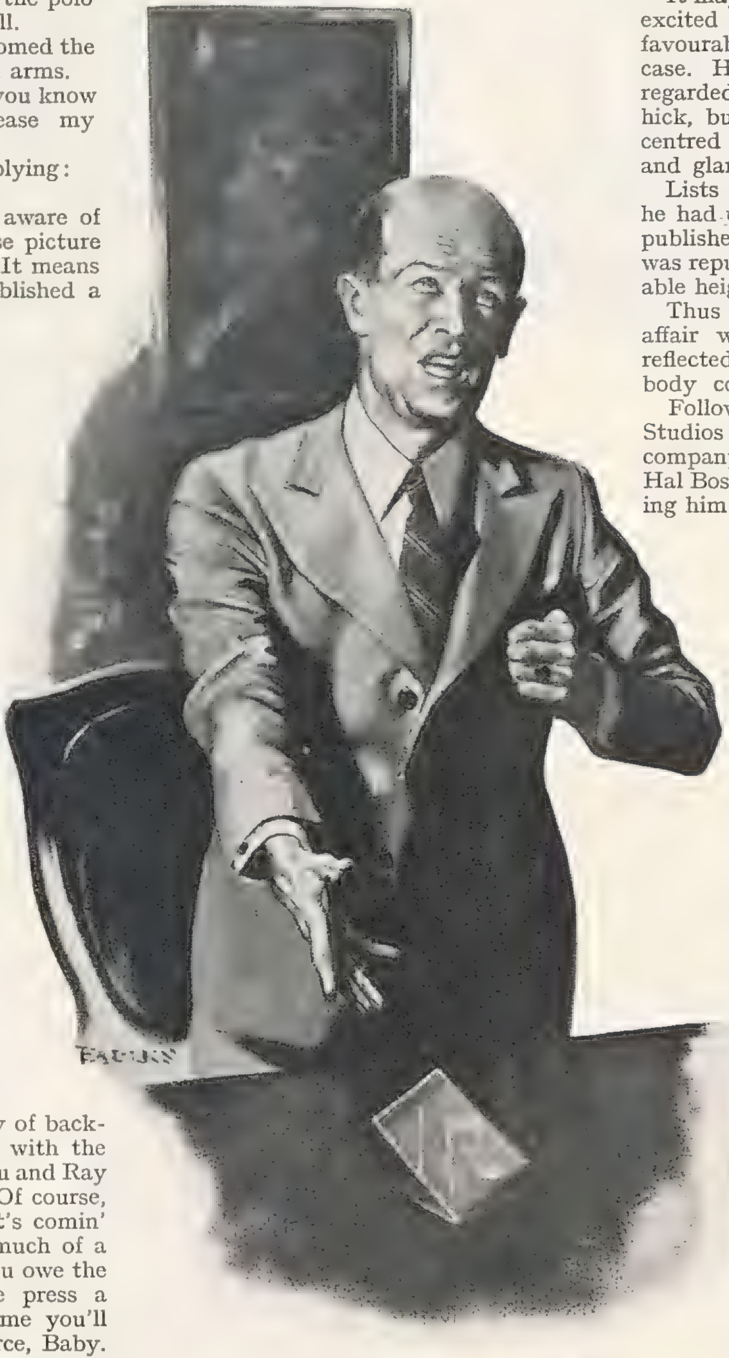
"But, Hal, what am I to *do*?"

"Prove that you aren't afraid," he replied. "Listen, Honey, you and Ray would never have met but for T.L.B. Pictures. Thanks to them you've had three swell years together. Because you're nice kids the boys on the press have written up your happiness and given you a break. But nothing can last for ever. Change is the breath of life. You and I know that there is no personal reason why you and Ray should split. But there are reasons of politics, not to mention the matter of loyalty to the company that now arises. The public demand thrills and mean to have 'em. They are dead sick of this love parade, and the boys on the press have as good as signed an ultimatum that it's gotta stop. Here's you comin' out in a new character, 'n that character needs a big build-up and plenty of background. We want to see you with the dishes flying. We want to see you and Ray all set for the opposite poles. Of course, you may say no, 'n take what's comin' to you, but I feel you're too much of a straight shooter to do that. You owe the company, the public and the press a break, 'n nobody'll convince me you'll pass the buck. Give us a divorce, Baby. Let the world see you stepping out in pastures new." He paused for breath and started again on a note of deeper emotion. "I'm not the sort of guy who likes to preach, but there comes a time with all of us when we must quit fooling and face the realities of life. You two have played around long enough. You've had your fun—it's over. The path of duty lies before you—to Reno."

There were tears in Jill's eyes when he finished speaking. With an impulsive gesture she slipped a hand into one of his.

"You're a grand person," she said, "And I guess you're right, and that we mustn't think only of ourselves. Ray and I have kind of formed a habit of each other—but—but lots of folks have broken themselves of worse habits than that—with less to gain. Won't be easy . . . 'cos we . . love each other." She forced back the tears and tried to smile. "I guess we're the victims of heredity, sticking together like this. Both of our parents were that way. But even heredity can be beaten if you're strong enough. And I will be . . . will be."

"Attagirl!" said Mr. Bosser, and never in his life had he been so profoundly moved by admiration.



HAL BOSSER threw the gift down on the table and refused to accept it

When Ray returned home he was given a note from Jill. In it she stated that she could no longer tolerate his brutalities and infidelities. Good-bye.

That night Jill was led in tears from the Brown Derby by a representative of a news syndicate. And Ray, more drunk than he had ever been before, accompanied by an extra girl whose reputation for amorous interludes transcended her other talents, was thrown out of the Hollywood Stadium for starting a rival fight in one of the aisles.

At an even later hour telegraph wires hummed and the cables that creep along the floors of the sea trembled with tidings of two young people who had followed the pathways of duty unafraid.

THE release of Jill's picture synchronised with the published reports of her divorce.

The picture was a smash hit and beat box-office records everywhere. Millions of spectators marvelled at, but accepted, the transformation that had been wrought in her by the guile and villainy of her one-time mate.

It may be supposed that the sympathy excited for Jill would have reacted unfavourably upon Ray. Such was not the case. Hitherto the young man had been regarded as an amiable and harmless hick, but, thanks to the publicity that centred about him, he assumed a new and glamorous importance.

Lists of Casanova-like rôles, which he had either rejected or accepted, were published daily in the press. His salary was reputed to have soared to unimaginable heights.

Thus it will be seen that the whole affair was an unqualified success and reflected the greatest credit upon everybody concerned.

Following a conference at T. L. B. Studios it was decided to mark the company's appreciation of the services Hal Bosser had rendered them by presenting him with a cigarette case of some precious metal. Their dismay can be imagined when the little agent threw the gift down on the table and refused to accept it.

"If you think I want reminding of what I did you're mistaken."

They besought him to be himself and not to give way to foolish sentiment. They besought him to look at the advantages that both Jill and Ray had secured as a result of the separation. Why, it was absurd to go all Victorian about a little thing like that.

"Victorian nothing," roared Mr. Bosser, "but I like square shooting, 'n when I don't get it I'm through. Why, I pulled these two punks off the skids, parted 'em, and put 'em on top of the world. And how have they repaid me—the dirty double-crossers?" He dropped his voice to a whisper so that the listening world that lay beyond the walls should not hear. "I'll tell you how——by living together. Yessir, slipping off after dark and living together like a true married couple. Can you beat that for ingratitude? If that isn't enough to break a man's faith in human nature, tell me what is?"

MASS marriages at St. George's Church, Southwark

A CHART plotted from the statistics compiled in the office of the Registrar-General of England and Wales discloses now beyond all doubt that something extremely interesting and significant is happening to marriage in this island. The divorce rate may be rising, but the marriage rate is soaring.

In fact, you may smile at Mussolini's taxing of bachelors and spinsters to force the Italian marriage rate up, and grin broadly at Nazi mass marriages, and Hitler's 150,000,000-mark fund "for the purpose of seeing 200,000 girls married off by 1935," but a survey of the general phenomena, and especially of that intriguing white paper, wherein the Registrar-General lists the quarterly comparative figures relating to marriages so oddly along with the figures relating to "Certain Specified Infectious Diseases," makes it pretty clear that Britain also has its marriage *putsch:* and it seems to be the most effective of all.

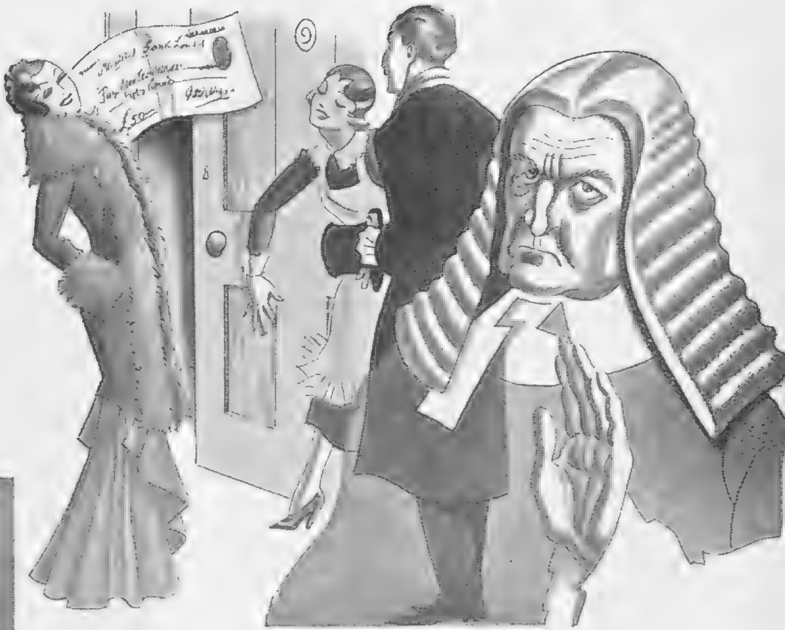
For instance, marriages for the first quarter of 1934 are 29,000 up on the corresponding period of last year. The spring and summer term figures are not yet out, but are believed to be so staggering that the brick-makers, cement manufacturers, insurance salesmen, and other business interests who have a commercial interest in marriages and home-making, have the highest hopes of the continuance of a demand for new houses which has already reached boom proportions and made building for the time being Britain's leading industry. The number of marriages for the whole year will probably constitute a record, since the quarterly figures are running so far ahead of the 1933 figures, although marriages in that year totalled 317,394, the highest for the decade covered by the comparative table.

The rise in the winter quarter is particularly noteworthy, because January, February and March are cold, bitter, disillusioning months in England, and notoriously discouraging to the marriage business, although quite propitious (owing to the insidious influences of cosy rooms, drawn curtains, coal and oak log fires, hunt and county balls, and the like) for amorous episodes. The spring

Overtime *for* Cupid

Some *rather* Surprising Sidelights *on* the M*atrimonial* Market

By C. P*atrick* Thompson



VERY rapidly these last few years there has grown up a regular business for the provision of the necessary co-respondent, along with the evidence at an inclusive fee

quarter is commonly supposed to be *the* marriage season; but the statistics prove otherwise. There are far more marriages in the spring, of course, than in the winter, but the summer is the great marrying time. Last year the July-August-September total was up 35,000, no less, on the spring-term figure; and the jump may be even bigger this year.

Newspaper headlines have been linking the bigger marriage figures to the trade recovery. Obviously the economic factor must play a part in these romances which lead to the altar. But it looks as if the importance of this factor has been overstressed. If the hard figures indicate anything, it is that the heart still rules the head in this allegedly cold and hardboiled land—and far more so than in gay and gallant France, passionate Italy, and sentimental Spain.

The years 1927 and 1928 were big-boom years here. Marriages in those years totalled 308,370 and 303,228, respectively. The year 1931 was a gloomy one, full of portents of worse to come, and the year 1932 was the very slough of despond. However, there were 311,847 marriages in the first of those depression years, and 307,184 (4,000 up on the boom-peak year of 1928) in the second.

In short, the worse things looked, the more boldly people here embarked on the greatest and most incalculable of all human adventures. Many could not afford it; but they took the chance. Evidently young Britishers do not get married just because things look safe, sound, and good, promising a future which can be faced without worry. If they waited for these conditions, the institution of marriage would now be in its decline, instead of being more popular and deep-rooted than ever before.

There was a post-war phase when it looked as if the adhesion of increasing numbers to a new, looser moral code, would undermine the whole institution of marriage; not perhaps as severely as has happened in Russia, where marriage and divorce have been reduced largely to a business of signing forms and sticking on revenue stamps, but still quite seriously. Morbid and alarmist views were freely aired. The decline of the marriage rate to 295,689, and then to 279,860, was interpreted not only as a sign of the growing unpopularity of marriage, but also of an increase in the number of illicit unions. There was a spate of pernicious talk and pernicious literature. Moralists interpreted the code of a war-baby smart set as a significant national phenomenon. The Church became extremely agitated, and Church

(*Continued on page 112*)

24 Hours

A Sea-Picture

THE author out on the bowsprit shrouds of his "windjammer"

Reel No. I. "ROUND THE GALLEY FIRE."

THE scene is for'ard on a "windjammer" driving along under a stiff wind with the storm-note lifting in it, on a southerly course, about a month "out," bound for East Africa round the Horn from an American port.

We have just taken in our three "royals" and the waves in tumbled masses are lifting nearly to the height of the weather rail. Each moment we expect one to come over.

The boys are gathered around the deck-house and cook's galley, some of them half-stripped, with the fire glinting on mossy chests, craggy jaws, and steel-blue Viking eye—for our ship is a Finn. The old carpenter, his wicked rheumed eyes gleaming like a satyr's, and near the last voyage which we all of us must one day take, is using his ten-inch sheath knife to cut his plug, his shirt doing its damnedest, as usual, to keep inside his trousers, and, as usual, failing. The talk was on men and gods, cabbages and kings.

As a confused sea tries to clamber its way over the weather rail, the old carpenter says ruminatingly, as he kneads the browny plug in his hands with the stump of the missing thumb:

"You youngsters can laugh if you like. You'd laugh on your own graves. But I tell you God is fact and ghosts is fact!" The fierce satyr eyes look round challenging. Even that push of dare-devils fear the old man when he gets going.

"Tell us the story of 'The Extra Man on the Yard,'" says the Angel Child—who certainly may be no angel, for he fears neither God nor devil, whereas "Old Shavings" fears both . . . and nothing else on land or sea!

"The *Beethoven* was the fastest thing that ever drove round Cape Stiff under three royals," said the old carpenter, as though reluctant. "I *have* known her to do 18 knots in the hour, even though she carried away her mizzen topgallant to do it.

"Her 'old man' was haunted. They said that 'seeing red,' he had smashed in the head of a steersman who had been a lumberjack, and who, in an unlucky moment, had 'let her come up,' with a belaying pin. It was off

A BEAUTIFUL picture of his ship taken by Shaw Desmond from open boat on the other side of the Horn

"A STUDY in Sails." *A picture of a Cape Horner taken from aloft*

on a Cape Horner

in Four "Reels"

By Shaw Desmond

the Horn, and nobody knew the rights of it, but in that sea it was easy to dump the body overboard, and ever since they said the ghost had been after him. They called him 'The Haunted Captain.'"

As he spoke, she bent over under the intolerable pressure of the rising gale, until she nearly put her lee rail under.

"One howling night we were aloft, 'idlers' and all, fighting like hell with a topgallant and the sail trying to tear its way out of the bolt ropes and a fair chance of getting your brains knocked out—*if* you had any." (He stared sarcastically at the blonde young tousled heads.)

A boy laughed suddenly, then smothered it in his throat.

"I say we were fighting with that sail like hell," went on the old man with a certain dignity, "when one of the men, as he bent over the yard to claw at the sail, let a screech out of him that cut even through that welter—and then fell nice and quiet across the spar. Only that I put an arm around him, he would have gone straight down into the smother.

"And there he was, fainted on the yard, to which we lashed him until we had done what we had to do, and then carried him down over the mizzen futtocks."

"'I saw IT!' he cried, when we got him into the deckhouse.

"'Saw what?' one of us asked him.

"'Saw *the extra man on the yard,*' he said shivering as though he were in a cold fever.

"'Oh, shut up, you half-caste!' I said to hearten him. And I said it like a prayer. But he went on:

"'He was working alongside me, I tell you, when I came up with the bight of the sail and turned. As I turned he looked at me, and *there were no eyes in his head, and I could see the back of his skull.* I seen him, I tell ye!'

"We all tried to laugh at him that night—but we didn't the next.

"The next man to see him was 'Jack the Ripper,' as we called him, he being the best hand with a knife I ever see, and able to drive it through the ace of hearts at twenty paces. Jack didn't do any fainting. He wasn't that sort. Instead, he drew his ten-incher and let drive at the Extra man on the Yard. He might as well have driven at the new moon!

"Then we *all* saw him—and last of all the Captain, who, by all accounts should have been the first.

"'Who is that extra man on the yard?' he roared one

(*Continued on page* 122)

THE author in the hammock where he slept under starboard lifeboat through storm and calm

Hoofprints *in* DUST

The Tough Stuff—in a Tough Country

By Louis Kaye

IN the distance and the saltant heat, the two men and the two led pack camels seemed hardly to move upon the desert's surface. Rourke, from the bulwaddy thicket where he stood with hat downtilted against the shimmering sunglare, watched them with nervous, impatient eyes. Twenty minutes had passed since he had first sighted them lifting out of a fold in the land, and they seemed scarcely any nearer.

"It'll be another half-hour before they get this far," he decided silently. "Well, that'll give me all the time I want—more than I want." His gaze went to the beaten track the two men were traversing, and which passed directly before him not a hundred yards distant. It led on the southward, to file and twist through thickets of mulga and bulwaddy growing on the lower edges of stony, lazy-sloped hills. He studied this portion of track a moment, and then moving from the bulwaddy followed a gully to where his horse had been left.

Untethering the horse, he did not mount but led it southward toward the dusty, parched blurs of scrub and the boulder-studded hills.

Here, fifteen minutes later, he tethered the horse again and followed the thickets to a spot whence he could see the two men and the led camels.

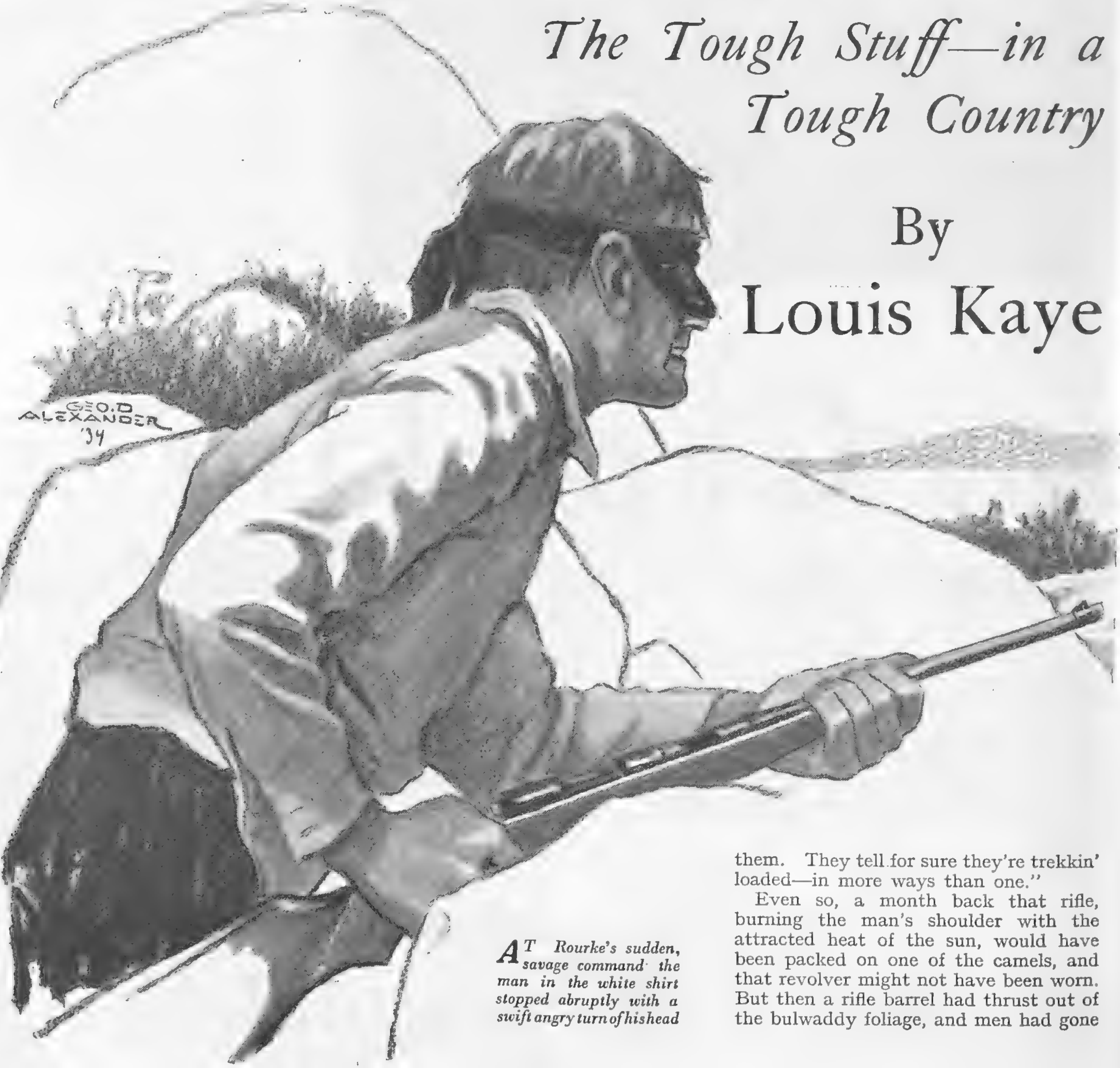
For a short time he watched them, and then sought a position nearer the thin ribbon of pulverised dust.

He found a place that suited him on a low knoll, verdureless, barren in the sun, but with weatherworn boulders casting squat blobs of shade. He wedged in between two boulders that were close together, and found a place to rest his rifle on a smaller rock that had prevented the big fellows from rolling closer. And there he waited, watching with his nervous, impatient eyes.

The travellers had followed the trail into a depression in the plain and were lost to sight for what seemed to Rourke a long time. But at last they began to show again, first the tall camels and then the two men, rising slowly up out of the hollow in the land. And now to Rourke's eyes, accustomed to the earlier sight of them in the distance, they appeared much closer. He could hear now the dull rattle of a hobble bell; even thought he heard the voices of the men, talking to each other. In the shadow of their wide hats he could descry the dim outline of their features. One man wore a white shirt, the other a blue; both wore belted trousers, without leggings and that flapped against their legs as they walked. One carried a rifle on his shoulder; at the other's side Rourke thought he saw the sheen, in the sun, of a leather holster.

"They could've been wiser," Rourke told himself. "If it hadn't been for them guns I mightn't have bothered with them. They tell for sure they're trekkin' loaded—in more ways than one."

Even so, a month back that rifle, burning the man's shoulder with the attracted heat of the sun, would have been packed on one of the camels, and that revolver might not have been worn. But then a rifle barrel had thrust out of the bulwaddy foliage, and men had gone



AT Rourke's sudden, savage command the man in the white shirt stopped abruptly with a swift angry turn of his head on the poorer for their halt. Well, there would only be this once more, Rourke told himself; once more and then he was through. He wouldn't need to do the job again.

To the dull rattle of a hobble bell was added now the soft steady beat of camels' pads in the dust, and the distinct sound of speech. This came through the still, hot air from a seemingly much nearer source than the two marching men. Rourke could hear clearly one man say :—

"That looks a bad patch of track ahead."

"Yes," the other said. There was a silence, neither saying why it was a bad patch. Then the one who had spoken first said :—

"Didn't Tommy Doran say he seen Lanky Evans somewhere round Windorah? Bet he's sore he ever sold that claim to McKimmon."

"McKimmon must've cleaned up a couple of thousand even with opal down like it is," the other agreed. "And Lanky sold for a hundred—enough to last him a week or two round the Brisbane bars."

His companion laughed, and the laughter sounded clearly in Rourke's ears. Yet it ended in a quietened sound. They were approaching the mulga and bulwaddy and the boulder-strewn slopes. Their last speech had given no indication of the uneasiness at the back of their minds, and whose only sign was the restless glances, searching the thickets and the slopes. But they passed by several places where an ambush might have been. They began talking again.

"It's hotter here than out on the plain," one said.

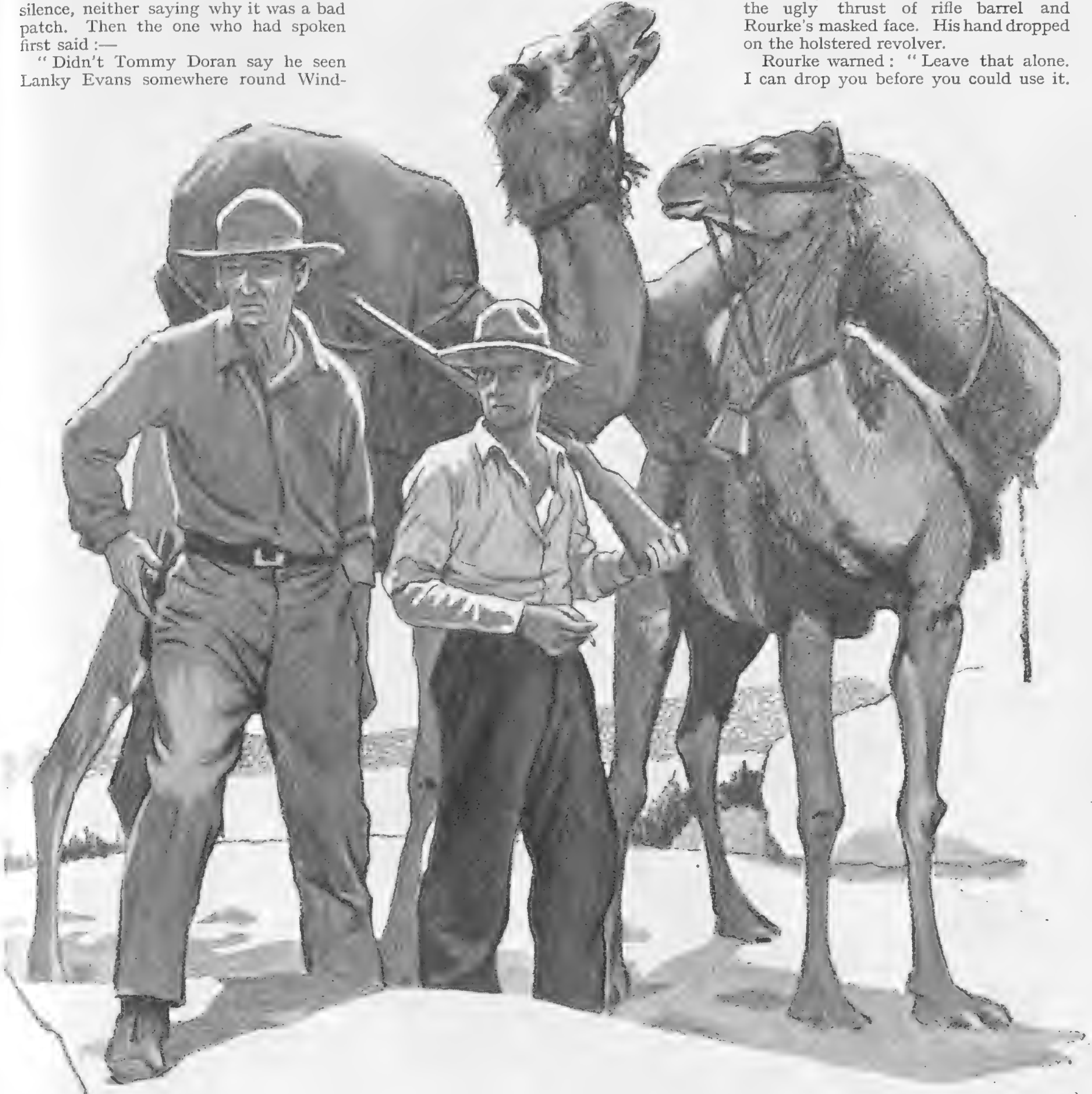
"Yes," the other said. "Reckon these boulders throw off the heat more'n the sand."

Still their voices would have sounded casual enough to any but Rourke's ears—as keen as his eyes, peering now over the edge of a black bandanna masking his face; peering over the sights on a smooth, sinister length of rifle barrel.

The barrel thrust forward slightly on the rock it rested upon. At Rourke's sudden, savage command the man in the white shirt stopped abruptly with a swift, angry turn of his head, his eyes searching. But the man in the blue shirt had turned unerringly to Rourke—was looking at the ugly thrust of rifle barrel and Rourke's masked face. His hand dropped on the holstered revolver.

Rourke warned: "Leave that alone. I can drop you before you could use it. Up with your hands—you, too, with the rifle."

The man in the blue shirt put his hands up, but the man in the white held on to his rifle. The camels had stopped, their high heads turned toward Rourke in a long, disdainful stare. All four—men and beasts—seemed inanimate statues in



Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

their immobility as they stood in the sun.

"Go on," Rourke said. "There ain't no chance to use the revolver, let alone that rifle. Drop the rifle and stick your hands up, if you don't want to be crows' meat."

The man put his hands up and the rifle fell with a plunk in the dust.

"Turn back on to me," Rourke said. "Walk up to your mate and let that holster drop from him."

That, too, fell in the dust, with a lighter sound.

"Now tether them camels," Rourke's relentless voice ordered. And when this was done: "Now go on along the track—and keep goin' as long as I can sight you. Your camels'll still be tethered here when you come back."

Rourke watched the two till they were distant in the heat haze. Then he approached the camels, hooshed them to their knees, and searched quickly through the packs till he found little bags of opal—gems and poorer stones. Then he turned back, stopping long enough to pick up the rifle and the revolver, and headed between the boulders, going toward his horse.

In ten minutes he was mounted, with the bags of opal tied on the saddle, and the miners' weapons unloaded and buried in the sand; and less than half an hour after that he rode into a gully where he picked up a hobbled packhorse, and with this loaded from a cache he continued on across the Queensland plains.

NOT very long after the two men had come back and got the tethered camels, another horseman appeared on the trail. He was just in time to see the led pack camels vanishing in the undulations of the land, and he stopped to look at the tracks where they had halted.

He saw the tracks leading down from the boulders to the camels, and the tracks where the men had been sent on while the camels' packs had been searched. Nor did he fail to notice the marks in the dust where a revolver and rifle had been dropped, and the footprints that showed that the man who had come down from the boulders had picked them up as he departed.

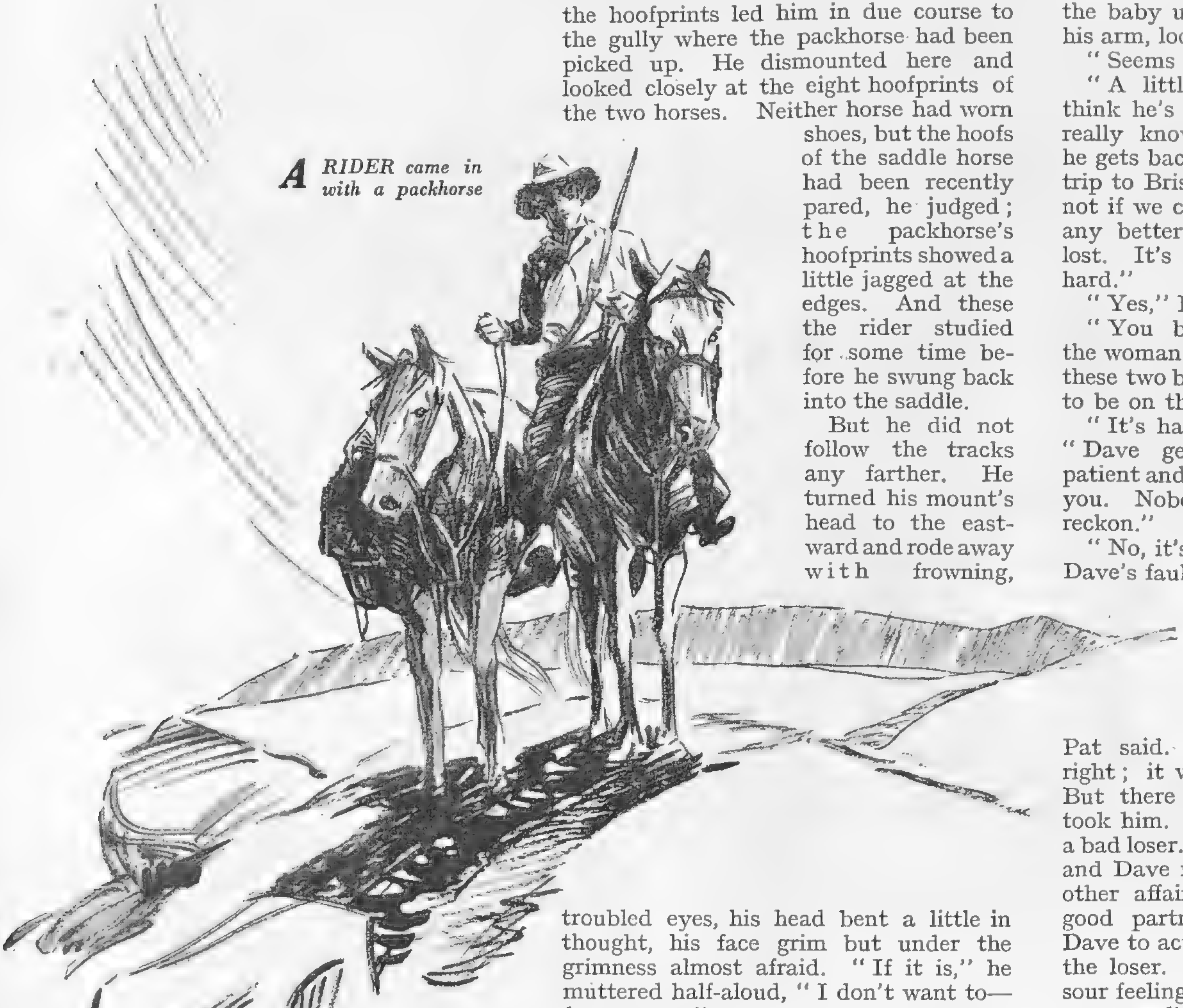
"So they wouldn't be tempted to trail him," the newcomer reflected, "and they haven't. Reckon there was no use anyway with them slow camels."

He stood a moment looking at the ground with frowning eyes. "Same man—same methods as before, from all accounts," he mused. "Struck this time from a different part of the track, that's all."

He remounted and after a little reflection rode off on the tracks that led between the boulders.

These he followed to where a horse had been untethered and mounted, and the hoofprints led him in due course to the gully where the packhorse had been picked up. He dismounted here and looked closely at the eight hoofprints of the two horses. Neither horse had worn shoes, but the hoofs of the saddle horse had been recently pared, he judged; the packhorse's hoofprints showed a little jagged at the edges. And these the rider studied for some time before he swung back into the saddle.

But he did not follow the tracks any farther. He turned his mount's head to the eastward and rode away with frowning, troubled eyes, his head bent a little in thought, his face grim but under the grimness almost afraid. "If it is," he muttered half-aloud, "I don't want to—*know* . . . ."



***A RIDER** came in with a packhorse*

At dusk he rode into a camp, where a couple of black sheep herders squatted by a cooking fire and a pack dump, and hobbled horses fed in a herbage patch. He remained there that night, and in the morning, taking a packhorse, headed on, still toward the east.

Dusk again, and he was in sight of the roofs of a homestead and woolshed and the fenced squares and oblongs of a sheep station's drafting yards. He unsaddled at these, and went to the house which, with its walls of limestone, was small and bare looking, not that of a prosperous holding.

He passed toward the rear entrance as one who knew his way about, and dropping his packsacks just inside the door, he washed in a dish on a box outside, and entered.

"Hullo, Pat," a woman greeted. "I heard you ride in, but wasn't sure it was you. Earlier home than you reckoned on, aren't you?"

The woman, who stood near the kitchen range, flushed a little with its heat, was young, perhaps twenty-five or six, with a slight figure, blond hair, and grey eyes, at the moment turned upon him with a vaguely interrogative look. A baby played on a rug on the floor, but listlessly as if tired or ill.

"I left the blacks camped out and rode in for stores," Pat Tully said. "There was nothin' much to stay for the next couple of days."

"Stock still dying, Pat?"

"They will—till we get rain. . . . Where's Dave—not home yet?"

The woman shook her head. "He's still at the Nukurra Bore. I reckon he'll be out a day or two longer."

Pat Tully nodded and moved toward the rug on the floor. Stooping, he picked the baby up, and held it in the bend of his arm, looking down at it.

"Seems pickin' up," he said.

"A little," the mother agreed. "I think he's better; but it's a worry not really knowing. Dave said that when he gets back we might be able to make a trip to Brisbane. But I can't see how—not if we couldn't before. Things aren't any better, with so many sheep being lost. It's rough on Dave—he's battled hard."

"Yes," Pat said.

"You both have—you and Dave," the woman said. "I reckon it's hard luck, these two bad seasons, and a third looking to be on the way."

"It's hardest luck on you," Pat said. "Dave gets down about it—you so patient and all, and he can't do better for you. Nobody could out of this place, I reckon."

"No, it's poor territory, Pat. It's not Dave's fault things are like they are. In other ways — all ways within his power—he's a mighty good husband."

"I told you he would be, and you said, 'I know it'—don't you remember?" Pat said. "And I reckon you were right; it wasn't necessary to've said it. But there was him and me—and you took him. I didn't want to show I was a bad loser. I've tried not to be, and me and Dave never let it interfere with our other affairs. We went on—just bein' good partners. It would've been like Dave to act decent if Dave had had to be the loser. Reckon Davy don't get no sour feelings toward anybody; he always means well."

"Yes," she nodded, but she was looking at him soberly, as if his words had not brought much comfort, as if she read in them a kindly but clumsy attempt to hearten, to prepare her against something to follow. "Pat," she asked suddenly, "why have you come in to-night? It wasn't for stores; you took plenty out, and the camp can't be needing any."

"There wasn't much to do the next couple of days," Pat reiterated. But he did not look at her; he was looking at the baby in his arm, his slightly frowning eyes reluctant to meet hers.

"Pat," she said, "there's something that I don't understand. Dave's been queer—lately. I know he's worried about the stock and all, but he was worried before—now it's as if he's scared of something. *What is it?*"

"We're both scared," Pat said. "Scared of everything—the hard times—the drought—the banks—the stores. . . . I reckon money troubles can raise more hollow feelings to a man's stomach than anything—anything he can lay hold to and fight."

"Yes," she said slowly, "it might be that." But her eyes seemed to doubt it—to search his face, which would not turn to her, for something else. "If there was anything else you'd tell me, wouldn't you, Pat?"

"What else could there be?" he parried.

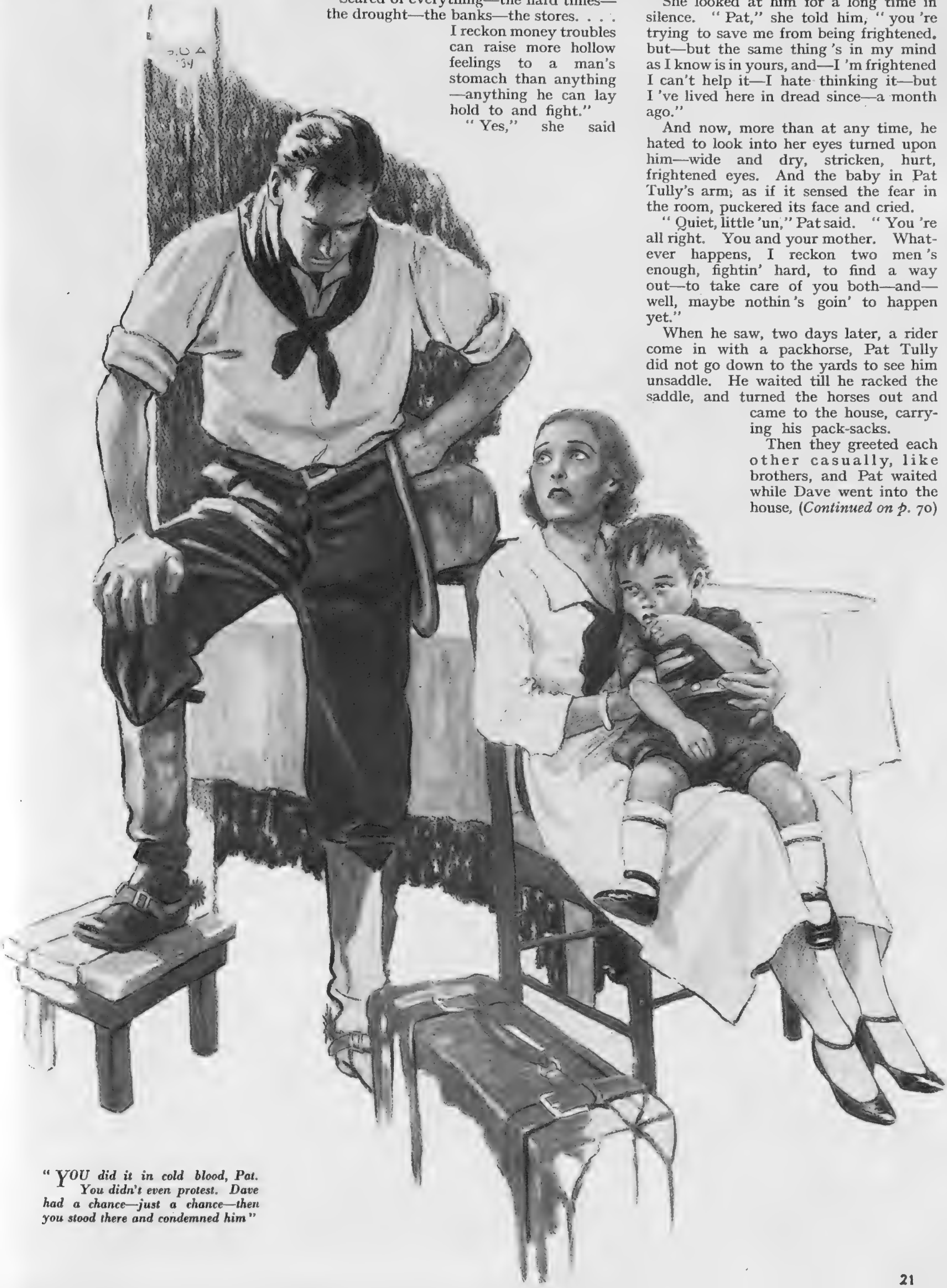
She looked at him for a long time in silence. "Pat," she told him, "you're trying to save me from being frightened, but—but the same thing's in my mind as I know is in yours, and—I'm frightened I can't help it—I hate thinking it—but I've lived here in dread since—a month ago."

And now, more than at any time, he hated to look into her eyes turned upon him—wide and dry, stricken, hurt, frightened eyes. And the baby in Pat Tully's arm, as if it sensed the fear in the room, puckered its face and cried.

"Quiet, little 'un," Pat said. "You're all right. You and your mother. Whatever happens, I reckon two men's enough, fightin' hard, to find a way out—to take care of you both—and—well, maybe nothin's goin' to happen yet."

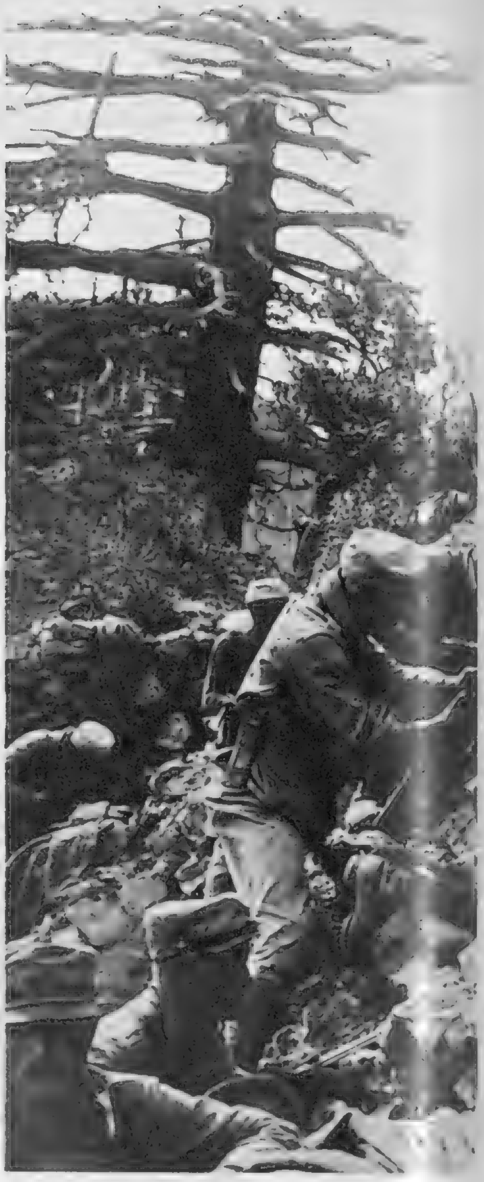
When he saw, two days later, a rider come in with a packhorse, Pat Tully did not go down to the yards to see him unsaddle. He waited till he racked the saddle, and turned the horses out and came to the house, carrying his pack-sacks.

Then they greeted each other casually, like brothers, and Pat waited while Dave went into the house, (*Continued on p. 70*)



"YOU did it in cold blood, Pat. You didn't even protest. Dave had a chance—just a chance—then you stood there and condemned him"

Top:
A CONCERT for the officers. The Legion band, which ranks with that of the Garde Républicaine as the foremost French military band, playing at the headquarters of the Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès. Below: Legionnaires drawing their rations at Sidi-Bel-Abbès



IN action. A party of Legionnaires

SHOULD this catch the eye of Mrs. Robert Sweeney, the "camera-shy" but much-photographed beautiful lady, I would like to assure her that her uncle, Colonel Charles Sweeney, formerly of the Foreign Legion, is alive and well. I met the Colonel in Paris only the other day. He has leased his gold-mine in California, and has returned to Paris. Colonel Sweeney has reversed the process that connects some financiers with the Foreign Legion; many are first financiers and afterwards Legionnaires. Colonel Sweeney was first a Legionnaire and then a successful financier. But then, the Colonel is a soldier born. If I can catch him in the correct focus, you will have a true picture of that rare bird, a typical Legionnaire. Let me try by quoting something already written about Sweeney:

"He is a tall man with a brown velours hat and an overcoat flung over his shoulders, with the arms hanging loose. The gallant Colonel looks sad, and do you know why? It is because there is no war. War to the Colonel is the breath of life. Sweeney once said that the greatest sport in the world is to be section-leader going into action. And Colonel Sweeney has indeed lived up to this ideal of his. One cannot count the wars in which he has fought. He knows South America as he knows his own pockets, which you will find any morning stuffed with volumes about war. He enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Then he became a Captain and was wounded in action."

When convalescent, Sweeney was stationed in the Bois de Vincennes, outside Paris, with a most marvellous postal address: "Corner of Hell, Vincennes, France."

I HAVE just been looking out of my window, which faces the barracks of the Foreign Legion on the Boulevard de la République. There has been a steady tramp, tramp, tramp. The iron gates of the barracks opened, and the tramping men marched in; the gates closed again. I counted eighty, and as I looked at them I thought how nearly I became one of them myself; but that is another story.

Sidi-Bel-Abbès, in Algeria, is a nondescript little town in the middle of a sandy plain. Its one claim to fame is that it is the headquarters of the French Foreign Legion. Maybe you once saw a film about the Legion called "Morocco"? Like all films of the same nature, the story was nonsensical, but if the "papier-mâché" town was supposed to be Sidi-Bel-Abbès, then the scenario writers have several other guesses coming to them.

Sidi-Bel-Abbès is just a railway station joined to the town by a long and dusty boulevard; there are a few cafés, and the worst hotel in the world. No exaggeration. I know. The rooms are no bigger than a small box-room; dingy bed-linen, greenish-brown in colour; an iron bed, a tin basin and jug. If you insist on tipping, there is a wooden box into which you can drop your *obole*.

An Englishman joining the French Foreign Legion can do so by application to a French Consular office. He will be given a ticket to Dunkirk, the nearest Legion recruiting office to Great Britain. There he will get a rail pass to Lyons, and hence to Marseilles. A ship will take him to Algiers or Oran, and then, a train ride to Sidi, where he will become one of those tramping eighty. They arrive once a week, and the weekly arrivals vary between seventy and eighty. Once the iron gates clang behind him, the new recruit marries into the Legion for five years—unless he deserts, but his chances of getting clear are very slender.

What is the Legion like? Is it bad; is it good? The answer is that the

Step-sons *of* France

Men *of the* Foreign Legion—a sidelight on their Life *and* Training

By H. J. Greenwall

fighting the Arabs in the Atlas Mountains

Top :

BUILDING a defensive post. Once training is complete, and unless there is any fighting going on in French North Africa, the Legionnaire will be employed in building and road-making

Below :

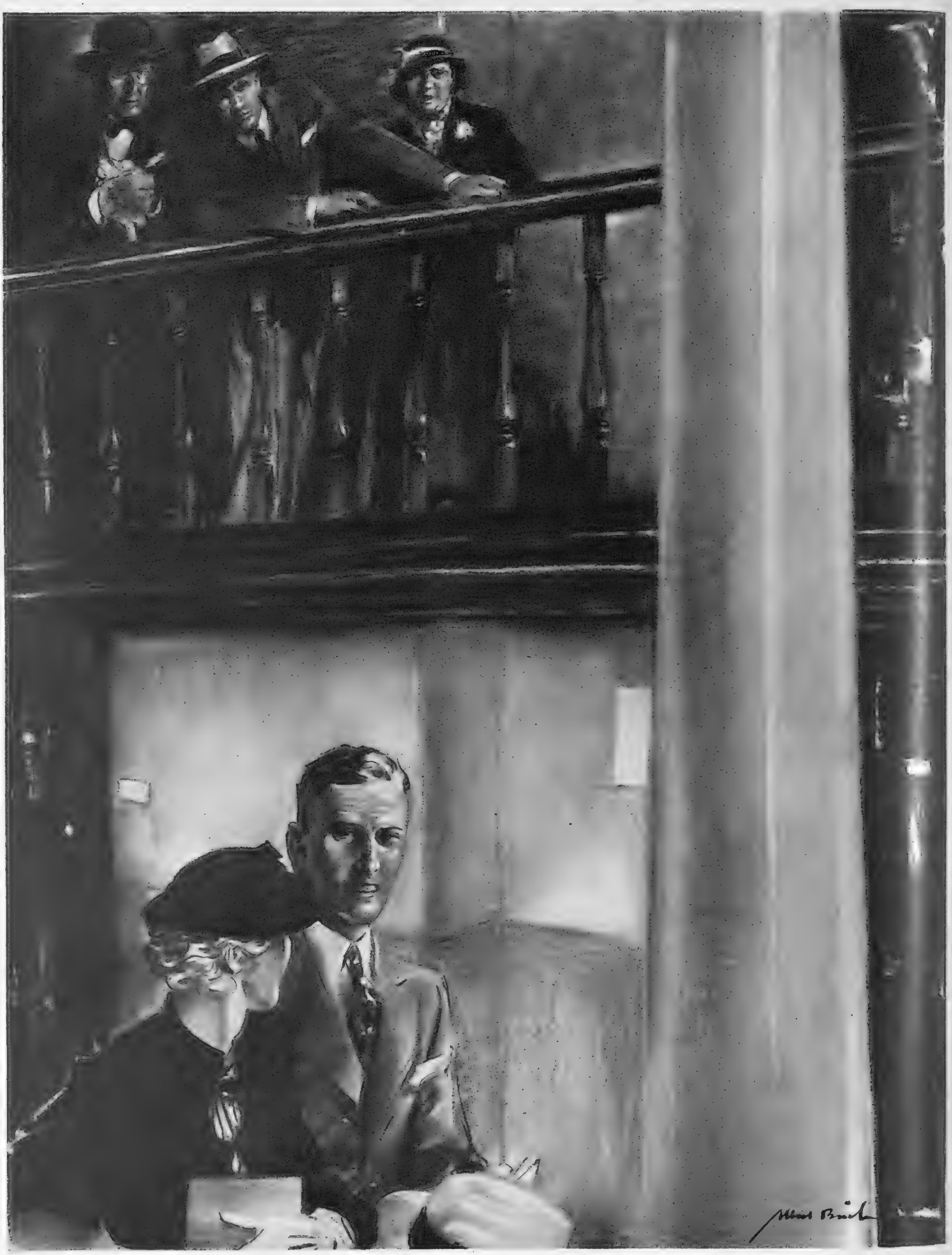
LETTERS from Home. An officer of the Legion distributing the post

average Legionnaire reacts to the Legion very much as an average boy will react to boarding-school.

Some boys like it, and some don't; some thrive on discipline, and others do not. Some run away, others stick it out. There are boys who are indifferent. There are Legionnaires like that, too. On the whole, however, the outlook of the men who once having joined the Legion and stuck it out is very much like that of monks. They care passionately for what goes on inside, and have the greatest contempt for all that deserting Legionnaires say or write about the Legion. The funny thing is that most of what is said against the Legion is true. And, by the same token, all that is said in favour of the Legion is also true. A Legionnaire receives about a penny a day, a free ration of wine and tobacco, and he either likes or dislikes his lot according to his temperament.

Once inside the Legion barracks a recruit gets his uniform, and his training begins. Life is just the same as in any French regiment. The food is not particularly good, and black coffee and chunks of bread form the component parts of two of the three daily meals a Legionnaire receives in peace times. The third meal, eaten in the late afternoon, consists of meat, one dried and one fresh vegetable, and mugs and mugs of coffee; as much bread as can be eaten.

Once training is complete, and unless there is any fighting going on anywhere in French North Africa, Syria, or Indo-China, the Legionnaire will be employed on road-making. I have seen the Legion with its tunic off, exposing its Oxford-blue shirt to the sun of Morocco. A narrow-gauge railway is bringing up materials for road-making, and the Legion is shovelling and picking and digging, (*Continued on page* 72)



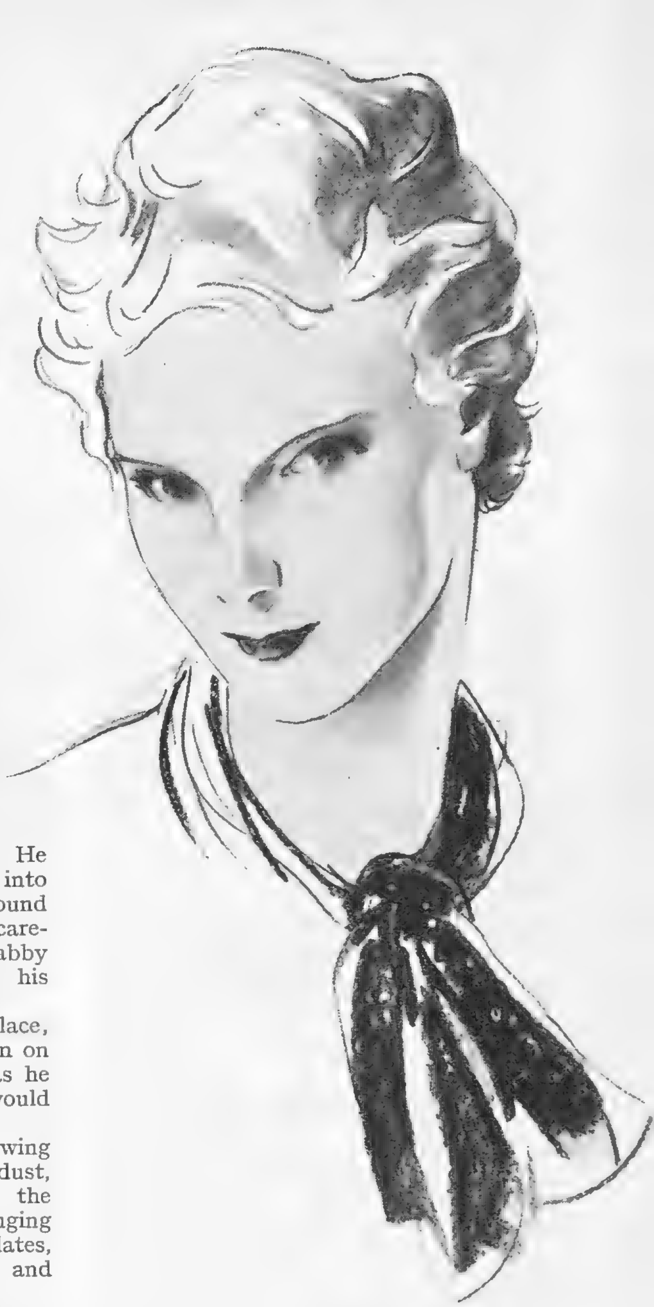
A few minutes later the front door of the flat below was opened again and they heard first a male voice and then Daisy's nervous laugh. Daisy and a smart young man passed to the lift

Confounding *the* Prophets

Someone *kept* the Home Fires burning—Who was it?

By Owen Archer

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



DAISY

WHAT with Suffragettes, Ireland, the War, modern domestics, and the young women of to-day every Mrs. Cassandra and Mr. Prophet of Evil have had an easy job of late, but none easier than Rose Fellding and her husband John since the birth of their nephew Heron.

Over his powdered back as he lay, prone, stark and screaming, across his nurse's knees, they shook their heads; about his wasted years at a prep. school and subsequently at Winborough they delivered innumerable jobations; on his decision (at the time of his father's financial crash and sudden death) to "give Oxford a miss" they wrote jeremiads; at his going to Paris to study Art at Oppenheim's they predicted the direst disaster. . . . But never had they realised how inspired jobation and jeremiad had been till they heard of the sudden marriage of Heron ("A Suffolk Fellding, my dear!") to Daisy, daughter of a New Cut tic-tac man, an ex-chorus girl and film-extra, occasionally a mannequin and often a model not only to painters in the altogether but to photographers advertising esoteric feminine raiment, of whose existence Mrs. John Fellding devoutly hoped her husband to be otherwise completely unaware.

Mercilessly poking his long and her snub nose into their nephew's affairs, John and Rose, who would have been horrified at the faintest hint at their being disappointed at the peaceful passage of the first three years of the young couple's married life, had always been baffled by Heron's imperturbable serenity, which, in John's opinion, was simply fiddling-Neroish in the face of their abject poverty, and Daisy's spontaneous gaiety, which, in Rose's vernacular, was merely the laughter of a fool that is like unto the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Heron loathed avuncular visitations (and his aunt's even more), so when at ten o'clock one morning he was awakened by Rose's unmistakable peremptory rat-tat, followed by John's hollow bark of a cough, he fondly hoped that a nightmare was responsible till a repetition of the sounds made him roll out of bed. He had gone, yawning and stretching, into the studio, when simultaneously he found Daisy, looking almost insufferably carefree, curled up fast asleep on the shabby divan and a drawing-pin beneath his bare foot.

Rose had a nose for a pin out of place, but there might be a billion of them on the floor, he thought indignantly as he extracted the pin, before Daisy would hint at someone borrowing a broom.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Heron, viewing the state of the room, the layers of dust, the pendant, festooning cobwebs, the array of dripping undergarments hanging from sagging cords, the jumble of plates, cups, saucers, tumblers, frying-pans and the accumulated litter of weeks.

As he limped towards the outer door, unmistakable bills and duns scattered beneath the letter-flap abetted by yesterday's supper of weak tea and strong cheese (the menus for to-day's meals, he reflected dismally, would be merely carbon copies) made him feel more than ordinarily next-dayish, churlish and empty—except for self-pity.

Daisy deserved a severe telling-off. It was up to any wife to keep things a little less pig-style. The truth of it was, he realised, that he ought never to have married, or, anyhow, not a fellow pauper.

After all, there's this to be said for mercenary marriages—their bad points aren't the business-ends of drawing-pins.

Upon his opening the door Rose Fellding spasmodically smiled, said "Good morning, dear boy," stepped in, gazed up, down, around and then back over her shoulder at John, who exclaimed derisively:

"So this is how masterpieces are produced! And you call this work!"

JOHN was a solicitor, accustomed to having all "aforesaids," each "provided always" and every "whereas" in its precise place and himself at his drab table at 9.30 a.m.

"Piano!" Heron warned them, nodding towards his wife on the divan. "Last night, paradoxically enough, was washing-day. We were at it till the small hours—Daisy laundress in chief and I wringer in ordinary. She got on the divan there to put in a spot of rest, but she seems to have made a night of it. She loathes late hours: p'raps he was a prophet who named her day's eye."

"Only he didn't; I was christened Margaret and godfather was a plumber," said Daisy, awake and blinking. "Top of the morning, Aunt Rose and Uncle John."

John thereupon explained that his visit was due to Heron's sanguine habit of expecting letters to answer themselves and the imprudence of a mutual relation in making Rose and Heron executrix and executor of her will.

"Then I'm not on in this act!" ejaculated delighted Daisy. "Forget me. To-day's the first, isn't it? As ever is? Cheers! Chuck us the Ark, darling."

Heron handed her a black japanned tin box and said to Rose:

"Now, Flower of Sharon, to business. Whatever your Jo-John says goes. I'm wound up to say 'Right' where apt, nod where necessary and sign on the dotted line."

"Kindly," directed Rose, "put on some clothing first."

While Heron, after protest, was splashing in the bedroom with John expounding documents at the half-open door, a butcher's boy in a peculiarly dirty overall, violently knocked and breathlessly announced that Mrs. Wilson was "took bad."

"Number one !" explained Daisy, as she sprang up, smoothed her frock, shook out her hair and opened her flapjack. "Lynette's frightfully windy. I promised to stand by. It's probably a false alarm. Where're my shoes ? Goodbye all ! Heron, darling, where can my shoes have got to ?"

"They didn't get," said he, "you kicked them. Let's see. . . . Here's one !"

"Thanks, precious. Expect me when you see me. Oh, there's the other ! Cheers !"

"Number one," repeated Rose when Daisy had dashed out of the room. "Does she mean a baby ?"

"Lynette, who's Daisy's greatest pal, and Ted, who's mine, got married last month," explained Heron from the bedroom and added, overhearing Rose's gasp, "Sorry ! I forgot. And I must admit agreeing with you. They've certainly cut things rather fine. Lynette, you see, was archaic enough to think that marriage would cramp her style."

"And that deplorable type of young woman is your wife's greatest friend !" ejaculated Rose. "As I thought ! It's all in keeping ! She——"

John drew a red herring, being too busy for a pitched battle.

"Why d'you call that old box the 'Ark,' Heron ?" he enquired.

"Chiefly because the animals come out of it in pairs—of trousers, pants, knickers, shoes, stockings and all the rest of it."

"But there's nothing in it !" protested John.

"The wherewithal was," said Heron.

John sauntered to the divan, picked up a sheaf of yellow documents, printed in scarlet ink and adorned with an engraving of an Eastern panorama at the top and a vast red seal below and said :

"The Momping Consolidated Mining Corporation. May I ask how these came into your possession ?"

"They didn't," said Heron in the strangulated voice of one shaving. "They're Daisy's. They were the gift of her fairy godmother—not the plumber. A couple of years ago, when we had breakers ahead and the brokers in, those hideous things and a letter arrived for Daisy by registered post. What are they, by the way ?"

"Each," said John, fluttering the sheets at the bedroom door, "is a bearer bond for one hundred pounds and there are twenty in all."

"Bearer bonds," repeated Heron. "Not to us they aren't. Barer—when they clothe us ? Bonds—when they set us free ? Twice a year the Ark grounds and Daisy gets frightfully busy with my nail scissors cutting bits off."

"Coupons," explained John. "Coupons for interest at five per centum per annum."

"You may be right," said Heron. "I expect you are. All I know for certain is that she exchanges the pack of gaudy little slips for fifty pounds."

"'Exchanges'?" quoted John. "May I ask where and how ?"

"By all means ask, but I can't answer. Where does one do such a thing ? At a bank ?"

"For what reason was the gift made ?" asked John.

"That's a mystery. The sender was a very old friend or something. But why this cross-examination ?"

"Because——"

The butcher's boy again interrupted. He was to say that Mrs. Fellding would be detained some time and that, though the curtain was up, the star performer had not yet taken his cue.

"Give him a bob, Aunt Rose, will you ?" said Heron, as he put his head into the studio and added warmly to the boy, "Frightfully obligated, old scout. Bally decent of you fagging."

"Because," persisted John when the boy had gone, "the Momping Consolidated Mining Corporation was a thorough ramp. These bonds are as worthless as yesterday's newspaper."

"Worthless !" ejaculated Heron. "But——!"

Buts, however, were a waste of breath. John was assured of his facts.

"The bonds," he summed up, "are a curtain; the encashment of the coupons a blind. Each half-year somebody makes your wife a present of fifty pounds."

John put his head into the bedroom and eyeing Heron added :

"Who ? And —*for what ?*"

"What d'you mean — *for what ?*" Heron demanded, flourishing his razor.

John flinched, then noted thankfully that Heron's weapon was of the safety type.

"What sort of life did she exchange for this ?" he asked, with a backward jerk of his head towards the drab studio. "A life full of extravagant gaiety and hectic pleasures."

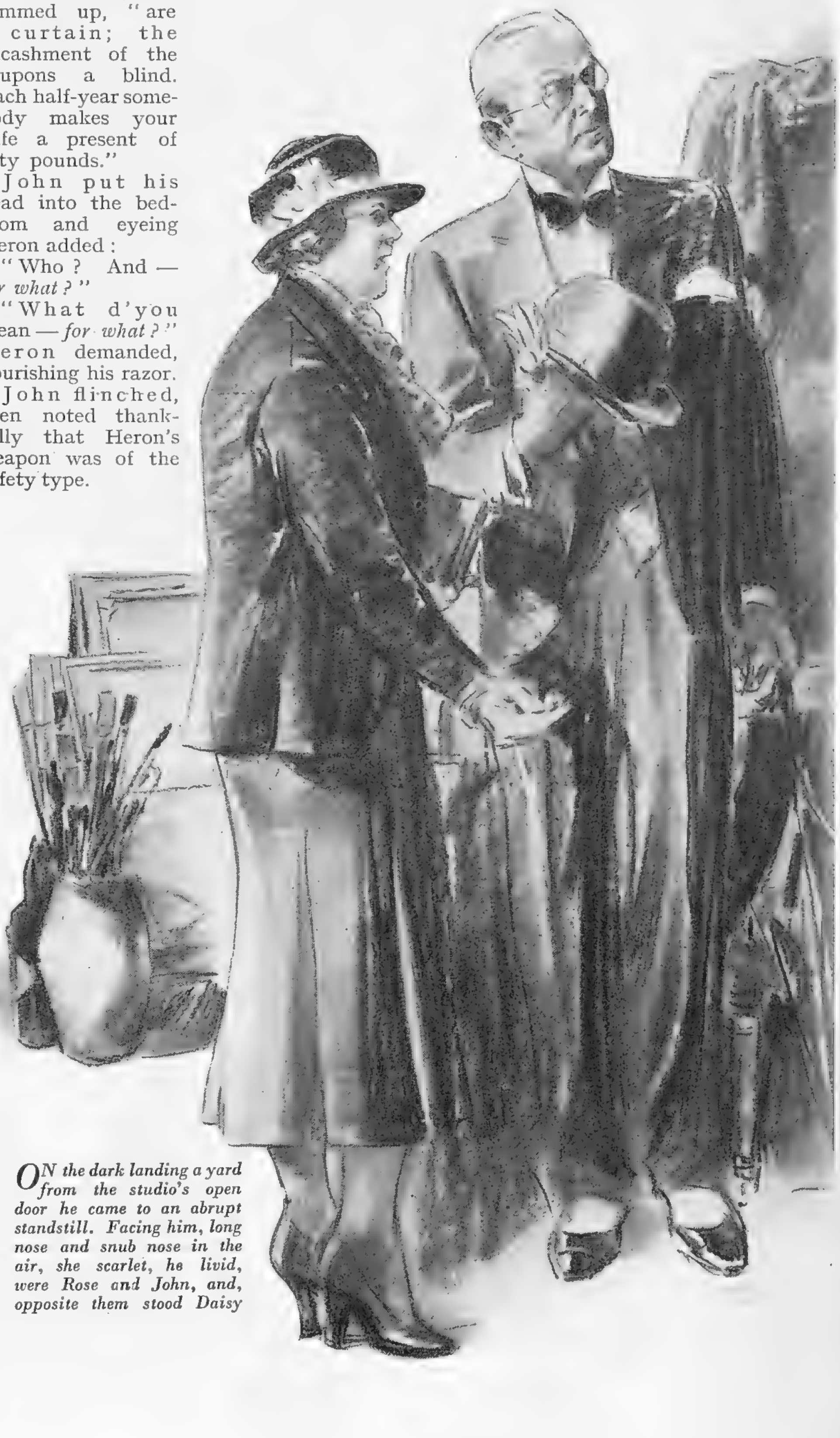
"The footlights !" breathed Rose, "dances, parties, rags, young men—admirers !"

"Why the bated breath ? Of course she had admirers. I was one. I am one. Hair of colt's-foot, eyes of speed-well and skin of apple-blossom ! Orchards always are admired. But if John's suggesting—"

"I suggest nothing," broke in John. "She has cut off the current coupons, I perceive. Have you any idea where she means to exchange twenty pieces of waste paper for fifty pounds sterling ?"

"None whatever."

"What's this ?" exclaimed Rose,



ON the dark landing a yard from the studio's open door he came to an abrupt standstill. Facing him, long nose and snub nose in the air, she scarlet, he livid, were Rose and John, and, opposite them stood Daisy snatching up a sheet of notepaper from the empty Ark, and read aloud, " Number ten, Medlicoat Mansions, Worthan Street, W."

" So that's where she's gone ! " ejaculated John.

" Our car's below, Heron," cried Rose, excitedly.

" What the jumping Jehoshaphat has your old bus got to do with it ? "

" This : if you wish to find out who's —who's——"

John cut Rose short with a curt : " Who is making your wife an allowance, come with us to Medlicoat Mansions."

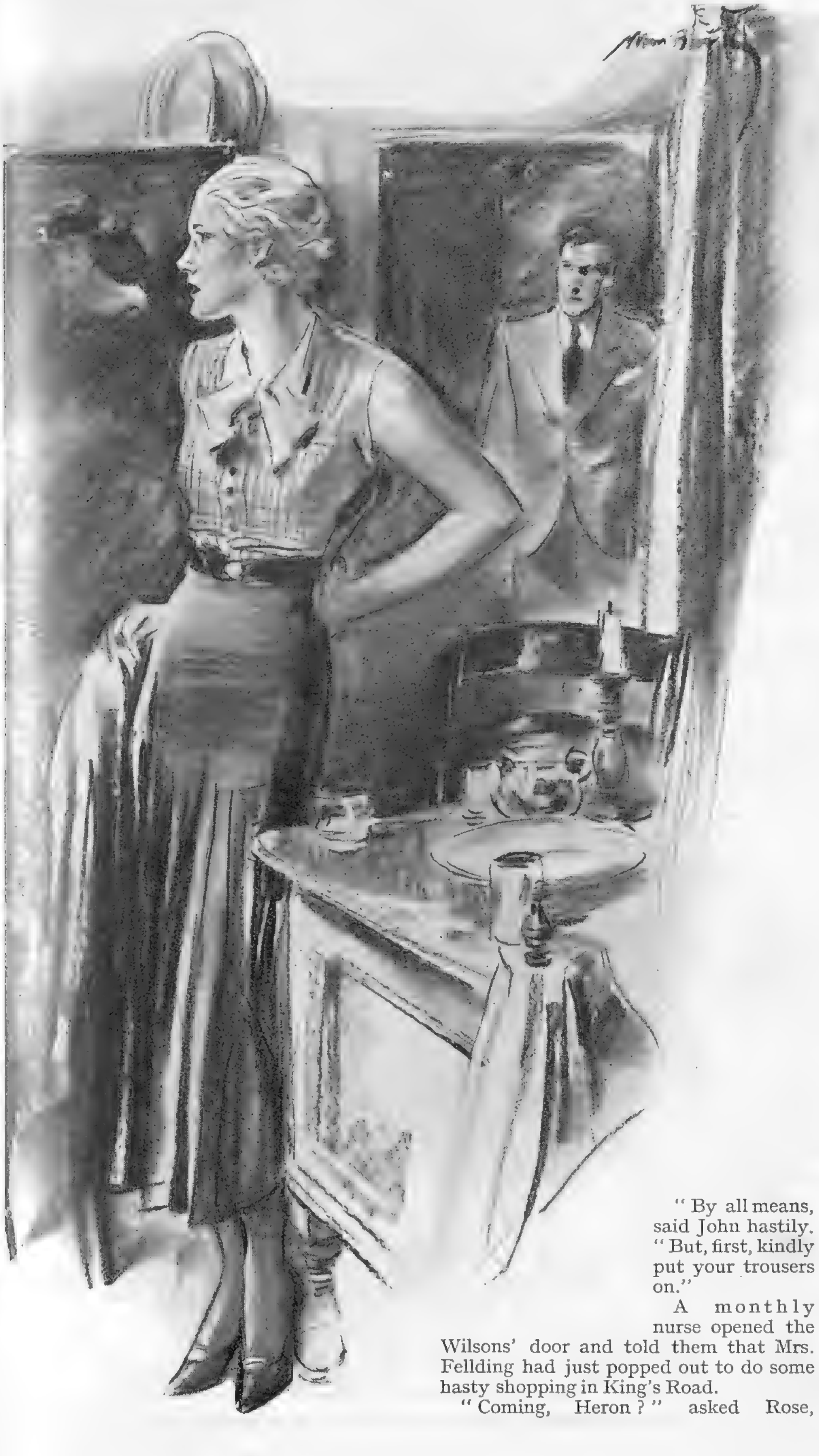
" Why fag ? " protested Heron. " I've only to ask her to find out exactly who it is."

" Then ask her ! " said John, peering into the bedroom.

" All right. Don't shout. I will."

" Ask her now," chimed in Rose. " I dare you to ask her in our presence—and immediately."

" In your august presence and this very instant!" exclaimed Heron, furiously, and came striding into the studio. " We'll go across the road to the Wilsons' and then you can both apologise. Come on—let's go."



" By all means, said John hastily. " But, first, kindly put your trousers on."

A monthly nurse opened the Wilsons' door and told them that Mrs. Fellding had just popped out to do some hasty shopping in King's Road.

" Coming, Heron ? " asked Rose, with John holding open the door of their car. " Or are you afraid of the truth ?"

Heron hesitated, then said :

" I'll come. It's cruel, but I can't miss such a rare opportunity to see you two croakers utterly deflated."

In the hall of Medlicoat Mansions John, pausing before a board, read and said:

" Number ten, Sir Peter Monckton. Know him ? "

Heron shook his head.

" I do," said John, " by reputation—or the lack of it. He's the only son of the late 'Starchy' Monckton, the millionaire, who gave himself such airs. The son's airs consist in blowing his fortune on insensate fast living."

On the gloomy landing above that on to which the front door of number ten opened, Rose, John and Heron waited.

" A mare's-nest," scoffed Heron at length. " She's not coming, you see."

Rose was fidgeting and John looking very glum before they heard the whir of the lift. Long nose and even snub protruded over the banisters. Daisy stepped out and crossed the landing to number ten. The front door was opened by an elderly butler. She went in.

" I'll go down," said Heron in off-hand tones but he had reddened. " She's got nothing whatever to conceal."

" Wait ! " advised John excitedly. " If there's nothing to conceal there's no cause for precipitate action."

" Give her rope!" jeered Heron. " That's what you're driving at. Don't you realise that there are a million explanations ? She may have found a secret buyer for some of my stuff——"

" Have you missed any ? " enquired John.

" Well—no. But—or it might be some generous old relation of hers who's struck oil or——"

" Or the plumber's rich aunt," put in Rose.

" It *might* be *anything*," John said, " but a modicum of patience may help us to discover what actually *is*."

A few minutes later the front door of the flat below was opened again and they heard first a male voice and then Daisy's nervous laugh.

John's hand twitched towards Heron's sleeve in restraint, but its movement was arrested because he perceived that his nephew was numb in consternation.

Daisy and a smart young man passed to the lift.

" Know him by sight ? " whispered Rose as the lift sank.

" I seem to know his face," admitted Heron reluctantly.

" Then you know Sir Peter's," said John.

FROM the landing window they saw Daisy and Monckton step into a car and be driven swiftly away.

Once the car was out of sight Rose turned to Heron and said :

" Well, isn't it all only too obvious, my poor boy ? "

Heron made for the staircase.

" Come and have lunch with me, Heron, dear," invited Rose, pausing by the car. " You need a stimulant. It's been a very great shock, naturally. Then we can talk things over calmly and decide on your next step. A detective agency would——"

Heron heard without heeding. He was wishing he had intervened. . . .

" The poor dear boy ! " murmured Rose as Heron abruptly hurried away.

(*Continued on page* 116).

The SLAVE

and why he longed for His "Freedom"

Illustrated by Tresilian

S. TRESILIAN

THE Editor looked all through the morning papers.

"Not a word of news!" he said.

Only five film stars had been divorced that day.

There had been only a couple of revolutions in Central Europe.

Bradman had hurt his thumb.

A girl who had spoken two lines quite nicely in a new play produced the night before had been called a "new star."

A theatrical manager was boasting of his record successes and how many thousands a week he was making, forgetting the long line of creditors waiting for their money because of his last bankruptcy.

Two dancers had slapped each other's faces.

The King, with becoming State, had opened Parliament instead of closing it.

All these things screamed at the Editor.

"Not a word of news!" he said.

He meant, of course, there was too much. But it was all the same as last year's.

"Can't somebody find me a film star who is respectably married?" he asked. "That would be a sensation."

There were some, of course, but they had kept it quiet.

He sent for the News Editor.

"What ideas have you got to-day?" he demanded.

The News Editor produced a schedule, a list of a lot of things he knew he wouldn't get, putting up the usual bluff.

The Editor scowled through the list. He had been a news editor, himself. He knew.

Liverishly, his eyes wandered round the walls of his office. They lighted upon the sign that he had put there the day he had taken charge.

"Don't WAIT FOR NEWS TO HAPPEN," it read. "MAKE IT HAPPEN!"

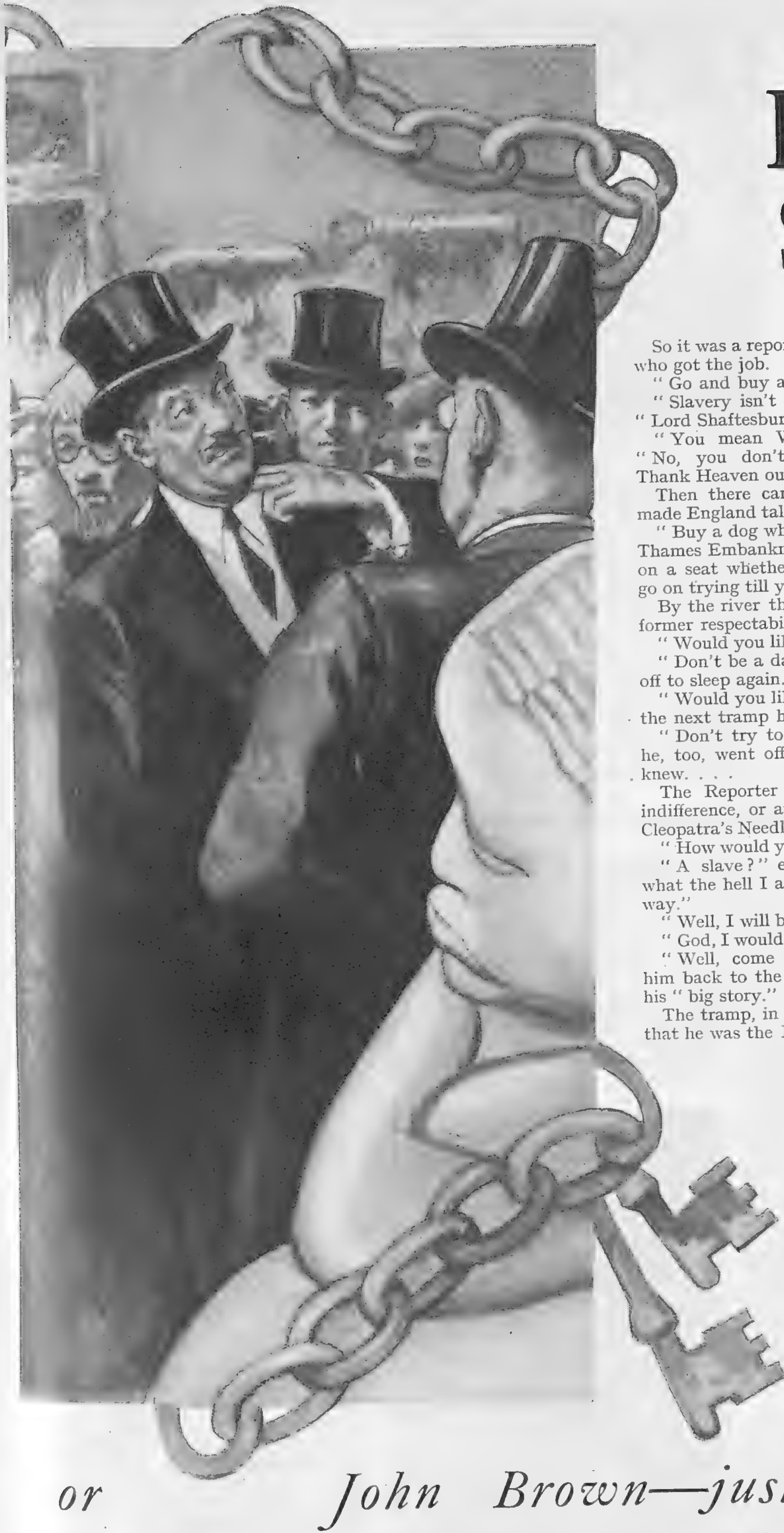
And then the BIG IDEA struck him.

"What reporters have you got in?" he asked.

The News Editor mentioned three by name.

"THEY wouldn't know if it was news if a cart ran over them," scowled the Editor. "Besides, it wouldn't be. Who would care? Besides, they write flam. I want someone who can record some facts."

This isn't a Story of William Wilberforce
the fettered Fate of Society whose Soul is



By Hannen Swaffer

So it was a reporter who was never allowed to sign his name who got the job.

"Go and buy a slave," said the Editor when he came in.

"Slavery isn't allowed in England," replied the reporter. "Lord Shaftesbury abolished it years ago."

"You mean Wilberforce, you idiot," said the Editor. "No, you don't. You mean Shaftesbury. You *would*. Thank Heaven our readers don't know."

Then there came into being the idea that, before long, made England talk for weeks.

"Buy a dog whip," insisted the Editor. "Go down to the Thames Embankment and ask the first man you see sleeping on a seat whether he will sell himself for £5. If he won't, go on trying till you get one, and bring him back to me."

By the river the Reporter disturbed a man sleeping off his former respectability.

"Would you like to be a slave ?" he asked.

"Don't be a damned fool," said the tramp. And he went off to sleep again.

"Would you like to be a slave ?" enquired the Reporter of the next tramp he saw.

"Don't try to kid me," replied the second tramp. And he, too, went off to sleep. Sleep was the only freedom he knew. . . .

The Reporter tried twenty men. He met boredom or indifference, or an unwillingness to understand. Then, near Cleopatra's Needle, he met another tramp.

"How would you like to be a slave ?" he asked.

"A slave ?" echoed the down-and-out. "I don't care what the hell I am. I am sick to death of sitting here, anyway."

"Well, I will buy you for £5."

"God, I would do anything for £5," replied the tramp.

"Well, come along," said the Reporter. And he took him back to the office. There, the Editor was waiting—for his "big story."

The tramp, in return for five £1 notes, signed an indenture that he was the Newspaper's—body and soul. Disobedience would be followed by the whip.

"What do you mean by being a slave ?" was the tramp's first query.

"We will soon teach you what slavery is," said the Editor. "We are all slaves in this world except you, and you are one now. . . . Take him along to the Holborn Baths and give him a good scrubbing."

The Slave looked nervously at the Editor.

"I don't see anything in the contract about baths," he said.

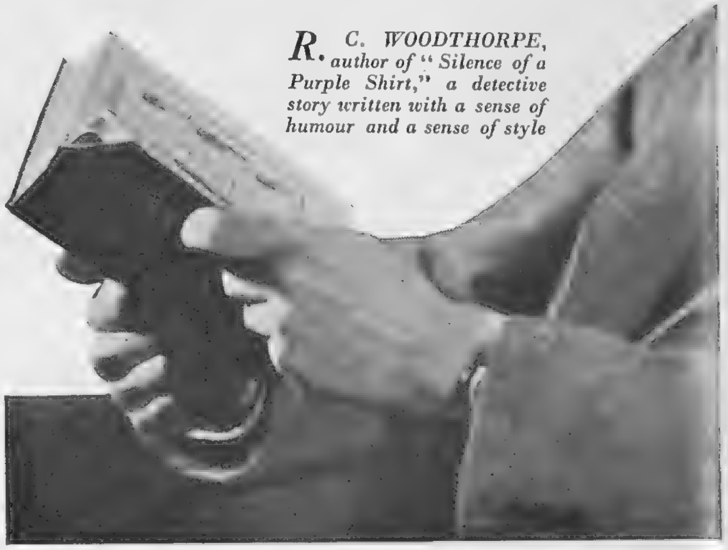
The Editor took the whip from the Reporter's pocket and said, "You had better do as you are told."

The washing accomplished—it needed the aid of two attendants and much muscle—the Slave was ordered to put on some (*Continued on page* 98)

or John Brown—just a Satire on the Slave, metaphorically, of the Top Hat!

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Arnold Palmer

A Great French Novel —The Public for Crime



R. C. WOODTHORPE, *author of "Silence of a Purple Shirt," a detective story written with a sense of humour and a sense of style*

THE lot of the established novelist may be a pleasant one; there must, nevertheless, be times when it is full of spiritual unrest. Is he to go on writing the books his public expects, in the style which has made his name and which suits him well, only too well? Or is he to cast aside his hard-won success in an attempt to reach onwards and upwards? The problem does not beset the greatest writers, who have other difficulties of their own; but it is always lying in the path of the fashionable and successful novelist. He may ignore it, he generally does, but he knows it is there.

One hardly expected to find Mr. E. F. Benson facing the obstacle. He has skirted it too often. All honour to him, therefore, for writing *Raven's Brood*, (Barker, 7s. 6d.), a novel very different in theme and aim from the work generally associated with his name. It is a story of primitive Cornish men and women, of superstition and pre-Christian beliefs. It is not entirely successful, for the reason that Mr. Benson has never formed the habit of standing away from his characters and leaving them to develop. They do not live; they merely twitch in response to his jerkings of their strings. But if not a great novel, *Raven's Brood* is a very readable one. Some readers, not the least discerning, will like it the best of all Mr. Benson's books.

The problem faced by Mr. Benson is, alas! ignored completely by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole in his new volume, *The Vengeance of Mynheer Van Lok* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). Here are fifteen stories—all written with a fair proportion of competence, but without, one feels, undue strain. They will please lazy readers, a large body, no doubt; the more discriminating will come empty away. They might do worse than turn to Mr. Edward Shanks's *Tom Tiddler's Ground* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). This long story covers many years and countries, telling in leisurely but satisfying fashion the story of a Cornish boy born near the end of the last century. Mr. Shanks's output is not large; his readers reap the reward of his fastidiousness. Although he does not often find the phrase to light up a character or a whole scene, his work is pleasantly firm to lean upon. A steady, reliable book, this, which can be cordially recommended to readers who like to take their pleasures slowly and at length. The author has spent himself freely, and has produced (I hope Mr. Shanks will feel as complimented as I mean him to be) a very English novel.

Two Kinds of Traveller

"To Portugal": *by Douglas Goldring*
(Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.)

"Through Russia by Air": *by John Grierson*
(Foulis, 5s.)

A GREAT deal of pleasure, though not the luxurious and highly sophisticated pleasure offered by more advertised and accessible lands, may be derived from a holiday spent in Portugal. It is, as are so few other countries to-day, still "unspoiled," and it has this further advantage that, while it is full of things worth seeing, it contains hardly anything that, with a horde of other tourists, one *must* see. As for its inhabitants, you will find them—unless you are the kind of Englishman who regards all the Southern races as coolies—invariably willing and polite. If, as is claimed, more and more people are annually discovering the attractions of Portugal, Mr. Goldring's volume should fill a want. He grinds no axes, and he refrains from exaggeration. My own acquaintance with Portugal is mainly confined to Lisbon; as far as that curious, unstandardised city is concerned, I ask for no better or more honest guide than Mr. Goldring. I should certainly take his book with me if I were planning another visit to Portugal—and how happily could I contemplate the prospect of making, once more, the entrancing approach to Lisbon from the sea!

Mr. Grierson wanted to fly to Russia. It was very doubtful if he would ever get permission. And when he had got permission, he must take great care not to land at Minsk. After landing at Minsk, he must take the consequences of his folly and give up all idea of proceeding to Moscow. On arriving at Moscow—and so on. This remarkable young aviator, with no companion and no knowledge of Russian, went on being stopped and turned back until he reached Samarkand. The story of his flight is told in direct, muscular prose which makes easy and pleasant reading. A more lively and interesting book, and a more unaffected young Trojan, no reader has a right to expect.

JOHN GRIERSON

THANK goodness the writers (whatever the musicians and painters may be doing) still preserve nationality in their work! Colette in half a page can whisk you to Paris, and when she lets you go, a few hours later, you return to your surroundings with new eyes, like a man coming back from a holiday. In *These Pleasures* (White Owl Press, 7s. 6d.) she muses on some of the queer people she has known—queer in habits, queer in beliefs, queer in morals. It is not, I suppose, a book for everybody. But how marvellous is Colette's sympathy! She does not approve of all these people, but she understands them all. She is, I imagine, a good listener; like all good listeners, she can be savage, but also unexpectedly tender. It is characteristic of her profound interest in men and women that she writes with the utmost simplicity.

Last year, the first English volume of *The Thibaults* (Bodley Head,

7s. 6d.), translated from the French of Roger Martin du Gard, attracted some attention, but not more than it deserved. The second volume has now appeared, and there is at least one more to come. I do not think that this second volume will be altogether intelligible to those people who have not read the first; but as it is even better than the first, and makes it clear that a major work is now in process of being written and rendered into English, I strongly advise readers who did not take the advice I gave last year to reconsider their decision. Those who read Vol. I will hardly need coaxing to read Vol. II. In the new instalment, Jacques Thibault falls into the background, and his elder brother, Antoine, comes down stage—Antoine, the correct, capable young doctor, and Rachel, the woman who suddenly sweeps into his life and transfigures it. Charming, amoral, sweet-natured and wanton, one of those youngish women with endless and complex pasts which can never be fully unravelled, Rachel is perhaps the success of a book full of brilliant portraits. Although at times he writes with frankness about certain manifestations of human nature which are generally classed as unspeakable, M. du Gard has a disinfecting touch, and I cannot see many adult readers being shocked by his novel. There are passages of exceptional beauty; but the greatness of this novel comes from the sympathy and fidelity patiently pervading the whole. Of its greatness and importance I am convinced.

From Colette and M. du Gard to Mr. T. F. Tweed, the transition is, if not painful, at least violent. Mr. Tweed wrote *Rinehard*, which was read by a large number of persons and witnessed, as *Gabriel Over the White House*, by an infinitely larger film public. Now he has written *Blind Mouths*, (Barker, 8s. 6d.), the story of a confederation of Balkan States into the Great Power known as Danubia. Mr. Tweed has no real interest in words, no notion of the many sensuous uses to which they may be put, and he is therefore unable to create in our imaginations the new world of which he writes. But he has other qualities, such as vigour and a practical interest in affairs, and a queer strain of almost mystical idealism. Useless to turn to him for subtle pleasures; yet he is bracing and, in a rather superficial way, vivid. Best of all, he is seldom dull. He puts me in mind of the brighter of the advertisements in a high-class American paper. Like them, he wrings from me a sort of admiration; he half, but only half, persuades me of what he is saying. That he does as much is a considerable tribute to his skill.

T. F. TWEED, author of "Blind Mouths"

EDWARD SHANKS, author of "Tom Tiddler's Ground"

Silence of a Purple Shirt, by R. C. Woodthorpe (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is a detective story—and what a delightful experience it is to read a thriller written by a cultured man with a sense of humour and a sense of style! I recommend this book, but cannot discuss it without spoiling the reader's enjoyment. *(Continued on page 92)*

Modern Poetry

"Modern Poetry 1922-1934: An Anthology":

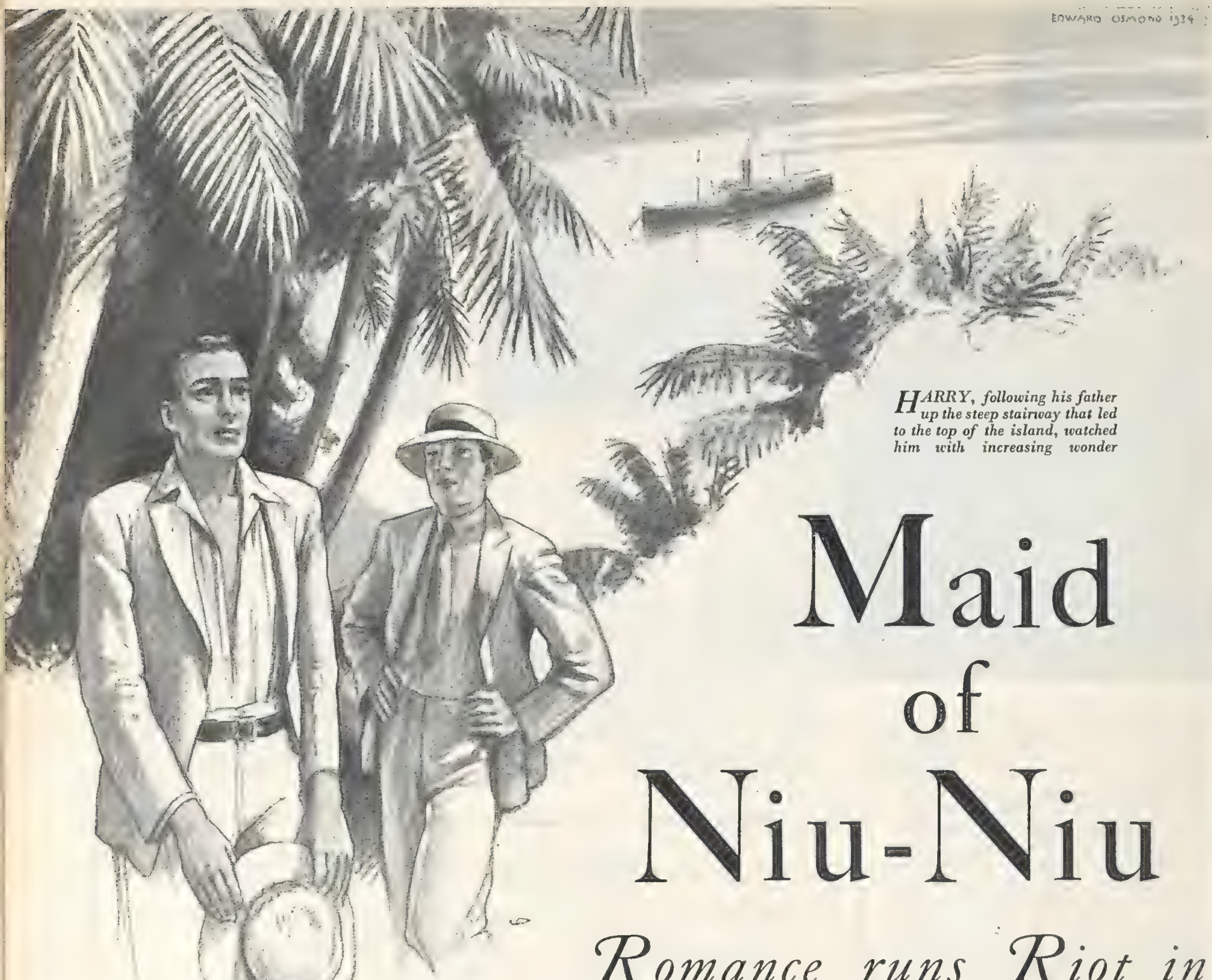
Compiled by Maurice Wollman

(Macmillan, 6s.)

ANTHOLOGIES are never as good as they might be. That, perhaps, is their métier—to rouse the anthologist lying somewhere within each one of us. The chief defect of Mr. Wollman's selection of poetry written during the past twelve years is that it is far too big. He gives us 228 poems by 112 poets. If it is possible that nearly twenty memorable poems are written annually—and it is, I suppose, just possible—I submit that the idea that there are 112 memorable poets living simultaneously in any one country is preposterous. Mr. Wollman may reply that he never advanced such an idea. But he has commemorated these poets by enshrining them. His shrine would have infinitely greater sanctity if he erased at least half the names.

MAURICE WOLLMAN

John Davidson said that nothing in the world was easier than to tell good poetry from bad; and I hold strongly that he was right. All lovers of poetry, indeed, are quite clear about their preferences and abhorrences, and are prepared to back their opinions against the world. There are many appalling poems in Mr. Wollman's volume, poems which deserve a place in an Anthology of Bad Verse, but in no other. There are also many poems which, though they do not give me the authentic thrill, I can and do respect. But there are also some ravishing poems, among which I include most of the selected efforts of Roy Campbell, Edmund Blunden, W. B. Yeats, Charlotte Mew, Robert Bridges, Laurence Binyon, Edward Davison, Dorothy Wellesley, W. H. Davies, and John Freeman. Thanks to Mr. Wollman, I have grown acquainted with fresh beauty and renewed contact with beauty already familiar. Every reader of every anthology quarrels with the anthologist, as I have quarrelled with the latest one; and every reader knows that such bickering is usually nothing but an expression of delight. I have found the keenest pleasure in alternately confirming and execrating Mr. Wollman's taste. What more can an anthology offer?



HARRY, following his father up the steep stairway that led to the top of the island, watched him with increasing wonder

Maid of Niu-Niu

Romance runs Riot in those South Sea Islands . . .

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

JAMES COOPER had left the island of Niu-Niu in the year of King Edward's coronation. Now it was thirty years after, and he was coming back again, at the end of a South Sea tour with his son, Harry, who had been to the 'Varsity and knew everything. Cooper had been to no university save that of Life. Mate on an island schooner, he might have stayed in the islands, lived and worked with companions who were (he would have told you) twice the men their successors were; tough, careless, pull-the-devil-by-the-tail sort of fellows. There lived no more such, now.

He had not stayed. He had gone into steam; married, rather unexpectedly, an owner's daughter; gone out of steam and into a shipping office, pushed always by Gladys and her people, kept, by them, with his nose to the desk and his eyes well blinkered. He had helped to build up a big ship-broking business, carried it on ably; retired, after Gladys's death. Successful man, James Cooper. Made good; done well. Yes.

And here, off the remote unprofitable island of Niu-Niu, where ships seldom came, where nothing, he supposed, could have altered since he sailed away in nineteen one, he found himself wishing that he had never gone at all; never stepped into the waiting whaleboat that clear night of stars, unclasped a girl's soft hands from about his arm, kissed her and kissed her and turned away to sea.

Lily Greenlees was her name; a mission girl, prettier than most mission women, and quite as good. If she hadn't been so good he might not have remembered her, gone on wanting her for thirty years. He had wanted her badly, then, but he didn't wish to marry at one-and-twenty, and there was nothing but marriage to be thought of where she was concerned. So, he had left her; left the lily on its stem and, like a thousand thousand other sailor men, had sailed away.

To what? Sea first; ship-broking, marriage. The E. C. district. Villa in Putney; Gladys and Gladys's parties. Life that somehow wasn't exactly life, just an excellent imitation.

Even his son Harry who had been such a jolly little chap in the nursery—Harry, more or less, escaped him. Cooper, in spite of Gladys, had remained rough and tough. He could hardly understand this fine gentleman whom he had sired; this Harry, who knew so much that he didn't, was so kind and patient and uncomprehending with his bear of a father, who had agreed without murmur to go on a world tour with Cooper, and "see a bit of things in general," as the elder man phrased it, before settling down to London and marriage. He was engaged to a "swell," a girl with a courtesy title, that deeply impressed and unspeakably worried Cooper, even as the aspect of the Honourable Elizabeth Lockhart, slim and boyish and shingled, worried him; not his idea at all of the sort of girl a man ought to want for a wife. . .She was like all the rest of it; she wasn't real—quite.

Well, here was Niu-Niu that he had longed to see again, and was seeing; Niu-Niu, that couldn't have changed a bit, whatever else had changed. The high, lone island, nine hundred miles from anywhere; the tall coconuts that plumed the top of it; the boat landing, blasted in sheer coral rock. Somewhere out in the living green of the lagoon a log canoe and a native in it, fishing. Ah! Nineteen hundred, and the stars bright in the water, and the young, young schooner mate without a care in the world.

"You going ashore?" asked Harry, cigarette in mouth. He seemed a fine figure, standing there by the ship's rail, inches taller than his tough, shellbacked father, fairhaired like Gladys, like her regular of feature; well trained and exercised as any racehorse; fit and complete and somehow miles away.

"Of course we're going," Cooper answered. Did the lad think he had paid through the nose for this side trip not to take advantage of it? Other places had been disappointing; other islands tourist haunted, civilised out of all recognition. Niu-Niu would be different; there, things never changed.

"We'll trot along up to the Mission," he said, cheerfully. "Have a look round, and send for our suitcases later. Stop maybe till the 'Donald Cameron' calls; she's due on her annual trip in a few weeks, I understand."

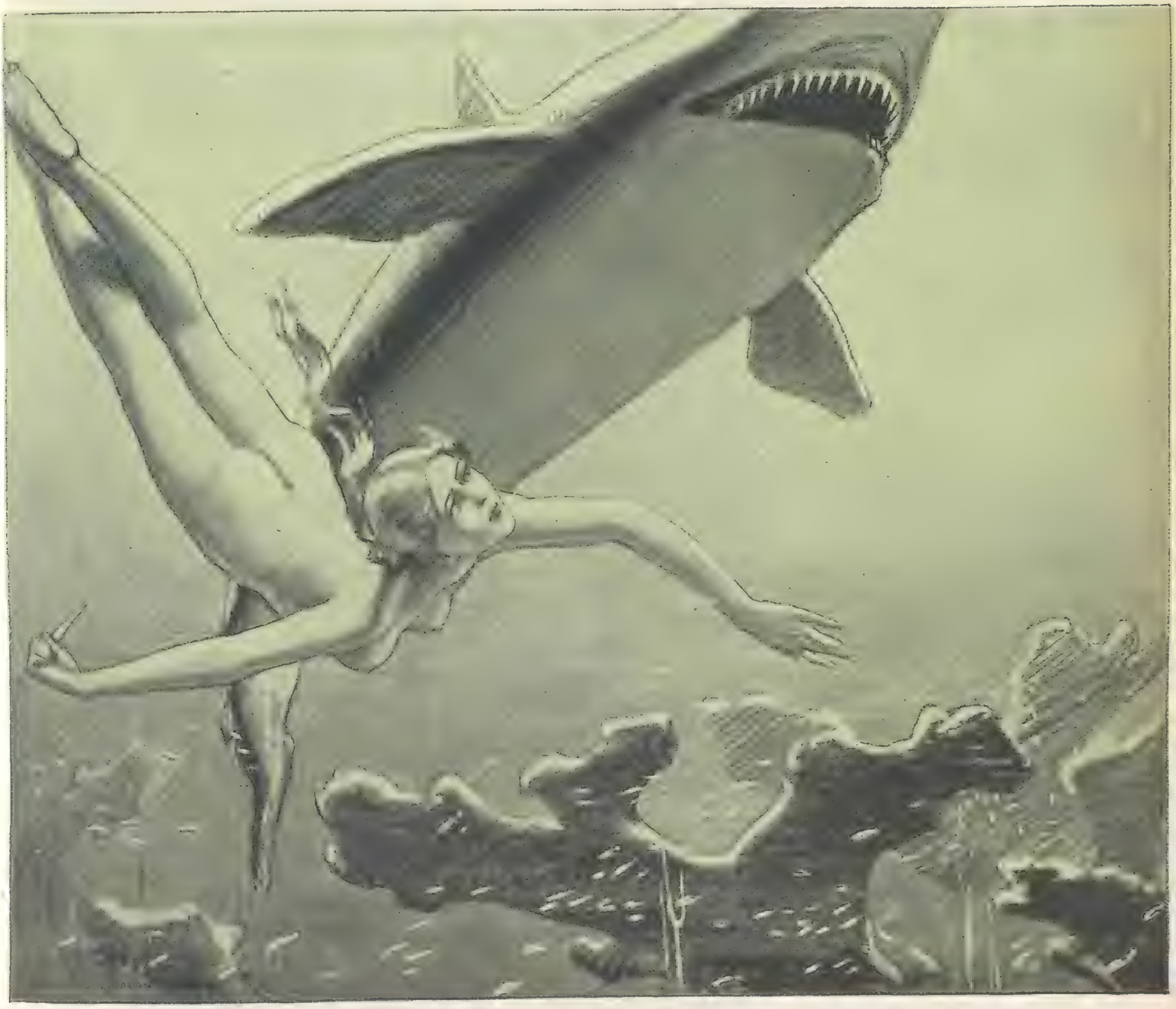
"Yes, sir," Harry dutifully agreed. "I suppose this is one of the local celebrities?"

A small, dried up old man, who had come out to pilot the ship seemed to be listening to the conversation with intelligent interest. "I, Orao," he introduced himself. "I talk Engliss." He stared very hard at Harry.

"Bring our baggage by and by, if we don't come back," Cooper directed. "We're going ashore." And to the purser, "Likely we'll put up at the Mission for a while."

The purser nodded. "Old man says we may have to get away in a hurry," he warned. This trip was a novelty, and not an agreeable one, to the trading steamer.

By Beatrice Grimshaw



TO see her spear fish; and kill sharks! Not afraid to dive under, give the swift fatal stab!

HARRY, following his father up the steep stairway that led to the top of the island, watched him with increasing wonder. What an evergreen the Dad was! He never seemed to tire, he always wanted to see everything. He was breasting the steep climb, now, like a two-year-old. Harry remembered a girl in Samoa, a pretty one, who had run after the Dad, thrown a wreath of flowers around his neck, and called him —" Big man, big chief!" She was ready to throw herself after the flowers, Harry thought, but the Dad had said something to her in island Maori that had sent her skipping away.

As for Jim Cooper, on the top of Niu-Niu, treading once more the enchanted ways of youth, after thirty years, he had, for the moment, forgotten Harry's existence. Yes, it was all the same. Here were the enormous palms, naked-white, swinging their crests up eighty feet in the blue. Here was the coral roadway, with the thatched coral-concrete cottages along one side, and the high plain of sea on the other. And the beach-lilies, Lily's name-flower, heavy, sweet and pale, trailing among the flat-palmed castor-oil plants and the wine-coloured coleus leaves. And the——

He stopped, staring down the roadway. "Jeez!" he said.

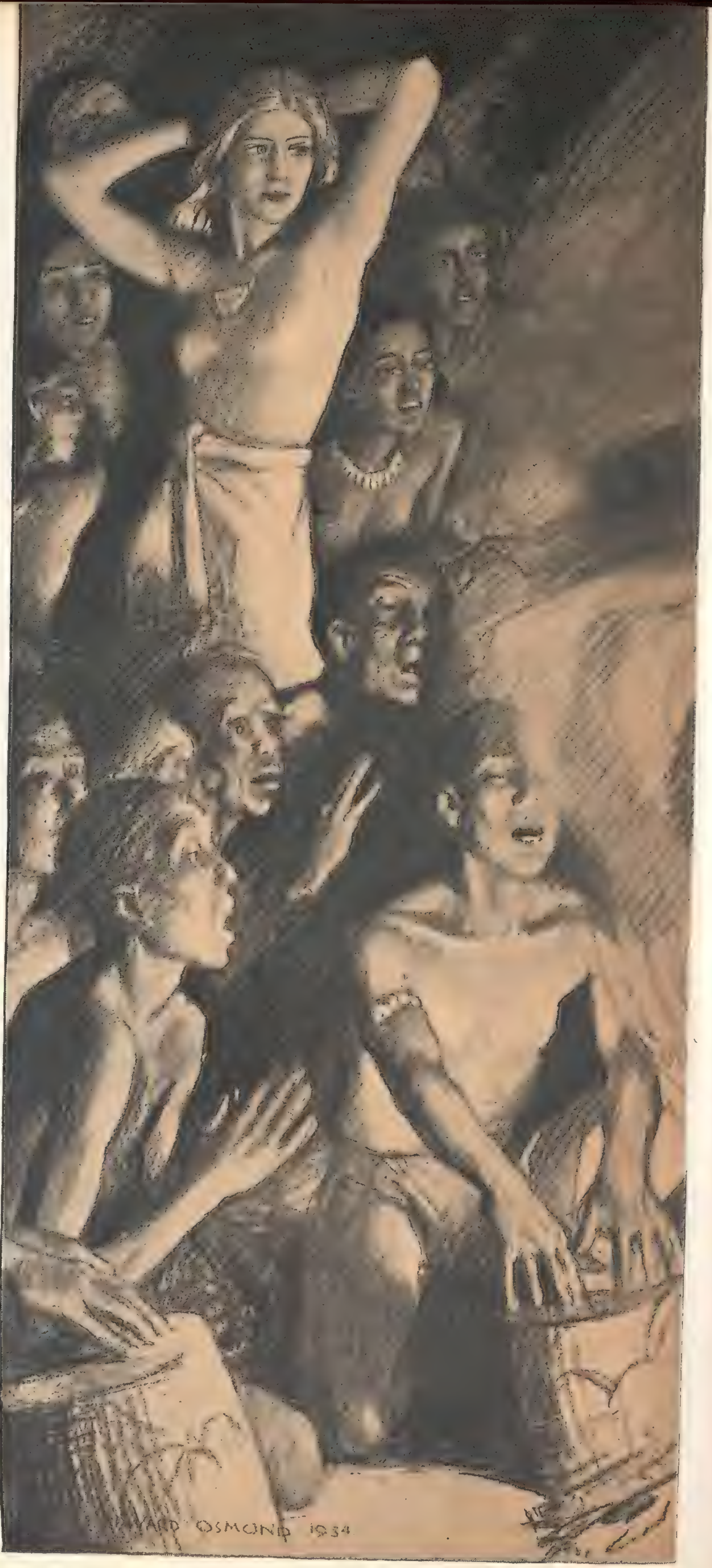
"My sacred aunt!" ejaculated Harry.

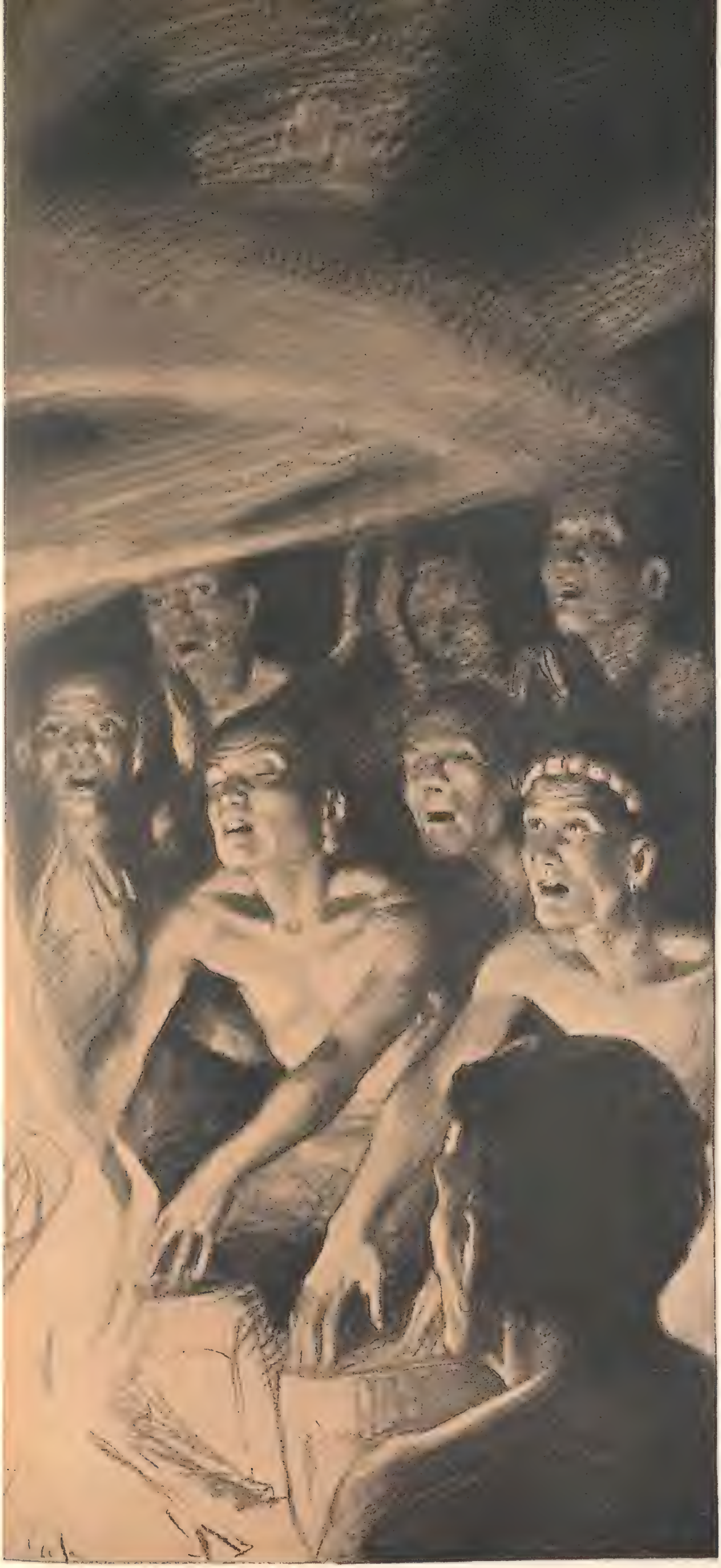
Along the road, in the full sun, was approaching a procession that Harry mentally described as something like the Bacchic rout in "Endymion," and that Cooper, seeing, classified as a "proper old Ratcliff Highway sort of spree." In any part of the world it would have been an amazing sight, but here!

Thirty years ago, this big isolated island with the bad approach had been famed for its almost blatant type of Christianity. The Niu-Niu people were among the greatest triumphs of Pacific Mission work. In one generation they had turned from savagery to a strict brand of Methodism. The women wore long Mother Hubbard frocks, the men confronted the blazing sun in heavy dungarees. Pious they were, even to excess; they knew few pleasures save Sunday-school picnics, few entertainments save the singing of hymns. Under the hand of a famous and masterful missionary they had become the shining light of the South Sea world. They may have been happy; certainly they were very good.

Cooper, young and pleasure-loving, had sometimes found the mission rule oppressive. But he had never seriously questioned its rightness, and he hadn't supposed it could ever come to an end, any more than the long trade winds of the south-east season, the blustering gales of the north-west. Always, in after years, he had pictured Niu-Niu and the coral-stone church, the coral-concrete mission house, standing for ever in these lonely seas unchanged.

Well, there was the church—gutted, turned into a sort of savage palace, all one big room, with a dais at the end, and carved ceremonial





SO the old men, who were very wise—especially himself, Orao—made magic, to cause a ship to come

chairs—and there was the mission house, empty, with the seawind blowing through its eyeglass windows, and the forest vines creeping over it. And here, here, coming down the roadway, were the children of the old pious folk of his day; with a few of the old folk themselves coming after.

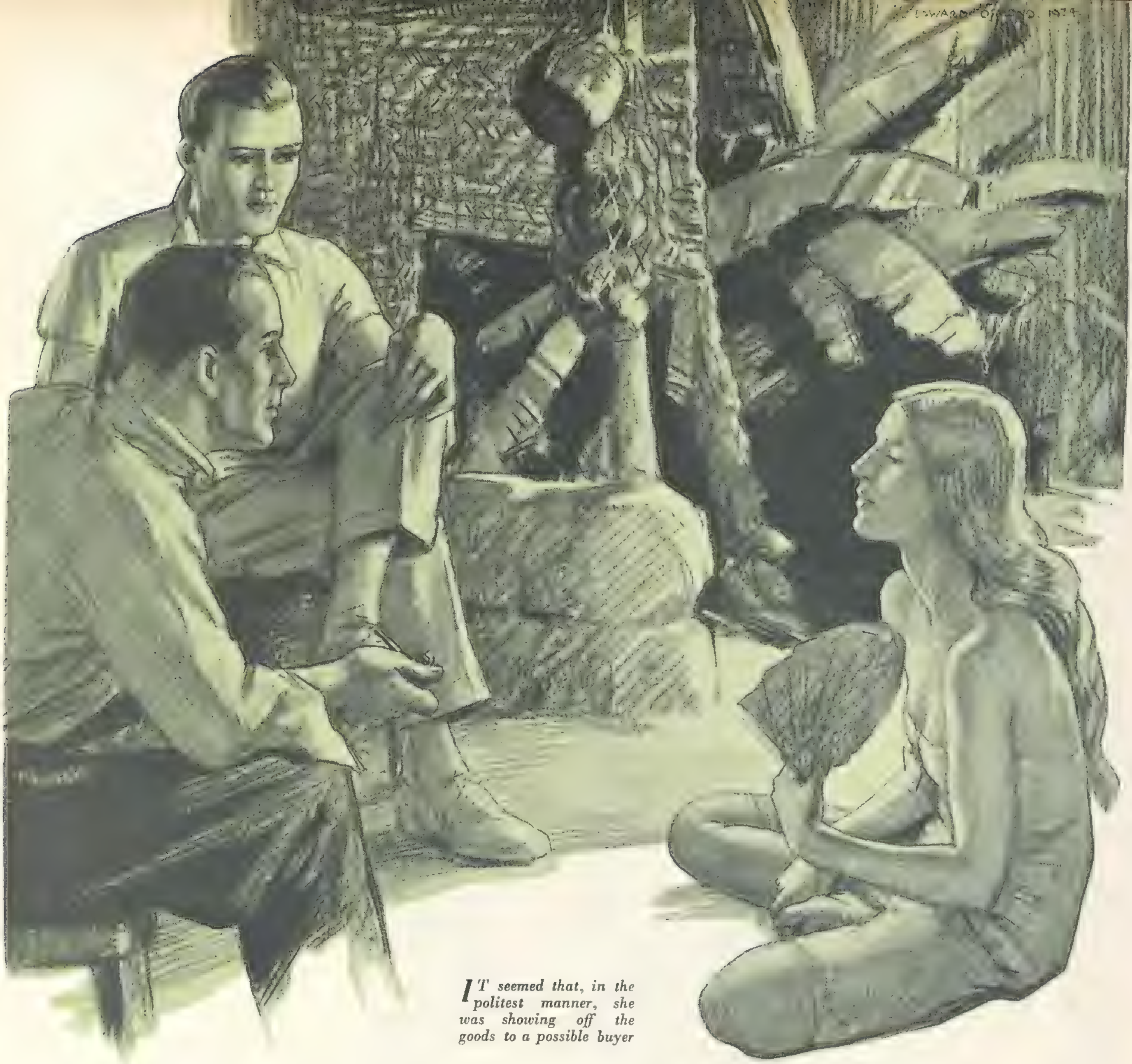
First came a crowd of young men, respectable but not excessively dressed in a bunch of leaves apiece. They carried old-time clubs in their hands, lovely clubs set with saw-fish teeth and swordfish beaks; they danced, and whirled the clubs round their heads, and sang. After them came drummers, beating drums that, like the clubs, had been museum antiques in Cooper's day. Girls with food baskets followed, doing a kind of shuffle, and shaking their short grass skirts. They had beautiful figures, carefully oiled to bring up all the high lights; their gold-bronze bodies, naked to the waist, flashed back the sun as they went. Boys came behind, carrying woody roots, for the brewing of kava drink; some of them bore huge bowls of orange beer, and some had bamboos, corked with a twist of palm-leaf, and full of new palm wine. . . . In Niu-Niu of old days a man who brewed or tasted drink had six months' work upon the roads handed out to him as punishment. Cooper remembered that.

Last came a band of grey old men, their faces smeared with ash. It seemed that they, and the women, were mourning somebody, for every now and then they broke forth into a howling lament, which ended with a dancing step or two, and then began again. Obviously they took note of the newcomers, but the dance and the singing held them; they passed by without pause.

" Jeez ! " said Cooper again, watching the rout go by. " They'd 've told you, thirty years ago, that you was—were—dreamin', if you'd have prophesied the like of this happening."

Harry, who looked suddenly brighter (for really, this was interesting, was something like), replied: " No great mystery about it, sir." He stared hard at the retreating forms of the girls. " One hears that the war, and the general decline in religious feeling that followed it, hit the missions pretty hard. Lots of them have closed down. This must have been a costly place to run, so far from anywhere. I'd imagine it may have gone back quite a long while ago."

Cooper said dreamily, " The old chaps used to say—those who remembered fighting days—that if the Lord was to think maybe that He wanted the good missionaries somewhere else, and was to take 'm away, there'd be all the old doin's again in two shakes of a lizard's tail. You see, they remembered the days, before I came, when it was nothing but fighting and feasting, and the king was a real king, and they had



IT seemed that, in the politest manner, she was showing off the goods to a possible buyer

"taupos"—sort of sacred maids, like them in Samoa; and they fair worshipped them too, I heard tell. I never saw one myself, they were gone before I came, but——"

He stopped, speechless, and pointed with one rugged hand to the last, the very last, figure in the long procession. A girl, walking sedately by herself. A girl dressed like the others in swinging grass skirts, but robed as well in a tabard and train of creamy tappa cloth. She wore a white shell round her neck. Her hair fell down her back a long way; it was yellow hair, and her skin, though kissed by the sun to a golden colour, was clearly the skin of a white woman.

"Son," said Cooper, swearing a long sea oath, "if that's not Lily Greenlees it's the devil!"

Harry said, looking appreciatively at the girl as she passed by, eyes fixed ahead (but she seemed to see him and Cooper, all the same), "Who is Lily Greenlees?"

"She was a mission lassie," answered Cooper. "Thirty years ago. And none the better—nor the worse—for me." He sighed, and Harry wondered, irreverently, which part of the Dad's sentence was answerable for the sigh. . . .

But Cooper, volunteering nothing further, followed the procession, in silence, to the door of the great hall that once had been a church. The people were massing themselves inside the building now, joining their voices together in a fierce, wailing song. "It'll be the old king they're crying for," Cooper said. "The purser told me he'd died some days ago. I reckon he's buried, and they're having the funeral spree."

"That would be it," agreed Harry. But he was not listening closely; his eyes, deserting the crowd of armed young men and dancing, shuffling girls, had strayed to the far end of the hall, whither the elders, slowly pacing, now led the girl in the tappa robe.

"Look, Dad!" he said. "Look—they're putting her into that big carved chair!"

"She's a Taupo, by that frock of hers," answered Cooper. "A sacred sort of virgin. They almost used to worship 'm, in old times, I've heard say." He too stared hard at the girl, who was sitting easily on the throne-like chair. Her knees were crossed, one bare foot swinging—a beautiful foot, bronzed on the instep, white beneath the toes. Her thigh, where the tappa tunic fell aside, showed flower-pale, contrasting vividly with the sun-bronze of face and arms. Yes, she was white; white as tall Harry, staring his heart out at her; white as Harry's stocky, sturdy father with the sea-blue eyes, and the red stain of the sea on his cheeks.

And, certainly, she was Lily Greenlees or the devil—yet, how could it be, after all these years?

Cooper had never been one to balk his fences. He left Harry, standing there at gaze, and marched alone right up to the carved chair. To the gold-and-white girl who sat in it, he said curtly—"I'm James Cooper; who in God's name are you?"

"I am Lily," she answered, fixing him hard, with the eyes of a stranger—Lily's very eyes, that didn't know him.

"Not Lily Greenlees," he said, with growing certainty, as he saw, at close quarters, the flawless beauty, the untouched, unworn youth of her. Miracles were past. . . .

"Lily Greenlees was my mother. She died a great many years ago. When the Mission left, she stayed here because she had married my father."

"And who was your father?" he asked, uncomfortably, conscious of a certain cold hostility in her manner.

She did not immediately reply. The shuffling and dancing had ceased; the singers were silent. The hall full of people hardly seemed to breathe, watching the pair. Now and then the heads of the old men turned from Lily to the tall form of Harry Cooper; to Lily, back again.

"William Johnston," answered Lily, at last.

"The trader? Is he alive?"

"He is dead last year."

"And left you—alone—among the ——"

"Among my friends," she answered proudly. "They have made me their Maid. They will make me their Queen."

She spoke with a certain clipped accent, but her English was good. Johnston, Cooper thought, must have educated the girl. Lord, how like Lily she was! save for the flash of savagery, or something like it, that shot out now and then from her deep-lidded eyes, showed in her full, cruelly scarlet mouth. Not in her blood, that, not in her upbringing. Where? Cooper couldn't say. Harry the highly educated might have given the word he wanted—"environment."

If he had more to ask, Lily did not give him time. "Why did you leave my mother, break her heart?" she demanded. "I have had no mother, because of you." That was pretty thick, Cooper thought; why, she had married the trader chap. . . . well, maybe she had to live; well, maybe, like the little girl in the book by Stevenson, she couldn't make out to live," after all. Anyhow, she hadn't.

He answered, meekly. "Because I wanted to go and make my fortune."

"Did you make it?"

"Yes."

"Did you marry someone?"

"Yes. That's my son."

She threw a swift glance at Harry. About him, the young warriors were beginning to gather, to mass themselves as if by accident. Harry didn't notice; he was looking at her.

"So you have got all you wanted," the girl said, a little more swiftly. "So you have been very happy!"

"By God, no!" burst out Cooper. He knew now that he hadn't. That he had left the happiness that was meant for him, the life he should have had, behind him the night he kissed Lily Greenlees and sailed and sailed away. Gladys and her people had held him fast; Harry was keeping him now, holding him half-awake, half-asleep, in the long dream that had been his life.

The girl was softening; she glanced at him almost kindly, but now, there was something strange in her glance—excitement? Fear?

"They were never bad folk," he reminded himself. "They wouldn't do you in." But he turned from Lily; stared about the hall.

The young men had surrounded Harry. They were edging himself away from Lily. Something was going to happen. . . .

Lily said, suddenly, "You should not have come back," slipped out of her carved chair, and melted into the crowd of girls, vanishing he didn't know where.

Frightened she was, yet laughing too—grinning, you might almost have called it, if she hadn't been so pretty. What did it mean?

The answer to that came immediately, with a blaring blast from the steamer. One long call, three short. She was going! And right on the sound, as if it had been the signal for which they were waiting, the young men, armed, closed about Cooper and his son, sweeping them together, and barring their way. At the same instant all the doors were closed.

"Shanghaied, by God!" cried Cooper.

It was late in the afternoon. Long since the steamer must have seen the last of Niu-Niu, glad to be clear of the reefs and shoals of that notorious island. Westering, through lemon-green leaves of palm, the sun shone low upon the white walls of the cottage assigned by the old men's council to Cooper and his son. They had been escorted there as soon as the steamer was safe out of signalling distance. The old man Orao had made things quite clear; and if he was feeble, if he resembled a Japanese bronze monkey more than anything else, his following of a hundred youths armed with clubs and spears gave weight to his orders.

These were that the white men should keep to their cottage, and to the roadway immediately before it, and that they should refrain from putting up signals for ships. Food would be given them; beds had been provided. They would be well treated, and if they made no trouble of any kind Cooper would be allowed to leave by the "Donald Cameron" trading boat when she called in a few weeks' time.

"What about me?" demanded Harry, fairly smoking with wrath. He had disregarded his father's advice to "take things quiet; you can't fight a hundred to one," and had, in consequence been somewhat knocked about on the way. The youths had refrained from touching his face, but his ribs were sore with the pokes of spear-butts and the smacks of wooden club-heads; and on some of the noses of Orao's young men there were marks of a good British fist.

If Orao heard the question he did not answer it. Instead, he beckoned Cooper with one withered finger, and half in broken English, half in island Maori, began to make a speech. As he spoke he turned from one white man to the other, pointing his remarks with further pokes of the finger, now on Cooper's arm, now against Harry's chest. That Harry glared at him, only restrained from violence by the Councillor's feebleness and age, did not seem to trouble Orao in the least.

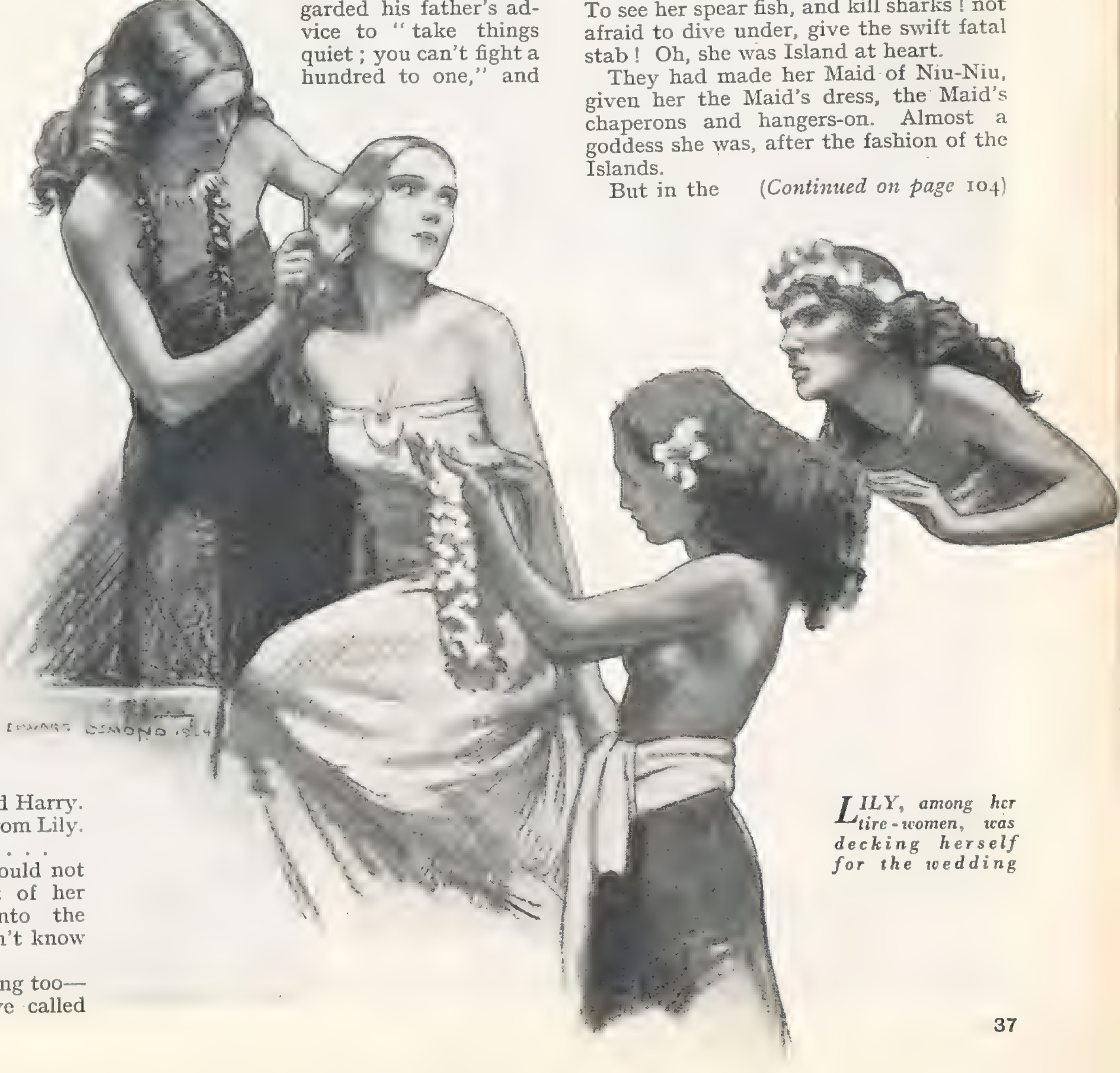
The king, he said, was just dead. An old, old man, too old to govern well of recent years. Johnston the trader had largely taken his place, and after Johnston's death the Council. The Council, Orao suggested, had done very well; but it was necessary to have a permanent head. Niu-Niu never, in the memory of man, had been without its King—or Queen.

"Or Queen," he repeated, shoving his finger-end into Harry's shirt. "Like Makea Takau of the Cook Islands, or Saloti of Tonga. Queens were very well. Better than Kings in some ways," Orao explained. "In others, they were—troublesome."

He went on to explain further. The girl Lily was their Maid. True, she was not of island blood, but in everything else she was a real Niu-Niu girl. To see her dance! To see her swim the breakers! To see her spear fish, and kill sharks! not afraid to dive under, give the swift fatal stab! Oh, she was Island at heart.

They had made her Maid of Niu-Niu, given her the Maid's dress, the Maid's chaperons and hangers-on. Almost a goddess she was, after the fashion of the Islands.

But in the (*Continued on page 104*)

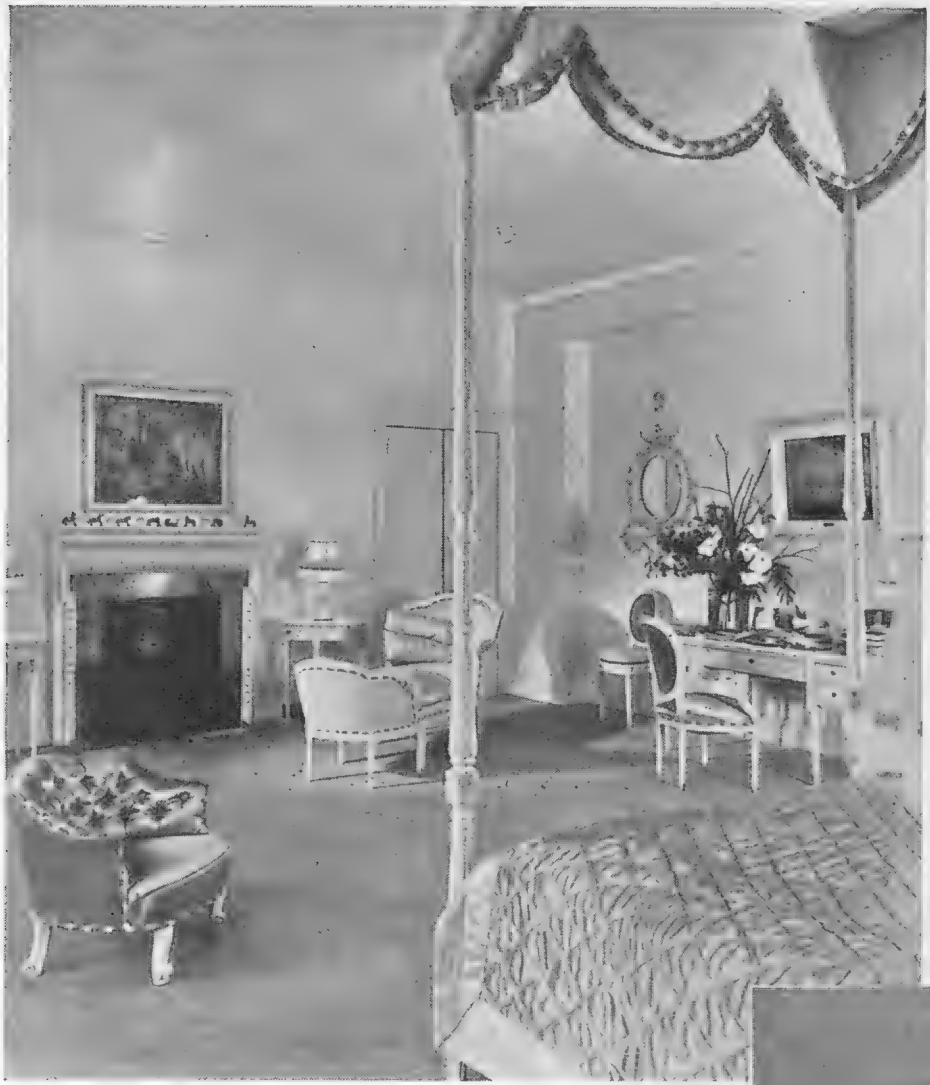


LILY, among her tire-women, was decking herself for the wedding

MODERNISM LOOKS BACK

Shows furnishing fashions of the past and present in a friendly partnership which promises to endure

By Winifred Lewis



A VERY modern young decorator is responsible for this gracious interior. The present vogue for utility asserts itself in the flush panelled doors, the severely plain background and the absence of extraneous detail. The general effect, however, is one of emphatic negation of absolute severity. Herman Schrijver

THE other day a decorator unearthed a Venetian blind. He washed and repaired it, painted and prinked it and saw that it was good. Now it hangs at a window, an important feature of a modern scheme, and reverent voices all around are saying . . . "How clever . . . how practical . . . how beautiful!"

And that's not all. One of the most modern flats in London has glazed white walls; a cocktail bar facing the front door *and* a Victorian marble-top hall table with wrought-iron legs, and on it are pot plants.

Well, after all, the world is round and if you travel far enough in one direction you come back to where you started. We may even get back to mud huts, and if we do we shall most certainly think them delightful—and so original.

So you whose tender susceptibilities have suffered from tubular furniture and savage modern colourings, take heart. The most up-to-date furnishing schemes reveal a sane co-operation of the old and the new.

The pictures on this page show some typical examples of the union. There is the bedroom (rather an emphatic example this) with its exquisite period air married to all the best principles of modern utility.

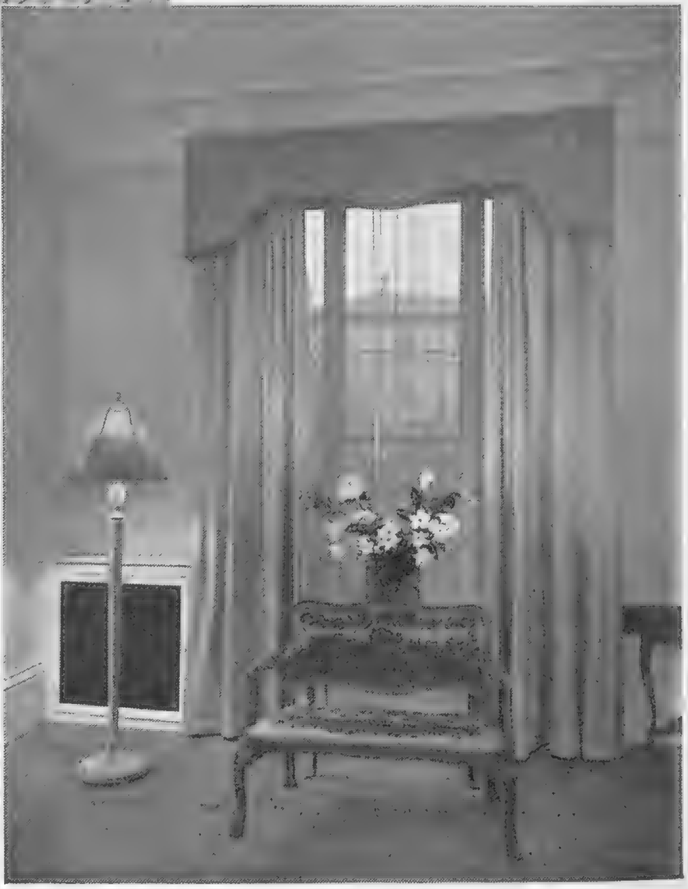
This is the work of a modern decorator who shows a veritable genius for uniting the best of both worlds. In the room pictured you have modern features which are now almost proverbial: there are flush panelled doors; reliance upon colours and contours for effect rather than on extraneous decoration which is largely eliminated.

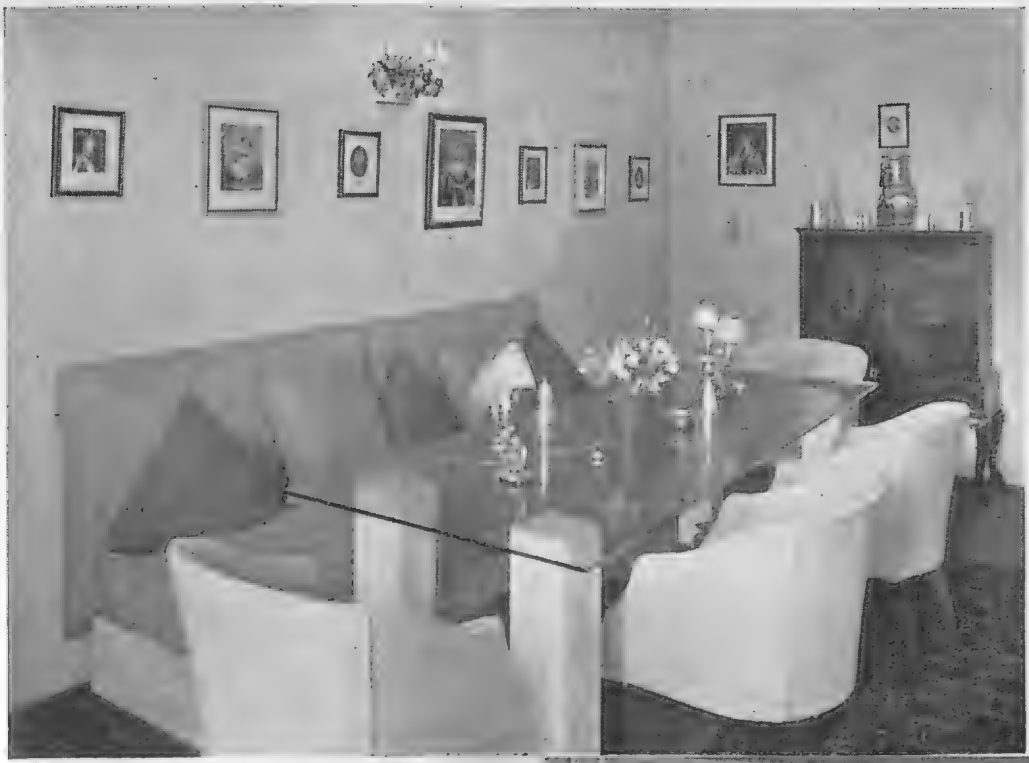
Mouldings and dust-collecting curves are noticeably absent; yet the furniture itself is distinctly "period" and the character of the room has the gracious elegance of the past.

Another picture shows a sitting-room in which a woman decorator has succeeded in giving a graciously mellow effect to what is, in fact, a very modern room.

Below:

THIS charming window treatment conforms to all the accepted principles of modern decoration, yet it has a character of the past. Plain walls; a built-in radiator; unpatterned material simply arranged, speak for to-day; and then the Empire sofa, the bouquet of flowers in the window complete a perfect alliance with the past

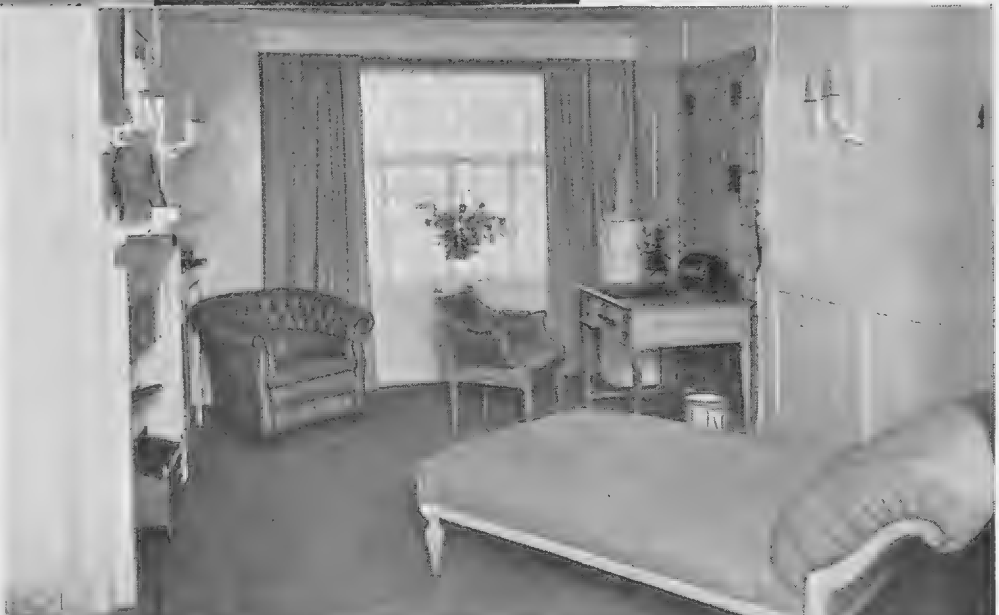




HERE is a courageous union of the past and present. A modern dining-table with coloured plate-glass top, a built-in seat with rough textured upholstery and, against this robust modernity, Victorian table lamps and miniatures

Below:

AN interior which upholds modern principles of decorating and still succeeds in suggesting the past. Mrs. Arnold, a woman decorator, has panelled the walls and coloured them primrose. The coarsely woven curtain material is of the fashionable modern oatmeal shade. So also is the covering of the chaise longue. The antique Oriental patchwork on the wall hangs beside a modern presentation of the Madonna and Child



There are two views of the room on this page, one showing the dining end and another the extreme end, which is the lounge. A typically modern expedient in itself.

The panelled walls are coloured a delicate primrose; the curtains, arranged severely as to the modern formula, are of a coarsely woven material in the oatmeal shade so much favoured for present schemes.

A plain fitted carpet of deep beige covers the floor, but the chairs are straight from another period, though plainly upholstered in a green fabric chosen carefully to contrast with the primrose walls.

Over the simple writing table in a corner hangs an antique Oriental patchwork which lends further weight to the period atmosphere.

The balance is at once restored, however, by the very modern piece of sculpture which stands by its side.

There is no suggestion of a misalliance between these widely different pieces. But the scheme has abundant character and charm.

The further end of the room, shown in the other picture, shows a painted modern dining-table which plainly emulates the flowing lines of the Queen Anne period.

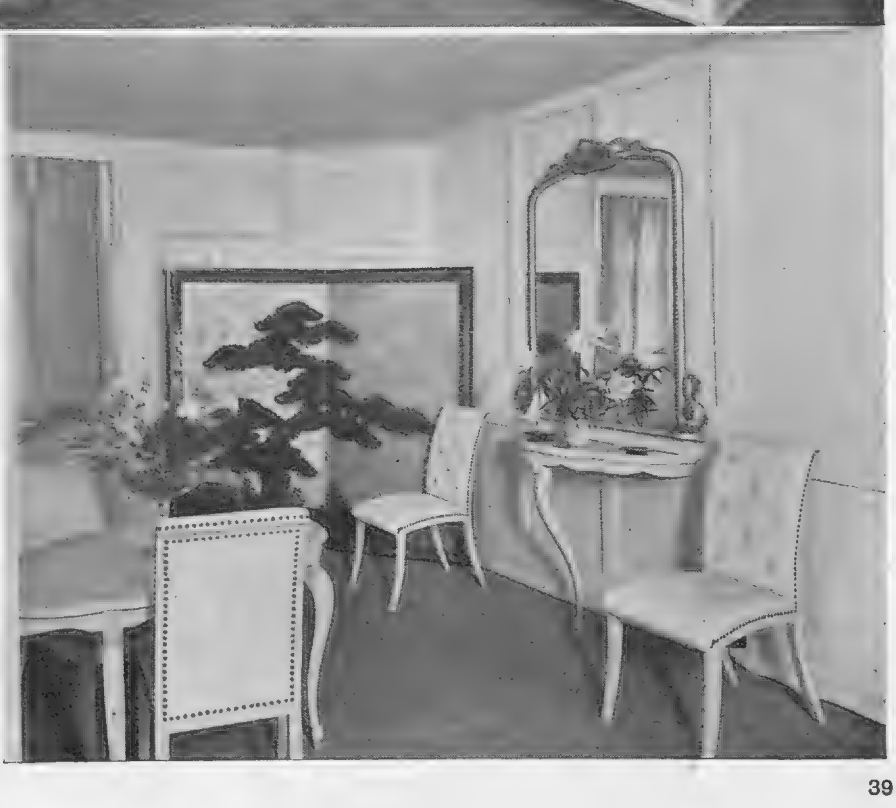
Purely modern are the small chairs with graceful curved backs and legs, upholstered in the cream leather of present fashion and finished with the brass-headed tacks of a past one.

Sometimes the order is reversed and modern furniture is seen in a period setting.

One exquisitely beautiful house in London has a sitting-room with walls papered in a Victorian sprig pattern.

The curtains of glazed chintz have the same small design, and against this background modern furniture is arranged with dramatic effect.

Here again, the severity of the furniture offsets the fussiness of the background, which, in its turn, tones down the cold severity of the furniture.



ANOTHER end of the same room shows the painted chairs and table which, though modern in conception, retain the flowing lines of period pieces. Cream leather is used for the upholstery with matching buttons and metal-headed tacks

The Stolen Day

Heart Havoc with a Vengeance in the Shadow of the Himalayas

By Dilys Peregrine

ANN PREAST, leaning over the veranda rail of her bungalow, watched the road which twisted itself down the steep Himalayan hillside to the railhead below, as if afraid that it might suddenly run backwards and return to her her husband.

But the rhythmic ring of the hill-ponies' hooves on the hard ground grew fainter and fainter. The little cavalcade—servant, luggage, horse-boy, and Colonel Preast disappeared finally round a bend in the road.

Still Ann did not move—afraid of finding that this was, after all, a dream, of waking to hear the loud bullying voice which for three years had disturbed her waking and her sleeping.

Far below, where the plains stretched endlessly to the horizon, an unbroken expanse of dun miles, she could see the Indus River flash, cutting like a scimitar the drab monotony of the landscape.

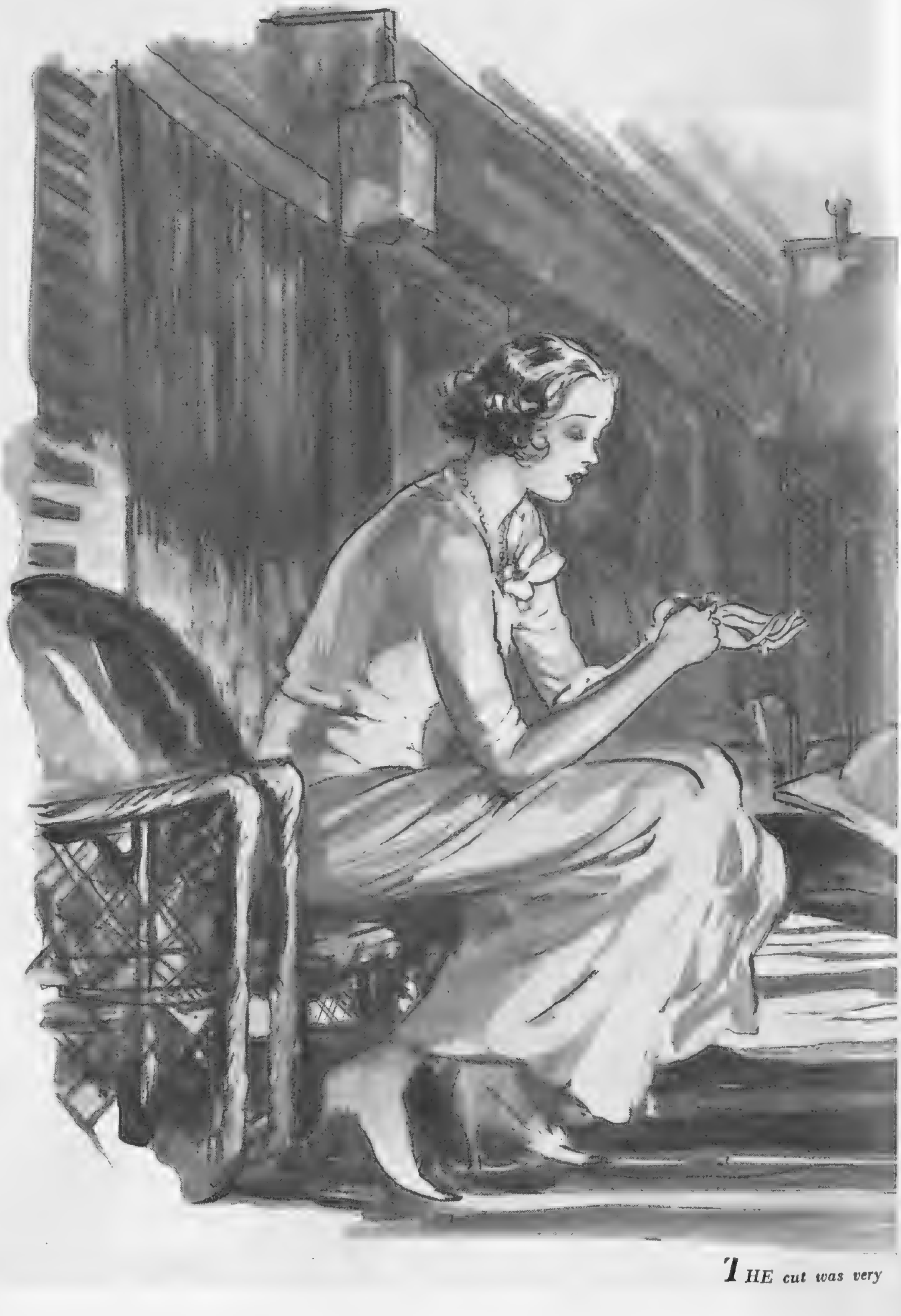
But already its brightness was dulled by the rising heat-mist. Presently when the sun had reached its full strength, river and land alike would be blotted out. The Himalayan foot-hills, to a range of which the little station of Pahari clung, would jut out into the vaporous sea like a towering cliff.

Before then Robert Preast would be safely in his train, speeding away to Jacobabad, to buy the pick of the ponies at the annual fair for the regimental polo team, which was so dear to his heart. From there he would go on to Lahore—and the Rajah of Imshah had offered him a choice of his stables. He could not get back under a fortnight.

To Ann, lingering in the cool morning air, the burden of her three unhappy years of married life seemed to be slipping away with every breath.

A glorious peace had descended on the bungalow. Less than an hour ago Robert had been there making everything and everybody uncomfortable. Now already he was beginning to seem unreal—like a bad dream. Ann, who had been so oppressed by unhappiness and hopelessness that at twenty-three she often felt fifty, began to feel her forgotten youth awake again. She looked young enough, with her slim little body, and hair the colour of dead beech leaves which framed her pointed, fascinating face in a childish bob. But there was a determination in her chin, and a depth in her tawny-brown eyes which were not childish.

The little wind ruffled Ann's curls impatiently and blew her skirt against her, as if to remind her that time was getting on and she was still wearing the old cotton frock which she had donned for Robert's benefit. If she had appeared in the new pale pink washing silk frock, specially made for to-day, which hung ready in her wardrobe, he might have been



THE cut was very

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

suspicious, and put off going for a day, or come back suddenly.

Last night Ann had smiled to herself as she had collected everything she would need in the cupboard so as to lose no time this morning after Robert really had gone. Beige shoes and stockings, double Terai hat and sunglasses as a protection against the glare on the long, hot drive before her—a light coat because it would be cold on the homeward journey—if Robert had seen them, or seeing them, had guessed their purpose!

When she was dressed, Ann looked at her watch. Robert's train was just about due in. Suppose—suppose he were not at the station in time! But Robert's life went like clockwork, she reassured herself. He had never been known to miss a train.

She called to the bearer in Hindustani. "Mohammad, I am going out. I shall not be in until late to-night."

He came running from Robert's dressing room.

"The Sahib has left his razor. See, Memsahib."

Ann took it carelessly. "It's his old one." But even as she spoke, a bright drop of blood oozed from the finger she had not felt the blade cut. "No, it's not. Never mind, he'll have to buy another. Bring iodine, Mohammad."

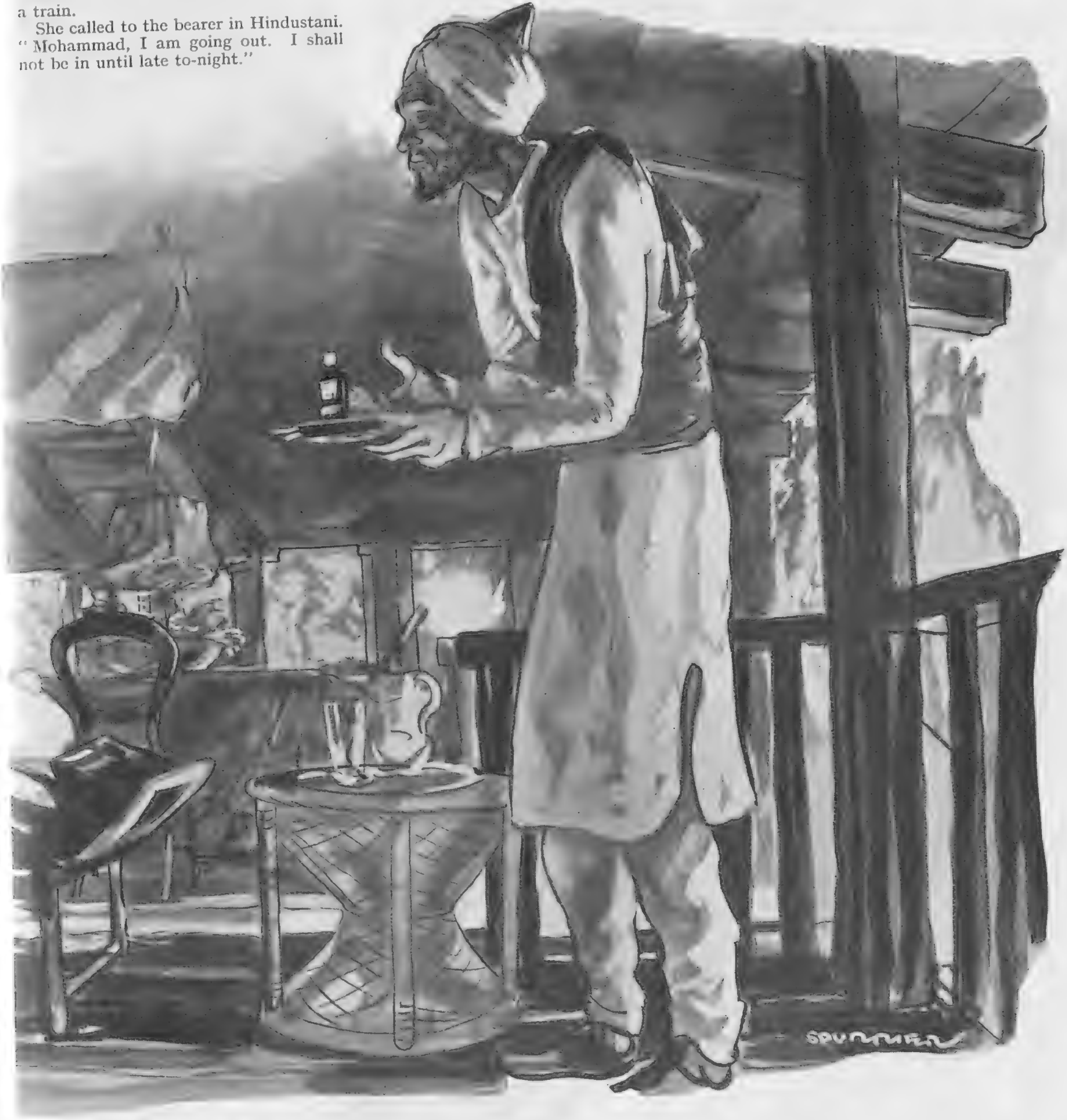
The cut was very slight, a mere pinprick, but she dabbed it with iodine for safety.

At last she was ready. Freedom! her heart sang as she got out the car. Every beat of the engine as she sped down the road to the plains echoed "Freedom!"

Free! No one had seen her go. In to-morrow's silent dawn no one would see her return. To-day was stolen, it was her own.

She felt glad that Nigel was on duty with the detachment of the regiment left on the plain, and that he had not been able to get up to Pahari to-day. There were prying eyes in Pahari. When, next week, he came up, they would have to be careful—get chaperones.

To-day was the first time they had had more than a hurried half-hour or so by themselves since their first meeting on the boat which brought Ann, a bride of a few months, to join Robert, who had gone on ahead to finish his term of frontier service.



slight, a mere pin-prick, but she dabbed it with iodine for safety

Nigel was a junior captain in Robert's regiment. It had been accepted that it was his duty to look after his Colonel's young wife on board ship. Enchanted day after day they were thrown together. There were kaleidoscopic expeditions ashore at the ports they touched; there were breathless, magic nights when on the boat deck they watched the alien brilliance of the constellations of the southern sky. And so a miracle—for them—happened. They found that they were in love.

It brought Ann her first contact with reality. Her honeymoon with Robert had disappointed her. She had felt that something was wrong, without realising what it was. Conventionally brought up, marriage seemed to her rather like a game—like golf—that everyone played. If the ideal partner came along—all well and good; if not, one took what Fate served out and was thankful. Robert, although far removed with his thin, spare shape and face and greying hair, from the Prince Charming who sometimes figured in her dreams, had had the glamour of deeds and experience. He was in command of his regiment—could offer a pleasant life. Everyone had thought him an excellent match. And Ann—Ann was young and undeveloped enough to be drugged by the scent of orange blossoms, snared by the conventional trappings of marriage, into accepting him without asking herself what real qualifications for husbandhood he had.

SINCE then she had learnt that marriage is not a game and that there are no rules for play. A gentleman, Ann had always been led to believe, will gracefully agree to release his wife from distasteful bonds. But Robert, sounded on this point, had declared that under no circumstances would he divorce or be divorced by Ann. His suspicions as to the actuality of the problem put to him fortunately had not been aroused. There was nothing for the lovers to do but accept the situation.

Their love, almost incredibly, had stood the test of the three years that followed. Their path had been hard and thorn-beset. Whatever they felt, they must not show. No breath of scandal must arise. However enraged Nigel was by Robert's treatment of Ann, he must keep silent—though indeed where she could she hid from him the humiliations, the bullying and cruelty that just stopped short of physical abuse, and which were often harder to bear.

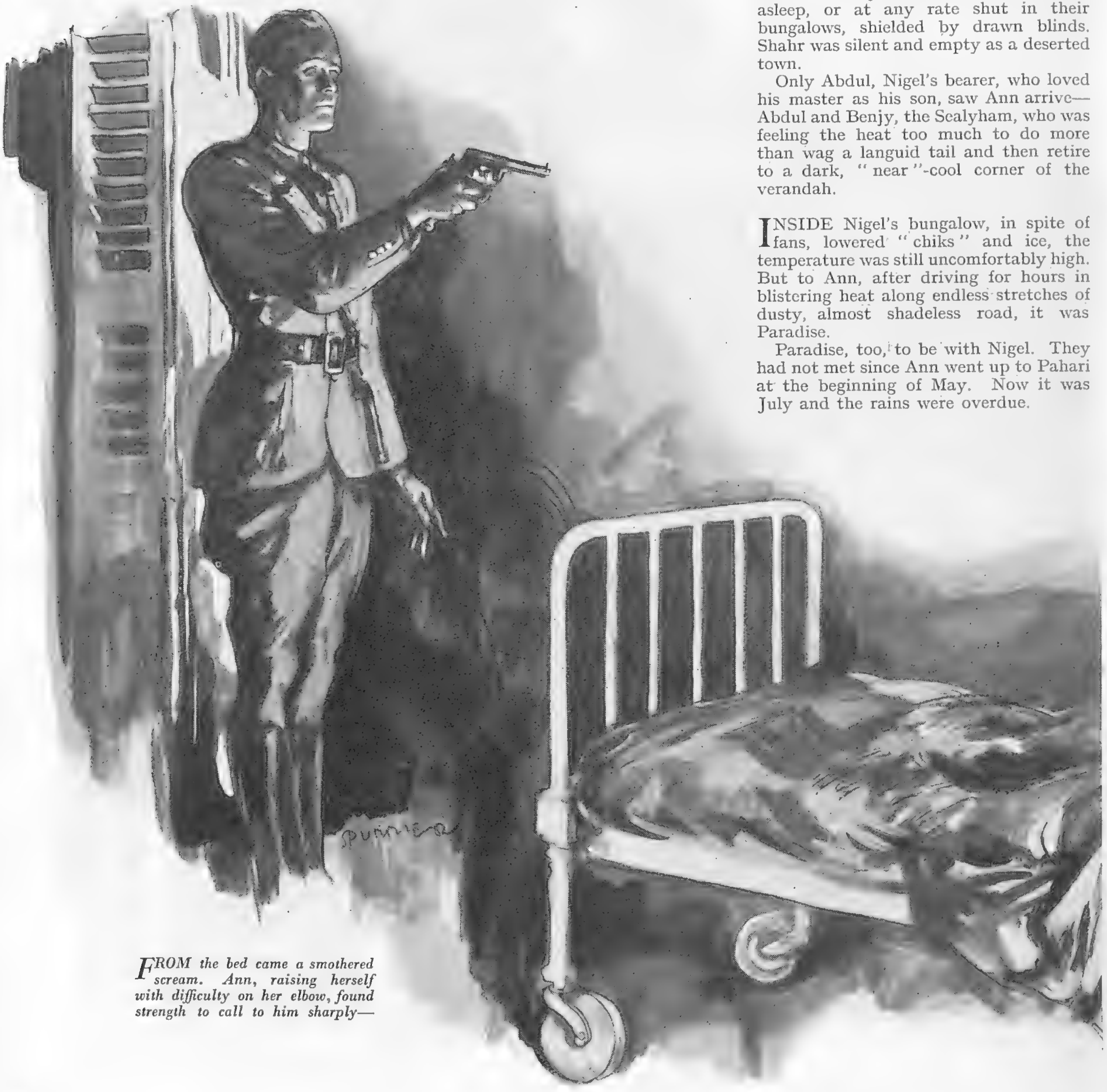
And now came their reward. For a whole fortnight they could forget Robert—as long as they remembered to hide their secret—for if once it was found out Nigel would have to leave the regiment. It would mean the end of everything.

But for to-day they were gloriously safe. Down in Shahr only a handful of officers were left on duty. When Ann arrived it was the siesta hour, the hottest time of the day, and one and all they were asleep, or at any rate shut in their bungalows, shielded by drawn blinds. Shahr was silent and empty as a deserted town.

Only Abdul, Nigel's bearer, who loved his master as his son, saw Ann arrive—Abdul and Benjy, the Sealyham, who was feeling the heat too much to do more than wag a languid tail and then retire to a dark, "near"-cool corner of the verandah.

INSIDE Nigel's bungalow, in spite of fans, lowered "chiks" and ice, the temperature was still uncomfortably high. But to Ann, after driving for hours in blistering heat along endless stretches of dusty, almost shadeless road, it was Paradise.

Paradise, too, to be with Nigel. They had not met since Ann went up to Pahari at the beginning of May. Now it was July and the rains were overdue.



FROM the bed came a smothered scream. Ann, raising herself with difficulty on her elbow, found strength to call to him sharply—

Marvellous to know that they had all the rest of the day in front of them. And when it was over, and in the safe anonymity of night Ann got back to Pahari, it would be to a home empty of Robert, so that without disturbances she could look forward with happy certainty to their next meeting—and after that to others. She and Nigel had lived for so long on the crumbs of scattered minutes that a fortnight, even if they only met two or three times in each week, seemed an inexhaustible feast of joy.

There was so much to tell each other, so much to plan that the sun was setting before Ann felt that she had been there any time. Then, suddenly, as if a black velvet curtain had been dropped from the sky, it was dark. A little wind got up and the leaves of the peepuls and the banyans in the compound whispered, shivering and sighing with delight that they were relieved of the fierce sun.

After dinner Ann and Nigel and Benjy sat on the verandah. Now the air was cool and filled with a hundred scents released by the night from trees and flowers.

"Nigel, get your banjo and sing to me," Ann said. "Do you remember how you used to on the boat deck, coming out?"

Presently the vibrant notes of the banjo echoed on the still air.

"Your old favourite, Ann," Nigel said, and he sang in his pleasant baritone,

"I play de banjo better now, Dan him dat taught me do,
For he jus' plays for all de worl', An' I jus' plays for you——"

Ann lay back in her chair listening. "The Banjo Song." As long as she lived, the unpretentious, plaintive tune would bring back her first voyage to India; the kaleidoscope of colour, scent, emotion, which focused on, was fused with, Nigel.

She could just make out the line of his head and shoulders against the sky. His fair head bent over the banjo looked silvery in the uncertain light.

"I never knew the stars would shine, Wet with tears of dew,
I only know when you are near, Dey shine bekase of you,"

he sang.

Ann knew that her eyes were wet with tears. The lovely, lovely night, the warm, throbbing notes of the banjo, Nigel's voice, added an unbearable poignance to her happiness, in the sweetness of which lay the bitterness of frustration. How long were they to go on like this? Forever? They seldom discussed the future. The unformulated assumption between them was that they were young—and Robert was not. Yes, but they were living in a fool's paradise. You couldn't just wait for people to die—and yet—what could they do? Robert was like granite—there was no moving, no influencing him.

Nigel was young, good-looking with his fair skin and hair, his blue eyes, his easy charm of manner that drew people to him. Supposing he discovered that there were other women in the world—one, perhaps, not inextricably tied as she was? The thought was agony—and to it was added further agony. It was only right that he should find such a one. She ought not to let him waste his life.

He put down the banjo. "Ann," he said, "you're crying. I can hear you. How dare you?" He came and knelt by her, putting his arm round her.

"What is it, sweetheart? Tell me."

Stumblingly she tried to find words. "Nigel—I mustn't let you go on loving me. It isn't fair to you—when I—when we——"

Now he was holding her closely in his arms, rocking her a little as if she were a child to be soothed. And she knew that within him, as within her, burnt a steady flame of love which could be lit at no other source.

"Silly little Ann," he said, "don't talk nonsense. *You* can't stop my loving you—*I* can't stop my loving you—*we* can't stop my loving you. So you see it wouldn't be any use marrying anyone else, would it?" And he kissed her. Then, suddenly serious: "Listen, darling, so that you'll never feel like this again. If I ever lost you—I don't mean if you fell in love with some other fellow; that'd be your own choice and I'd have to put up with it—but if you were to die, or anything, I wouldn't go on without you. I mean that."

Ann lay quiet in his arms. The cold little shivers of doubt disappeared with his words. But, womanlike, she wanted every detail of her reassurance to be completed.

"If I fell in love with someone else, wouldn't you mind then, Nigel?"

"Darling little Ann, what do you think? But if I couldn't make you happy, and another fellow could, I wouldn't want to keep you—what would be the good? I shouldn't be happy if you weren't."

Deep within Ann a new knowledge, a new realisation stirred. This, then, was the real meaning of love—the sublimation of one's own desires and satisfactions to the beloved's happiness. She knew then, in a moment of exaltation, that she would bear a thousand agonies if by doing so she could avert suffering from Nigel.

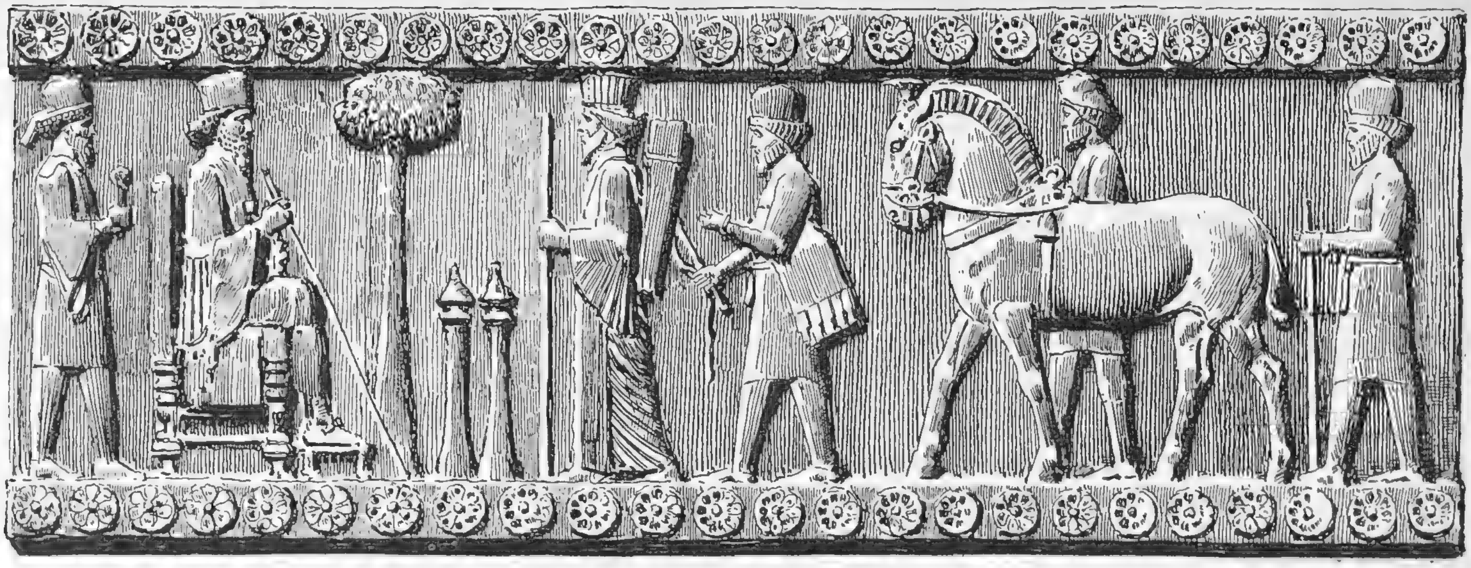
In the silence, in the scented darkness, each realised that without words, without any conscious effort, a yet closer bond of understanding had been created between them. The moon rode across the sky and the bright stars wheeled majestically in their orbits, but neither Ann nor Nigel stirred in the other's arms.

The spell was broken by a whine and a nose thrust plaintively against Nigel.

"All right, Benjy old man. Poor little fellow, he's not used to this kind of thing." But Benjy, having registered his protest, had retired again into the shadows of the bungalow.

"I don't think he's well, Nigel. He's been so restless all day."

"It's the heat, darling. I wish you could have him up in Pahari. Anyway, I'll bring him up next week when (*Continued on page 94*)



Old Tales Re-told

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

In Cambyses' Envenomed Vein

The Persian Prince, whose name has become for Britain but a synonym for vainglorious braggadocio, was, in his life, the incarnation of perverse cruelty

IT is always of classic Rome—or prewar Austria !—that one thinks when the phrases "Degenerate Emperor" or "Decadent Empire" are used. The Neros, the Caligulas, the Caracallas—or the Archdukes of the 'eighties—are the inevitable examples that spring to the mind.

But a few centuries before Rome rose to the dubious dignity of the imperial purple, there lived an Emperor who for sheer lust of cruelty, for the *folie de grandeur* that is the greatest danger to a tyrant's sanity, for the incapacity that goes with pathological egotism and diseased self-confidence, can rival the worst of the Cæsars, the most invidious of the Habsburgs, the weakest of the Romanoffs.

His empire—Persia, just after it had grown, under the dynamic leadership of Cyrus, to imperial status ; his date—five and a quarter centuries before the Christian era ; his title—derived directly from his father, Cyrus ; his name—Cambyses : that same emperor who has passed into an English synonym for boastfulness without performance, for exalted ideas which are never carried out : "in Cambyses' vein."

The Persia over which he exerted his tyrannical sway was the Persia of the "Immortals," where men were taught "to ride a horse, to draw a bow, to tell the truth." Beyond that, it was one of those loose heterogeneous transitory confederacies with stupendous resources of materials and infinitesimal supplies of leadership, and men peculiar to Asia who rose for a generation to fall in an hour. It was the Persia of minor despots, of satraps with the power of kings, of Syrians, Medes, Chaldæans, Babylonians, Assyrians—even as the Medean, the Chaldæan, the Babylonian, and the Assyrian empires that went before it.

It was the Persia whose million-strong army was to be held by Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ ; whose thousand ships were to sink at Salamis, whose spirit of empire was to perish on the fields of Marathon and Platæa.

Cyrus had dreamed—in vain—of bringing the most venerable civilisation the then world knew under his yoke—Egypt. His son, infatuated with the delusion of his own greatness, decided to translate the idea into fact.

It was on the insistent advice—of all people—of an Egyptian *oculist* that the Persian sent an embassy to the Pharaoh Amasis demanding the hand of his daughter in marriage.

As soon as the fast-riding heralds had brought the news that she was on the way, sumptuous preparations were started at the court of Cambyses for the reception of the Egyptian princess. Persian splendour was displayed at its most opulent, despite the fact that the daughter of Amasis would eventually be just one more in the harem : the Egyptian rose in that garden of girls where the lily of Shushan, the lotus of Syria, the orchid of Babylon had already withered to decay.

Wonderful descriptions of the newcomer reached the Emperor long before she arrived ; and, when the guard of honour divided beneath the great gates, and the Princess advanced down the length of the hall, the king saw with his own eyes that the reports that he had received were not coloured even by the hyperbole of the East.

Her height equalised that of the tallest men of the guard. She was of such a statuesque dignity that she seemed a very goddess. Her peacock head-dress was all aglitter. The feathers were made of precious stones right down to the tips of the wings, which framed the perfect beauty of her face.

Beneath the firm young breasts ran a belt, clasped with the sacred scarab of her race, sustaining the tightly pleated veil which served as skirt, a veil through which the perfect figure with its sloping hips and tapering limbs was clearly visible.

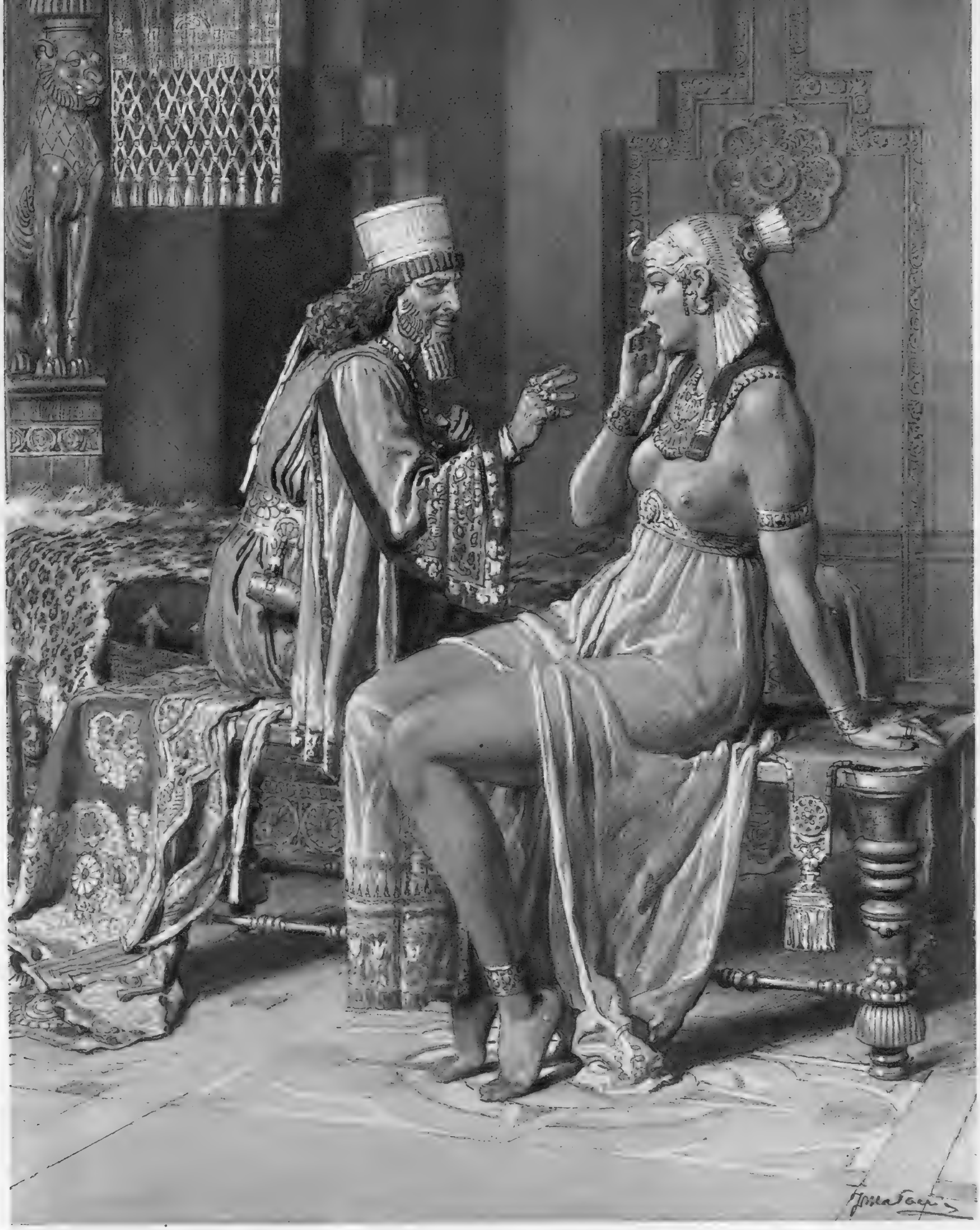
The king was so intoxicated by her beauty that he hurried the formal ceremony of presentation the sooner to sate his eagerness to be alone with his new "conquest."

Later, when the Princess was bathed, perfumed, and suitably adorned to receive her lord, Cambyses advanced into the chamber with outstretched arms. "If the Gods will inspire all my steps as they have inspired me to request from thy glorious father the most precious gem of his Kingdom, I shall be the luckiest, the richest man on earth. Thy beauty—of divinity—differs from the slender form bestowed upon thine Egyptian sisters. It is most agreeable to my heart." He took the jewelled hands of the girl, and misinterpreting her real emotion, pulled her towards him.

But she motioned to him first to listen to her. She observed the Persian custom, putting her hand to her mouth, but Cambyses bade her waive the formality. "The daughter of Amasis does not need to prevent her breath from reaching my nostrils. It can only be an intoxicating perfume for me. This custom is strictly observed in my court, but only because of the Phrygian love of garlic and onions. Speak freely." In Cambyses' vein, indeed !

"Not long before Cyrus, thine illustrious father, died, he sent to Egypt in search of a skilful eye-doctor," said the Egyptian. "The Pharaoh Amasis chose the most excellent in all Egypt and despatched him forthwith to Persia.

"Once there, he was never allowed to return to his country, his wife and his children.



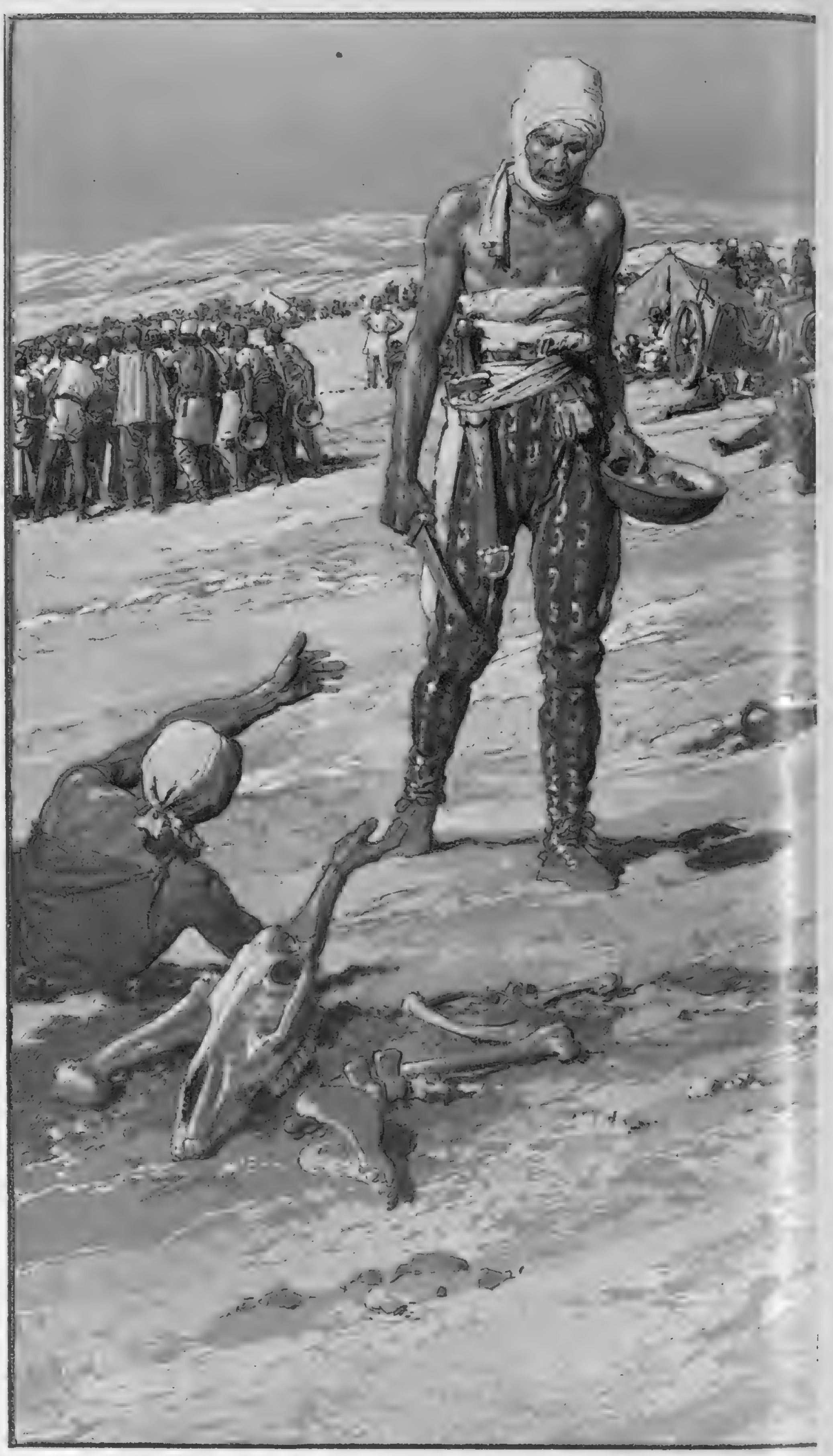
SHE observed the Persian custom, putting her hand to her mouth, but Cambyses bade her waive the formality

" Hatred of Amasis took hold on his soul, Amasis who had divorced him, orphaned him, exiled him. In revenge he suggested that thou, Oh Magnificent, shouldst demand in marriage the daughter of the King of Egypt.

" If Amasis had obeyed, he would have suffered the same grief he had inflicted on his oculist. And if he had refused, he would have attracted on himself the anger of a most puissant prince. Oh King, thou knowest not how thou hast been cheated by Amasis. *I am not his daughter.*

" I am, in truth, the child of Apries, who once was his lord, against whom he, together with the rest of the Egyptians, rebelled. My father was slain. I became Amasis' captive. My master tricked me out with gauds and sent me to thee. My name is Nitetis." This discovery aroused Cambyses' anger to such a pitch that his fury knew no limits. He was an epileptic, with all the instability the disease brings in its train, and this combined with his rage to precipitate the mad rush which characterised the expedition to Egypt.

The Persian army had before them a journey of many days through the



CAMBYSES' army famine-breasts ; children, their

desert of Syria. Cambyses secured a safe conduct from the Arabians, loaded with water as many camels as he possessed, and sent them in advance of the army.

But before the Persian army reached the borders of Egypt, Amasis died, and his son, Psammenitus, succeeded to the throne—and to the Persian war.

He was encamped at the mouth of the Nile, more properly called Pelusium.

A stroke of barbaric cruelty on the part of the Egyptians spurred on the Persians.

The Egyptians, wanting to punish a certain traitor staying with Cambyses, slaughtered his children within sight of the Persian camp, mixed their blood with wine and drank it.

The reaction to this gesture was—the Persian assault.

Stubborn was the fight which followed. It was not until vast numbers on both sides had been slain that the Egyptians turned and fled to Memphis, within whose walls they shut themselves up.

This defeat frightened the border states. They sent presents and messages of peace to Cambyses. Some of the presents he accepted. Others—those he considered inadequate—were snatched from the hands of the ambassadors and thrown to his soldiers, as a handful of pence to a crowd of urchins.

A barque bore the Persian Ambassador up the Nile to demand the surrender of the city. But as the boat approached the shore, it was captured by the Egyptians.

The Ambassador was killed before he had time to utter a word. The same fate befell all hands on board even to the last man.

This insult to the dignity of the Persian King was dearly paid for by Psammenitus and his unfortunate family.

The resistance of Memphis did not last long. Psammenitus had reigned but half a year when he fell into the power of a foe to whom revenge was the very breath of life. He was taken, together with all the notables of his court, to a Memphian suburb, and there Cambyses subjected him to insults and cruelties especially created to glut the epileptic's poisoned pride.

Psammenitus had a daughter still within the age of puberty. The dress of her rank was torn away. She was garbed as a slave and given a pitcher to draw water. Many virgins, daughters of chiefs and nobles, wearing the same dress, accompanied her. They were brought before the chained Pharaoh. It was a heart-breaking scene—the girls shedding tears and uttering cries of woe, while the fathers wailed and wept in return, grieving to see their children in so sad a plight.

Psammenitus alone played the man—and the King. He bore the vision unmoved.

After the daughter came Psammenitus' son, followed by two thousand boys of the same age. Ropes round their necks, bits in their mouths—rude bridles for human colts, they were condemned to death.

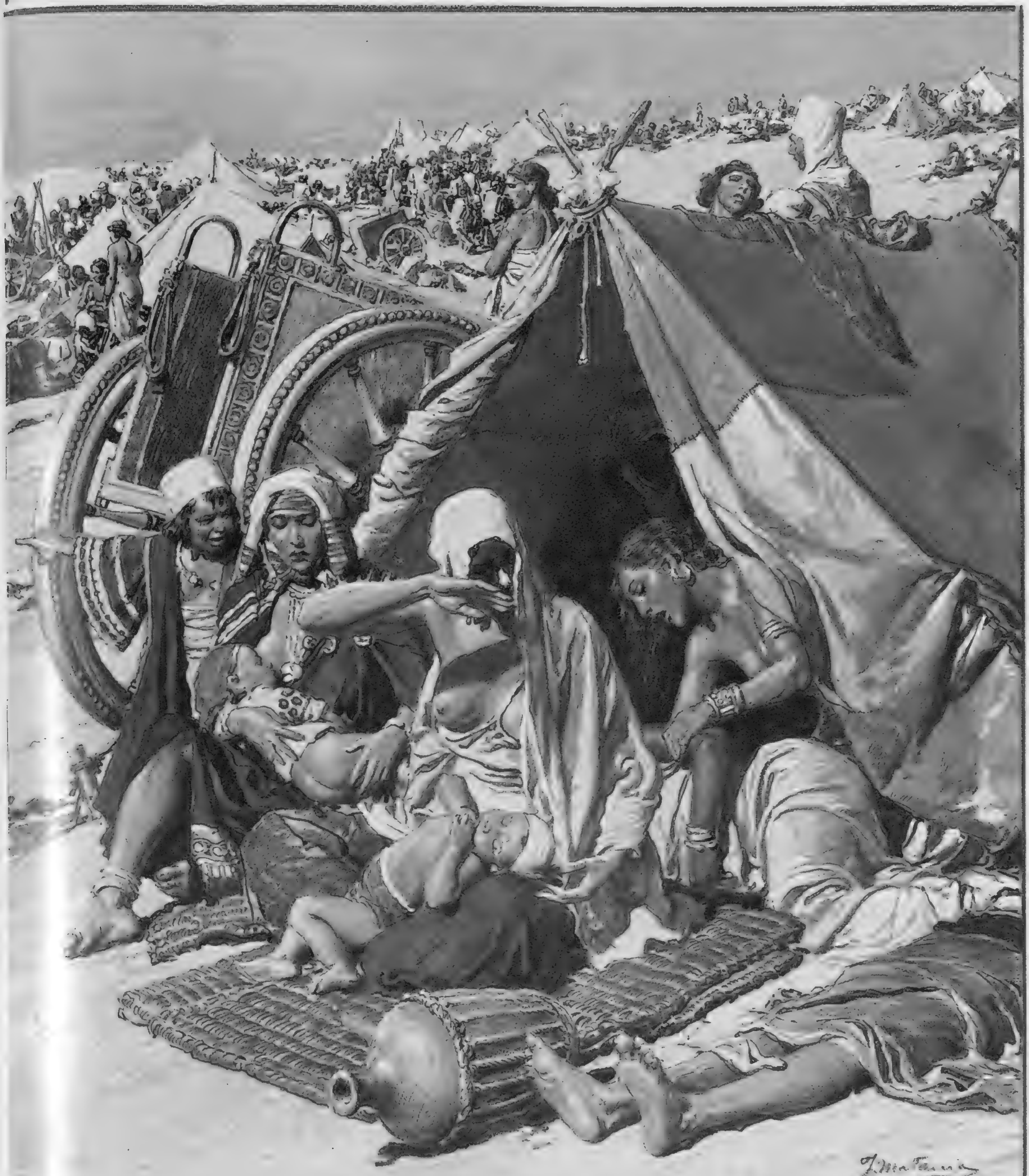
For every one of the two hundred men slaughtered on the ambassadorial boat, ten of them were going to be sacrificed.

Psammenitus remained unmoved. His control was so superb, in such contrast to his fellows that Cambyses sent a messenger to question him. The answer so touched the capricious Persian—sensitive to the Cambyses' vein even in a rival—that he ordered the life of Psammenitus' son to be saved.

But he was too late. The boy was the first to be hewn in pieces.

LATER, on a charge of plotting, the father was put to death. Not yet content with having obliterated the entire ruling family, Cambyses, still smarting from the deception of Nitetis, made up his mind to desecrate the sepulchre of the dead Amasis who had betrayed him.

He left Memphis for Sais, where he went straight to the Palace of Amasis, ordered the body of the dead King to be brought forth from its resting place, to be scourged, pricked with a goad,



stricken in the desert. Women with their babies whimpering at their empty pangs of starvation being solaced for an hour with a hunk of human flesh

and then cut in pieces. But the body had been embalmed.

When Cambyses saw the attendants grow weary with their fruitless work, and the body remained inviolate, he bade them burn it.

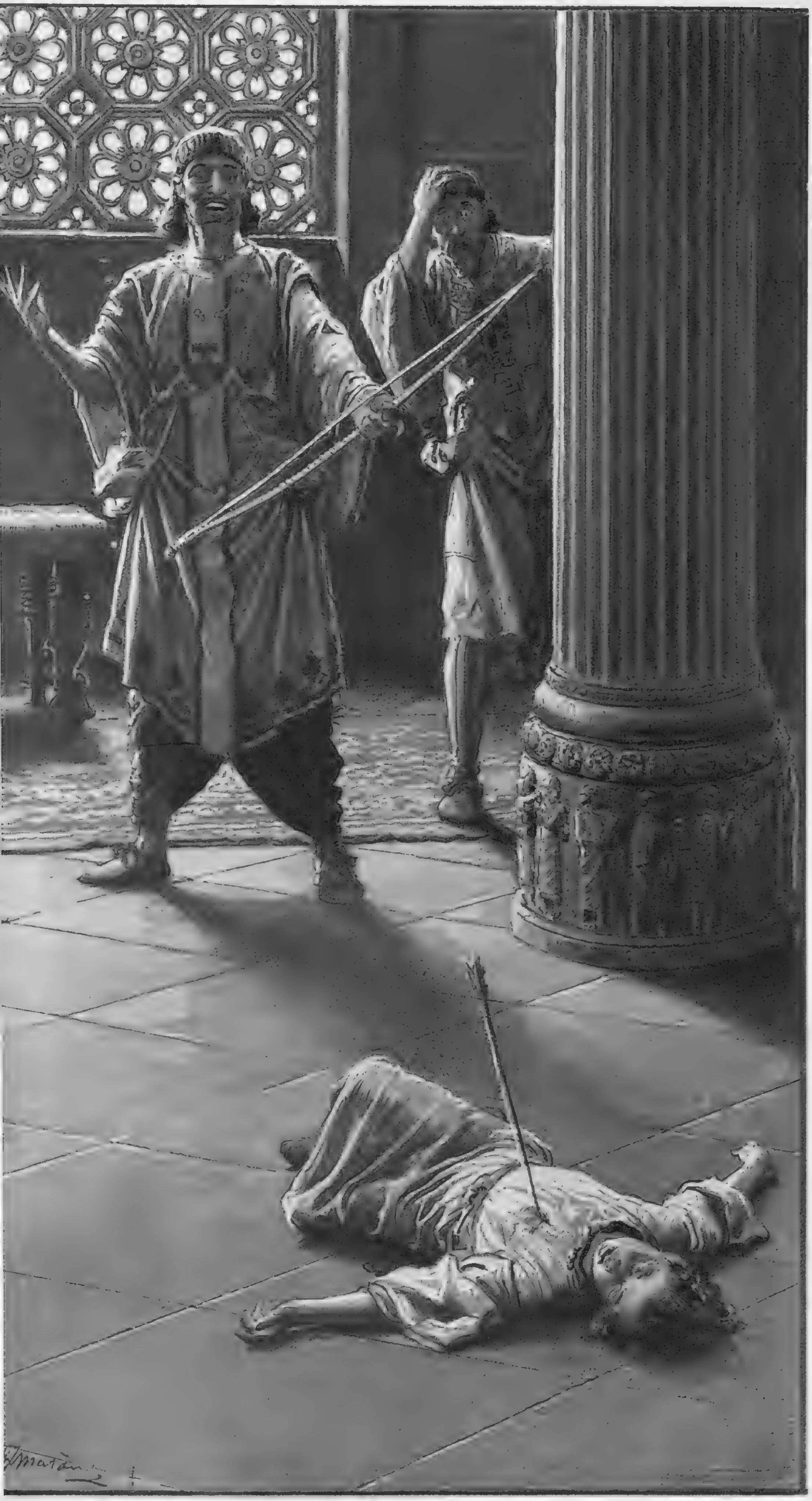
According to the religion of both Persians and Egyptians, there was no greater iniquity possible.

The Persians held fire to be a God which should never be fed by human flesh. Dead bodies were never burned on any account.

The Egyptians had a more complex theology. They believed that fire was a live animal which, like the soul, enlightened and displayed all things by its brilliancy. It literally ate its fuel to die with the matter that fed it. Thus to burn a body killed the soul of the deceased, which otherwise would have lived for ever.

So perished for ever—to the horror-stricken Egyptians — the Pharaoh Amasis.

The easy victories, the absolute power to overthrow tradition, to infringe laws, to disregard the religion of others as well as his own, the absolute certitude of escaping the consequences of any



THE child heard nothing. He stood there smiling at his father when Cambyses drew his bow to full draught, aimed, and let fly. The boy fell

misdeed he might commit, produced in the diseased mind of Cambyses an absolute irresponsibility, soon to develop into a crescendo of madness.

Consanguineous marriage — the rule in Egypt—was not allowed in Persia . . . but Cambyses fell in love with Atossa, his sister. He summoned the royal judges whose office was to decide any controversy concerning the law, and asked them as a formality, if there was any law which could ratify the marriage between brother and sister.

The judges well knew that their heads would fall if they upheld the law.

They knew equally well that they could only retain their high office if they showed absolute incorruptibility.

What then to do?

It is evident that the skill of a magistrate under such a monarch was not only to enforce the law with justice and impartiality, but also to find a loophole.

They found one.

The instinct of self-preservation has accomplished miracles in all ages.

They gave their judgment:

1. There was no law permitting such a marriage.
2. There was a "law" which allowed the King of the Persians to do whatever he pleased.

Royal caprice was satisfied, and the incestuous breach of the law accepted by the community with that curious smile that is all that is left to outraged humanity that still would live.

His restlessness that rode him like the nightmare—rooted, though he did not know it, in the inner conviction of his own inferiority—gave Cambyses the unhappy inspiration of waging three wars simultaneously: the first against the Carthagenians; the second against the people of Ammon; the third against the Ethiopians.

At Thebes he split his forces into three, and sent them to "the three corners of the world—in arms."

He had heard many marvellous descriptions of the land of the Ethiopians as the fountain of long life; of the table of the sun, spread every morning with every kind of meat where the community might feed freely; of the land where gold was so cheap that it was used in prisons to bar the windows and chain the convicts.

Eager to see—and take—all this for himself, he started at the head of fifty thousand men.

They had not covered one-fifth of the journey when all the provisions were exhausted. The slender vegetation of the desert they were crossing offered no solution to the problem, rendered more acute by the pitiless, incessant sun.

The enormous train of baggage, concubines, children, added to the distress, and the time soon came that, one by one, the sumpter beasts fell to the butcher's axe.

Picture it: a nation on the march, and women with their babies whimpering at their empty breasts;

children, their pangs of starvation solaced for an hour with a hunk of human flesh.

And, at the head of the host, the author of the whole ruinous, fatuous adventure : riding with a face frozen by madness into a mask of death.

The ghost of famine stalking them did not deter Cambyses from proceeding. So tenacious of his mad purpose was he that, when the last animal was used, and still Cambyses refused to retreat, he stayed the inevitable for a time with the milled powder of the pack-animals' bones.

And the inevitable—was inevitable.

The soldiers drew lots, and one man out of every ten was slaughtered to serve as food for the remaining nine.

Only at this point Cambyses, in all his insane determination, still sane enough to fear for his own skin, ordered the retreat.

The second of his campaigns, the Carthaginian expedition, never took place.

The Phœnician sailors appointed to the task, liege to Persia by conquest, refused to proceed against their blood brothers on the coast of Africa.

The army sent into Ammon fell victim to a thunderstroke of Fate. It vanished. It disappeared altogether in a sandstorm only seven days after its departure. Not one survived to tell the story. The entire host was obliterated from the face of the earth.

WHEN Cambyses came back to Memphis, he was received by the subjugated population with—festival. This gesture—conceived to allay in the demoniac mind the triple failure of his generalship—he interpreted as an insulting sarcasm. He called the chief priests to give an account of these celebrations, and to explain why they did not take place before the loss of his host.

" Varus, Varus, give me back my legions," cried Augustus in his anguish ; but the remorse of Cambyses was a bitterer cup to drink.

The priests explained that they had organised the ceremony at the command, given through a dream, of the God Apis—the holy Bull-god whose tongue was blazoned with a scarab. But their tale was not believed, and, as liars, they were condemned to death. Cambyses ordered the sacred calf to be brought to him. The unfortunate animal, chosen for some peculiarities of his skin, which, to the priestly mind represent Osiris, the Saviour of the Pharaonic pantheon, was stabbed by the Persian—just to demonstrate the mortality of what the credulous Egyptians thought to be a god.

The contemporary Egyptians, source of most of the history of Cambyses, affirm that, after this crime against Apis, Cambyses was smitten with madness.

Actually, the seeds of insanity, latent all his life, gradually growing, budgeoning, sprouting, shooting, flowering with evil blossoms, came to full fruition at this point. He turned forthwith against his own kin.

In one of his dreams he saw a messenger from Persia coming to him with the tidings that Smerdis sat upon his throne, and with his head touched the heavens. A brother he had sent to Susa was called Smerdis. The dream took hold on a mind distraught until he decided to kill his brother.

The murder was committed by his devoted and most trusted friend, Prexaspes.

Serenity had left Cambyses' troubled soul long since. The distorted brains of those far advanced on the road of crime invariably seek that lost tranquillity in fresh crimes.

Seeking consolation in love, Cambyses set aside his sister Atossa—to replace her with a younger sister. The farce of the marriage was repeated, and the young girl, unconscious of the destiny that was prepared for her, acceded to the distasteful celebration.

One day, sitting at table with her brother-husband, she took a lettuce and, stripping off the leaves one by one, asked when he thought the lettuce looked the prettier : when it had the leaves or as now, when it was stripped.

He answered : " When the leaves are on."

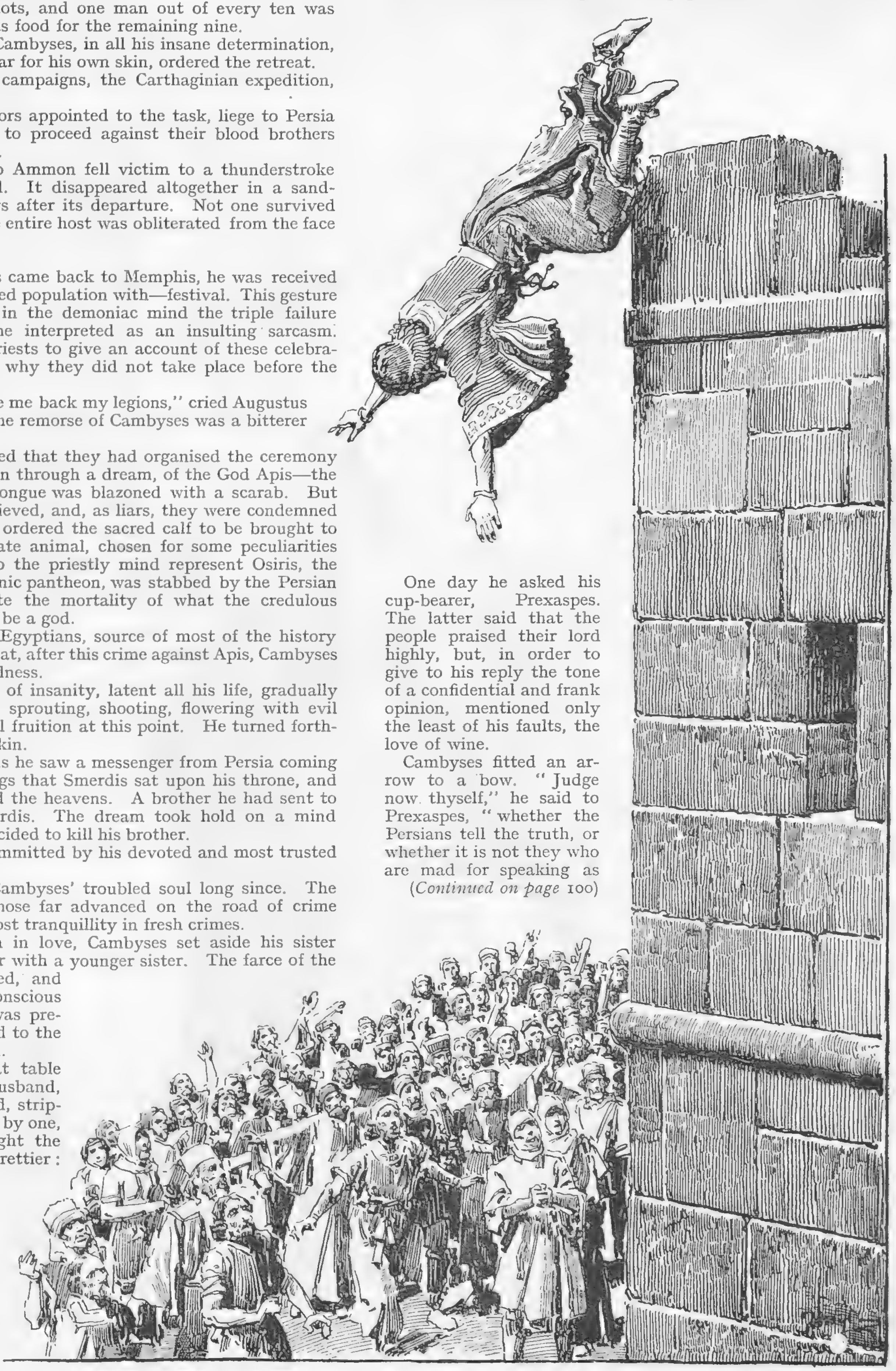
" But thou," she rejoined, " hast done with the house of Cyrus what I have done with the lettuce."

That roused in him the wild beast of madness that seldom slept, however lightly. He rose, took her, mauled her with no consideration for her expectant motherhood, handled her so roughly that she died—a tragedy to be identically duplicated by Nero and Poppæa a little less than six centuries afterwards.

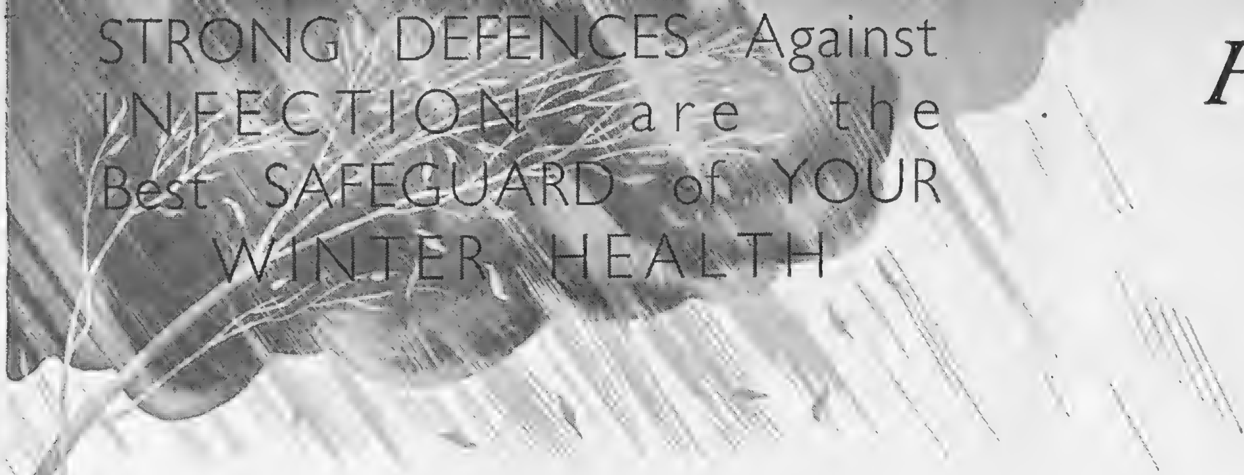
Those enormities were accepted at his court, but Cambyses was anxious to know what opinion the populace held of their ruler. One day he asked his cup-bearer, Prexaspes. The latter said that the people praised their lord highly, but, in order to give to his reply the tone of a confidential and frank opinion, mentioned only the least of his faults, the love of wine.

Cambyses fitted an arrow to a bow. " Judge now thyself," he said to Prexaspes, " whether the Persians tell the truth, or whether it is not they who are mad for speaking as

(*Continued on page* 100)



THE death of Prexaspes. He saluted the Sun—fire-god of Persia. He dived into space



STRONG DEFENCES Against INFECTION are the Best SAFEGUARD of YOUR WINTER HEALTH

PREVENTIVE medicine is the medicine of the future.

The expense, physical, economical and neurasthenic, of illness and its aftermath is an intolerable burden on the individual and the State.

The great exponents of the practice of antiseptics, beginning with Lister, have performed miracles in combating infective bacilli.

Antiseptics have become a commercial reality and, combined with a healthy mode of living, have done much to make the world safe for sensible people to live in.

Let us see what means we can take to insure immunity from colds and coughs and any predisposition to succumb to the insidious and still anonymous influenza germs.

We have already accepted the proven fact that general physical fitness is the best defence against *all* infections.

LET us assume that we have returned from summer holidays sound in wind and limb, impregnated with life-giving oxygen, muscularly strengthened by outdoor exercise, permeated by vital sun-rays.

We must maintain the well-being we have acquired.

First, it must be urged that it is important to keep up exercising and get as much fresh air as possible for the sake of our circulation and general functions.

If no other means are available, open windows at night, friction after baths, walking instead of riding, and breathing exercises by an open window will do much to preserve physical fitness.

When the first frosts and fogs assail us warm, but light, clothing, bed coverings, and sound, watertight shoe-leather are imperative.

In towns it is inevitable that in public vehicles, offices and shops and places of amusement, and even in the dust-laden air, myriads of germs are encountered and absorbed.

As I have said, our resistance to these enemies depends largely on our own health.

Nature supplies beneficent germs which combat and destroy the invaders; but since infection, especially in connection with colds, which, in the lay mind include bronchitis, influenza and throat trouble, makes its entry vocally and nasally, it is only sensible to avail ourselves of the excellent and effective modern means of keeping the membranes of nose and mouth and throat absolutely healthy and antiseptic and assisting Nature to destroy all infective elements.

We have previously discussed the importance of dental assistance in keeping the teeth and gums in perfect condition.

IT is a wise plan to wash the mouth thoroughly and to gargle twice a day with a thoroughly reliable antiseptic lotion such as Listerine.

Its constituents and their quantities are plainly set out on the label and they are all medically approved and proven germicides and leave the mouth not only surgically clean but with a feeling of refreshment and sweetness.

Another valuable assistant to vocal and dental health is Odol, which stimulates the gums and prevents dental decay and, being liquid, will penetrate between the teeth.

Odol tooth paste is an excellent cleansing agent.

Milton is an invaluable antiseptic both in health and sickness, and its uses, embodied in a circular issued with each bottle, are innumerable.

One of its merits is that it is colourless and does not stain, and that it absorbs all odours.

A saucerful will keep the air of a sick room fresh, and a little poured down sinks or washing basins or into utensils keeps them immaculate. Incidentally it is an absolutely safe and most effective liniment for wounds or sore places and will almost instantly take the irritation out of insect bites and stings and reduce the inflammation in a heat bump or any spot resulting from impurities in the blood.

Sanitation is, of course, of the greatest importance in the maintenance of health and in preventing the spread of disease. It is advisable to use a tried and reliable disinfectant in the house such as Jeyes Fluid or Condy's Fluid. People who are not averse to the disinfectant smell find Jeyes an exhilarating and water-softening addition to the bath.

(*Continued on page 92.*)

and BEAUTY

By Chrysis

HOW WILL YOU FACE the AUTUMN? OCTOBER puts a NEW COMPLEXION on the BEAUTY SITUATION

WE were proud of our sun-tan on the *plages*, the decks, the moors and sports grounds of our summer pilgrimages to the Meccas of amusement and holiday-making.

But what of the effect of sunburn, the pattern of bathing dress décolletages, the high-water mark of shorts, the weather-beaten complexion and even perhaps freckles, when we return to town and stand between triple mirrors in the fitting rooms or face the strong lights of a restaurant toilet room ?

Worse still, the warm colouring has already begun to fade and a rather jaundiced and dirty tone succeeds it. Rather frantically we rub in creams to counteract the dried-up look. Painstakingly we moderate our make-up to accord with the changes that are taking place.

But it is all rather unsatisfactory, and we must admit that we do not feel *soignée* even in the newest and most delightful gowns, with those yellowing patches on our skin and suggestion of pigmentation on our once white necks.

Happily there is an easy and scientific method of restoring our complexions to their original fairness and radiance in a comparatively short time and at the same time improving the texture of the skin, making it fine and clear, well nourished and unwrinkled.

THE famous beauty specialist who propounds this unique formula was one of the first English exponents of the scientific cult of beauty.

She established herself by merit. The original basis of her treatments and preparations was the preservation of the xquisite, fair, English complexion.

She has marched with the times and her cosmetics as well as the preparations are appropriate to all types and all olourings, but still one of the essentials f her system is a "special" lotion which miraculously clears and cleans the kin, drawing out all impurities, whitening it and leaving the texture fine and soft.

This is a marvellous cure for the aftermath of sunburn. I know of nothing lse quite like it.

After the skin has been thoroughly cleaned (there is a delightful and extraordinarily effective cleansing milk for this purpose) the "special" lotion is painted over the skin with a camel-hair brush at night.

When the first coat is dry another is applied. This forms a kind of mask.

The lotion is left on all night. Its action is to activate the pores of the skin so that all clogging and impurities are naturally drawn up to the surface, while other (secret) ingredients act on the epidermis itself, lightening and softening it.

In the morning skin food is lightly but firmly massaged into the skin, according to specific instructions, and the whole washed off with a special complexion soap and warm water, followed by a sluice in cold water, to which a teaspoonful of bracing lotion (containing camphor) has been added.

Those who abjure washing with soap and water need not flinch. The soap, with its creamy lather, is a beauty treatment in itself and entirely resolves and removes the cream, lotion and all the superfluous natural secretions.

Anyone with very sensitive skin living in a district where the water is hard or chalky is advised to use rain water or distilled water (obtainable from any chemist).

The bracing lotion makes the water almost ice-cold and the result is indescribably refreshing. This process can be supported by, and indeed benefits, the most delicate complexion.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the results are observable after one treatment ; the skin is noticeably fairer and finer, and if it is carried out about twice a week for two or three weeks all discoloration and coarseness will have disappeared and a natural radiance supervenes.

Apart from the removal of sunburn this treatment is truly remarkable in its beneficial effect on sallowness and for curing the skin of all clogging, blackheads, acne and open pores.

If the complexion is inclined to dryness skin food should be used lavishly two or three nights a week.

There are several formulæ, adapted to the needs of different complexions, beginning with one very fine and soluble cream for young and supersensitive skins and progressing to one extra rich in nutritive and stimulating ingredients for ageing or impoverished complexions.

THE bleaching and refining effect can be enhanced and accelerated by the occasional use of a complexion milk (which smells of almonds—notorious through the centuries for their whitening and nourishing effect), but the treatment I have described is wholly adequate to restore the complexion to health and beauty.

The cosmetics advocated by this beauty specialist are also unique—and of comprehensive range.

They include a lotion, instead of a cream, as a base for powder, which is protective and beneficial as well as becoming, but I must confine myself at the moment to the preparations which come within the sphere of my subject, which is radiance in the shade, after the sun.

The BUSYBODY'S *Notebook*

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects, and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

I ADORE pretties for my dressing table, as any right-minded woman should. And when the pretties contain a lovely scent, why, then it's heaven.

Yesterday's breakfast was made a gala affair by the arrival by mail of one of the best pretties it has ever been my good fortune to receive.

This was a square, golden cardboard box enlivened by the name of a famous firm of scent manufacturers.

The box opened to reveal the most adorable of little, round, blue glass bottles with diamond-shaped facets and a gilt screw top.

When this top was opened, out drifted the most seductive odour, for all the world like a dew-drenched flower garden on a June morning. The name of this scent exactly describes my feelings when I opened the bottle.

I sprinkled a little carefully on my handkerchief, dabbed a bit behind my ears and sallied forth to an exhausting day. At night the scent was still as sweet and fresh and persistent as in the morning. Yes, altogether a good day.

I HAVE at last found a way of preventing my menfolk from using up all my bath salts. My bathroom now has two sets of these, one scented with delicate feminine fragrance and the other with those fresh and more straightforward scents that men like.

It really has made all the difference to my temper since I discovered these new salts with their two different appeals. Before, I never could be sure that some piratical raid had not left me denuded of bath salts just when I most wanted them.

Now all is peace and joy, and both factions revel in beautifully softened water scented to taste. The feminine scents include such delights as Lavender, Jasmine, Millefleurs, Tuberose and Violette de Parme, while the masculine ones range from Eau de Cologne, Jockey Club, Bachelor's Button, Sweet William (appropriate) to Verbena.

My salts come in sets of four, delicately coloured and differently scented, put up in a frivolous golden box adorned with dancing nymphs, while those I keep for the men are packed in a sterner aluminium box.

WE live in practical times, and there are few of us who can escape a certain amount of actual physical work either in house or garden.

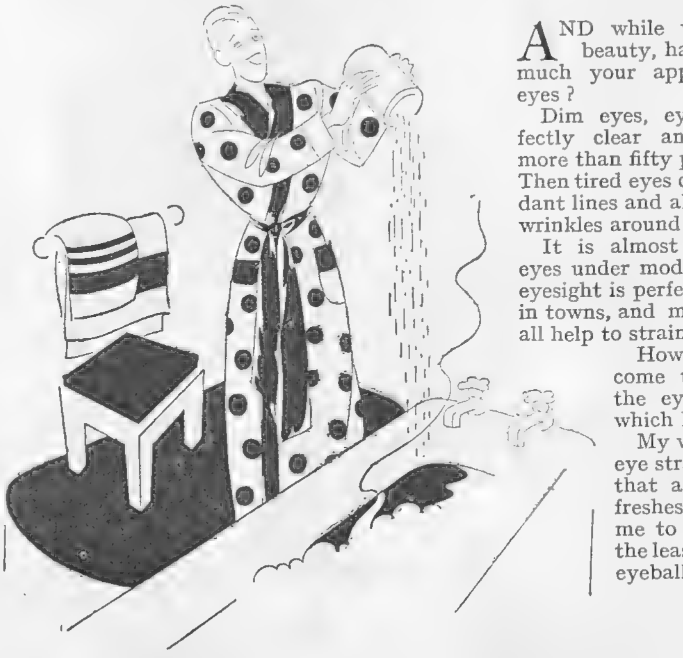
But this fact is no excuse for looking untidy or dowdy when we set about such tasks. Many women dislike the clumsiness of the average overall and would rather risk damage to some cherished frock than run the chance of being caught wearing one by an unexpected visitor.

This is really needless extravagance, when they can get such attractive handworked smocks and smocked frocks which, while looking delightfully smart, are at the same time both practical and economical.

These smocks can be had either full or half length, in gay or sober colours, and with a plain skirt are just the thing for garden work, for the traditional smocking designs with which they are ornamented are completely right in an English outdoor setting.

The smocked dresses are serviceable enough to allow you to do any sort of work in them, but their excellent cut and finish make them so becoming that you can receive your nearest enemy in them without the least embarrassment or feeling of being unsuitably dressed.

There are twenty styles, twenty materials, and many colours from which to choose. You would be hard to please if one could not find just the right thing for your needs in such an extensive collection. And though this is a machine age, say what you will, there is no satisfaction for the average woman comparable to that of wearing a hand-worked garment.



IS there anything in the world more deliciously refreshing than the odour of pine needles? A pine needle bath is, to my mind, the last word in sheer rapturous luxury.

An unkind fate has kept me from going abroad for some time, and I have sorely missed the green tinted and sharply scented pine baths in which I used to revel on my visits to the Tyrol.

But now I can enjoy pine baths with the authentic Tyrolean piney tang in the comfort of my own home and at a cost so small as to be negligible.

These baths I obtain with the help of some wonderful bath tablets which turn an everyday hot bath into a clear, green and fragrant joy.

Nor is the luxurious quality of these baths their only recommendation. Not only does one breathe in gratefully the tonic atmosphere of a Tyrolean pine forest in their scented steam, but at the same time one's skin is thoroughly cleansed and stimulated, so that blackheads and similar blemishes become things of the past.

These pine tablets are recommended by both doctors and dermatologists, and no greater beauty aid for a tired body can possibly be found.

The delicate pine perfume will neutralise, for long after the bath has been taken, any odour of perspiration caused by heat or exercise.

IT may sound old-fashioned to talk about a woman's "crowning glory," but the fact remains that nothing is so important to a well-dressed and groomed appearance as a sleek and well-cared-for head of hair.

Not all the best efforts of the hairdresser in the way of "perms" or finger waves can disguise dry, thin or lifeless hair. I am afraid that the convenience of short hair makes many of us neglect that little extra attention to it which is so necessary.

It is impossible to have beautiful satiny hair without a healthy scalp and vigorous roots, and to achieve this they must both be given care and nourishment.

I know of a preparation which has been successfully used since our grandmothers' days. If it is applied faithfully after every shampoo and occasionally combed through the hair in between-whiles, it cannot fail to give you a healthy scalp and live, *manageable* hair.

Spare a few minutes to this very necessary beauty treatment for your hair. It takes so little time, and the results are so good that they would be worth it even if it entailed much more time and trouble.

AND while we are on the subject of beauty, have you ever considered how much your appearance depends on your eyes?

Dim eyes, eyeballs which are not perfectly clear and white, will take away more than fifty per cent. of your attractions. Then tired eyes cause frowns and their attendant lines and all those unsightly and ageing wrinkles around the eye itself.

It is almost impossible to avoid tired eyes under modern conditions, even if your eyesight is perfect. Smoke and dust abound in towns, and motoring and outdoor sports all help to strain and fatigue the eyes.

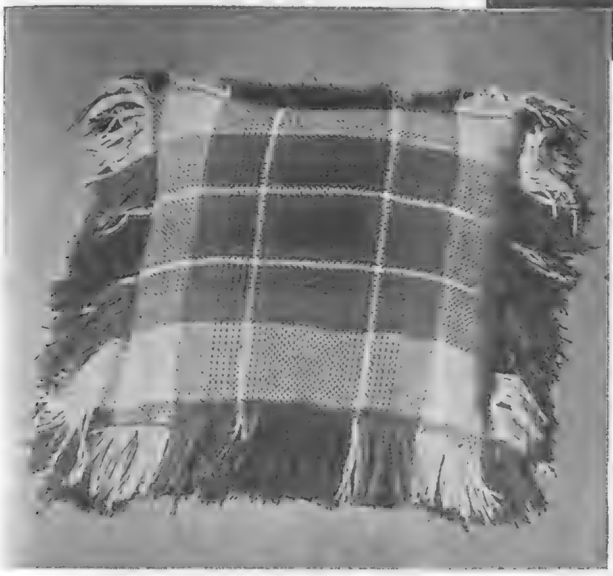
However, it is quite easy to overcome this eye fatigue by bathing the eyes with a soothing lotion which I have found invaluable.

My work entails almost continual eye strain, but I have always found that a bath with this lotion refreshes and rests them and allows me to continue my work without the least sign of unsightly, bloodshot eyeballs.

Introducing Weevalla

A fascinating new handicraft which enables you to weave your own silk or woollen materials simply and inexpensively.

Here are instructions for weaving and making an attractive cushion, and beret, scarf and bag set, in "Weevalla."



AS easy as ABC is an apt description of this new handicraft which gives you hand-weaving without any of the usual impedimenta.

The process is simple and fascinating.

You only need "Weevalla" and wools (or silks). You tie the wools to loose threads at one end of the material and pulling them through at the other end you achieve a closely woven fabric that is ideal for making up into dozens of articles.

The Cushion

The cushion illustrated was woven in shades of brown, cream, jade and white.

It measures 19 inches by 18½ inches with an added 4 inches of fringe all round.

The front has a bold check design in all the colours, and the back is worked in dark browns, checked across in green.

Materials required:

1⅛ yards "Weevalla," 22 inch wide.
5 oz. nigger brown wool, 4-ply.
2 oz. tobacco brown wool.
3 oz. jade green wool.
1 oz. cream wool.
1 oz. white wool.
Cushion pad.

The weaving is begun four strands in from the edge—and the wools are tied first to the yellow strands in the "Weevalla," then pulled through.

The work is turned, and loops of wool are threaded on to the white loops of the material, and these are pulled through. *The wool is used double throughout.*

Cut up some of your wool first, so that when you begin to weave, you have the right length of wool to hand. To do this, shake out the complete ounce of wool and cut it through once.

This happens to be the right length—used double—for this cushion. (If you change the measurements of the cushion, remember that your strands must be double the length required—including the 4 inches at each edge for the fringe).

Weaving

Leaving four strands at the edge as mentioned above, tie the loop of wool to the *yellow* strands in the "Weevalla" and pull through. In this way, weave 5 tobacco-brown, 24 white, 12 green, 1 nigger brown, 1 green four times, 2 white, 1 green, 1 n. brown, 1 green, 1 n. brown, 1 green, 30 n. brown, 1 green, 1 n. brown, 1 green, 1 n. brown, 1 green, 2 white, 1 n. brown, 1 green 4 times, 1 n. brown, 12 green, 24 white, 5 tobacco-brown.

Turn the work, this time looping the wool through the white loops of the material and weave, 5 tobacco-brown, 24 cream, 12 green, 1 n. brown, 1 green 4 times, 2 cream, 1 green, 1 brown, 1 green, 1 brown, 1 green, 17 n. brown.

Repeat back 1 green, 1 brown, etc., until you reach the other side with 5 tobacco-brown to end.

This completes the front of the cushion. Machine once along each edge, across the woven strands, then pull out the *pink* threads of the "Weevalla." This enables the backing to fall away, leaving your own hand-woven material completed.

The Back

This is worked in the same way, weaving 1 tobacco-brown, 1 nigger brown alternately 8 times, then 3 green, 18 nigger, 1 green, 18 nigger, 1 green, 22 nigger. Repeat back 1 green, 18 nigger, etc., to other side.

Turn and weave 18 nigger, 3 green, 18 nigger, 1 green, 5 nigger, 11 tobacco-brown, 2 nigger, 1 green, 8 nigger, 13 tobacco-brown. Repeat backwards to other side. Machine the edges, and pull out pink threads.

Machine together, leaving one end open to take the cushion pad. Insert pad, and sew up. Cut fringe level all round.

The Beret, Scarf and Bag

These are all made to match in navy blue and white.

You will need 3½ yards of 14 inch "Weevalla" for the complete set. Material quantities are also quoted separately.

The Beret

Materials:

1 yard 14 inch "Weevalla."
1 oz. white 4-ply wool.
3 oz. navy 4-ply wool.
Silk lining (if desired).
1 yard navy bias binding.

The Weaving

Weave two pieces to match. One way —34 white, then 34 blue. The other way—work 4 white across the centre, then blue at either side to cover the material.

Machine round one piece to form the round top of the beret, cut away unwanted material, half an inch outside machine stitches.

Cut away hole in centre of the other piece to fit the head, and bind with bias binding. Make a silk lining if desired, and stitch inside the beret.

The Bag

Materials:

¾ yard "Weevalla" 14 inch wide.
3 oz. blue 4-ply wool.
1 oz. white.
Canvas lining.
Cardboard if desired.

(Continued on page 92)

MIRRORS MANY

Shows mirror of useful and

WE are so addicted to the mirror as an object to hang on the wall, or sometimes, greatly daring, to stand upon a shelf, that its further possibilities of decoration, apart from utility, are almost forgotten.

Charming mirrors do exist, it is true, but in almost every case the virtue is in the framing, while the mirror itself has no importance.

Yet, on its own and quite unaided, mirror glass has great possibilities. It can add depth to a room where depth is needed, light where light is otherwise obscured, and tinted—as decorators have been using it lately—it has power to perform minor miracles in the improvement of a scheme.

Right:

A MIRROR surround to an electric radiator provides a highly effective "fireplace" without much structural alteration. When tinted glass is used the general colour scheme is much enhanced

IT is the smaller room which benefits most by the judicious use of mirrors. Undoubtedly some of their growing popularity is due to their practical powers of increasing the apparent size of diminutive modern rooms. Imagine a small bedroom without a fireplace. To install a coal fire is impracticable and expensive, yet the room is incomplete without some focal point of this kind. An unframed gas or electric radiator has no importance from the point of view of decorative effect, but given a setting, the problem is solved at once. Mirror glass, plain or tinted, can be used to surround the radiator. It can be fitted without tiresome structural alterations and will add immensely to the general charm and importance of the room.

THE uses of mirror glass in the smaller room are inexhaustible. Here, an unframed strip is fitted to the wall at one end of a modern space-saving table. The effect is to increase the depth of the room and the importance of the table

QUITE an elegant effect is achieved here in a simple way. A plain strip of mirror glass set into a concave wall at one end of a small dining-room. The concealed light at the top and the flowers below focus attention at this point

LOOK at the modern space-saving dining-

HAVE USES

glass in a variety decorative effects

table illustrated. Imagine how much less effective it would have been without the strip of mirror glass on the wall at one end; without the interesting reflections it casts and the illusion of depth it gives to a room which is, frankly rather undersize.

Then look at the small entrance hall which has been improved beyond knowledge by the use of a mirror glass lining to the front door. More than one mirror here might have led to a sort of mirror maze effect, but used with proper restraint the expedient is fully justified.

TINTED mirror glass "splash backs" to bath and lavatory basin are a help in increasing the proportions of the average bathroom. At the same time, the colour effects that can be obtained are really beautiful.

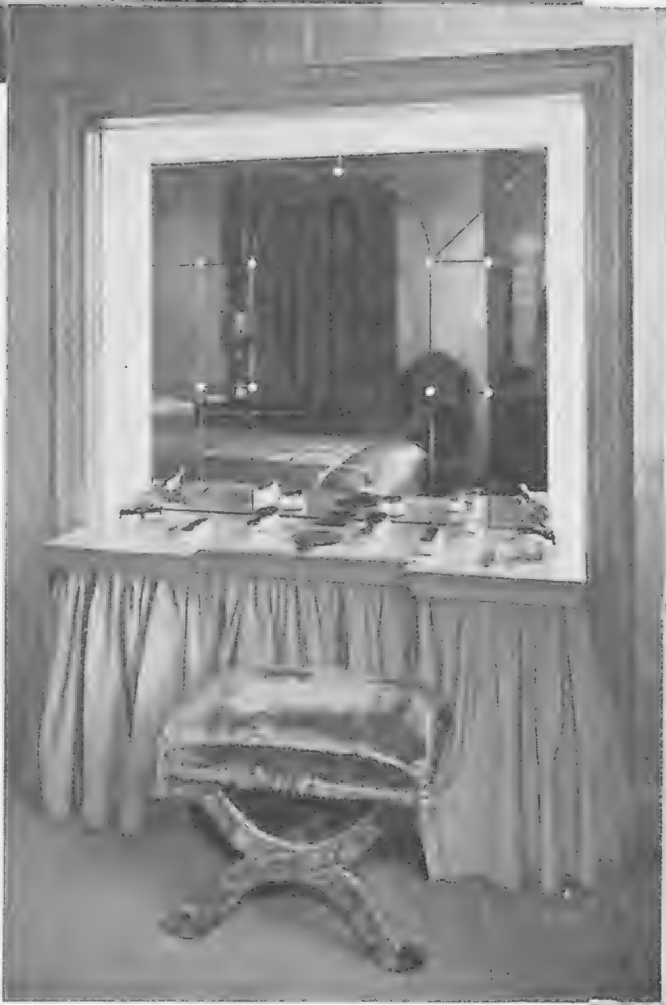
IN one of London's smartest drawing-rooms a huge panel of mirror glass set against one wall is one of the dramatic features of the room. A two-colour effect is arranged by the division of the glass into narrow vertical strips of alternate colour. Reflections are not entirely obscured by this arrangement, but are given a rather bizarre effect by reason of the colour. Since the background of the room is dead white and the furniture severely modern and upholstered with white leather, this somewhat fantastic touch is permissible.

This is not, however, the type of thing to introduce in one's suburban drawing-room. There are plenty of less extravagant uses for glass.

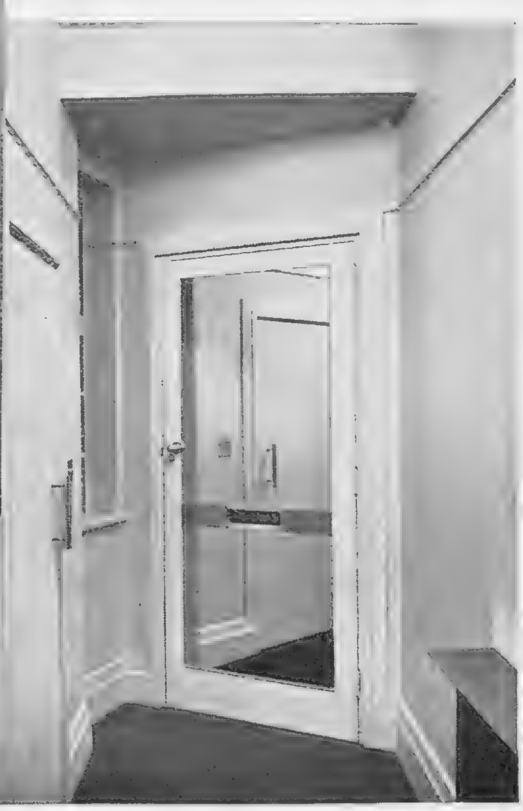
In the entrance hall of a small house I know, a large Victorian mirror has been brought into use in the following way: The heavy gilt frame has been removed and the arch-shaped mirror simply framed with a painted wood moulding. The mirror has been fixed to the wall with the lower edge about one foot from the ground, and here a shallow wooden receptacle with a concave front is attached. This holds flowering plants and a few delicate ferns. The reflected colour is charmingly effective, while the mirror itself adds considerably to the size and importance of the hall.

BLACK opaque glass is used a good deal in modern schemes. A white sycamore side table has a black opaque glass top, or a sideboard of the same wood is framed at the back with a shaped strip of this glass, which throws up the beauty of the wood and enhances its creamy colouring.

One can go on indefinitely inventing new uses for mirrors. Old-fashioned ones can be reshaped for modern service and new ones can be introduced in the most unexpected places; but don't use them too liberally in your home unless you are fond of your own company. Reflections have their uses, but use them with discretion.



A DEEP recess, fitted with decorated mirror glass makes this dressing-table an important feature of the room. Any small recess can be utilized in this way and, as an alternative, the mirror can have a coloured surround



THE "box" entrance-hall is an inevitable problem of the small flat. See how this one has been improved by lining the inner side of the front door with mirror glass. The hall is at once more spacious in effect

PARIS FASHIONS AUTUMN 1934

By JEAN BURNUP

Woman Editor "Britannia & Eve"

THE Big Four dress rules to keep this season are:

Wear glittering materials, day and night.
Slit your skirts.
Slope your shoulders.
Wear a tunic.

Practically every Paris designer agrees on these four points.

Then each goes off into so many individual flights of dress fancy, so many variations of line and treatment, that you can almost wear what you like, and still be in what is called the fashion.

But the Big Four are significant enough to influence your autumn and winter wardrobe.

Eyes must shine and teeth be dazzling if they are to compete with the glitter of most of the materials you will wear.

There is a metallic lustre in almost everything.

Cellophane threads run madly about woollens, silks and artificial silks; you can almost say you are cellophane-wrapped. Laces have cellophane or metal embroidered in them. Lamé has never been out and about so much, nor sequins. These are worked on to velvets, silks, even woollens.

Worth puts gold sequins or filigree gold motifs on to woollen dresses, outlines the pattern on his laces with cellophane; scatters paillettes over a lace blouse.

Another house gets down to brass tacks by stencilling them, also nails, screws, nuts and bolts, into patterns on velvet evening coats.

Alix uses cellophane materials that look like lamé to veil evening frocks with saris, and emphasises the Eastern idea by gathering in the fullness of her evening skirts at the front.

Schiaparelli shows a sensational shaggy lamé in gold and silver, sequin jackets, sequin muffs.

Mainbocher puts a loose cellophane lace tunic over an evening skirt. So does Lucile Paray. This house has lamé, cellophane or metal threads in almost everything it shows. Perhaps there is a little too much. It reminds you of the fairy queen.

SLITS have broken out like measles. There have been warnings of them for a long time. Now they are here with a bang.

Even sports suits sometimes show little slits, with rounded edges. Afternoon and cocktail dresses go up a little farther and, for evening, there is sometimes a slit to the knee, sometimes almost to the thigh.

One slit is pardonable, but many dresses have two, or are even slitted at intervals all round. I'm against them, apparently in a minority of one.

Tunics are better news. They suit almost every figure except the very short woman.

Wear them in wool and silk for the day, lamé or sequined fabrics by night. Lelong has a gorgeous evening tunic of sequins ranged on black velvet, with a low pointed décolletage, wide black velvet shoulder straps, black velvet band at waist, and a narrow black velvet skirt.

The tunic line influences many tailored and dressy suits. Creed has a three-quarter coat, fitting and flaring like a riding habit, in dark green ratine; Bruyere a military-like silver tissue evening tunic-coat.

Most of the day and evening tunics flare towards the hem, and are at their best over a very tight, narrow, unslit skirt. Maggy Rouff slits her tunic coats at the sides, a practical idea.

Jenny has a black satin evening dress, simple, but quite formal, with three different tunics to wear over it for informal occasions.

There is a long lace overslip almost to the feet, a longish jumper of white and gold, a short lace tunic banded with black fox on the hem.

Most houses show the sloping shoulder line, but Schiaparelli has sloped arms and shoulders more sensationally than any of them.

Hers go from a high-collared neck well down to the elbow in an almost triangular line. She shows a black broadcloth parachute coat, with three deep capelets, the first one starting well below the shoulder.

Sloping shoulders mean Magyar and wide dolman armholes. These appear on many coats and frocks.

EVENING SKIRTS

Take Your Choice

Molyneux: Streamline, uneven, slit hem
Alix: Eastern line, fullness in front
Patou: Fullness at back
Schiaparelli: Uplift in front, conical line, hooped and frilled at the hem
Lucile Paray: 1912 *line, side pannier effect*

They mean capes, too, for capes continue their spring success in every length, of every type, for sports, afternoon and evening clothes. Mainbocher makes a cape from three broad loops of satin ribbon. Practically every house shows fur capes in varying lengths.

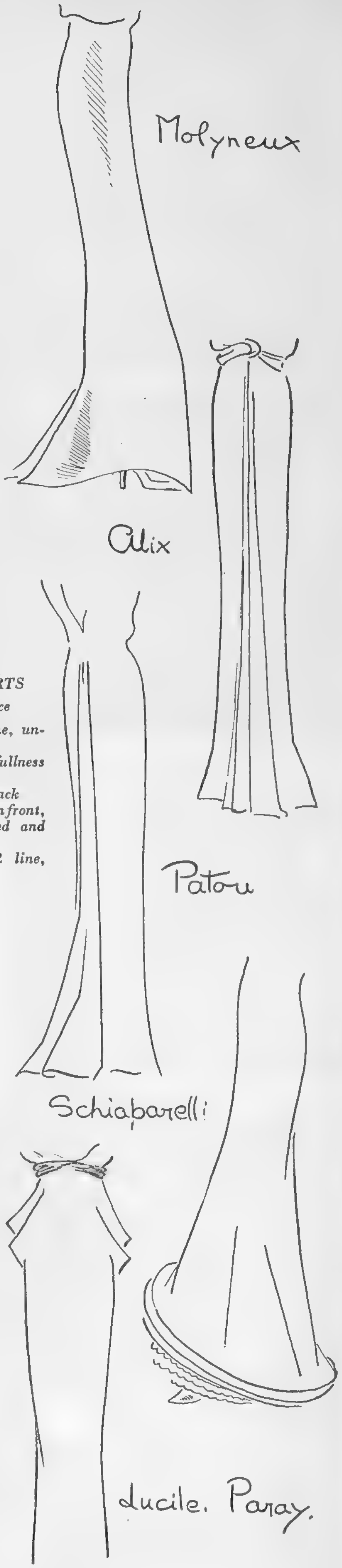
When you want to change over from glistening materials there are speckled or hairy fabrics for coats and suits and woollen fabrics with a hand-made look. Plenty of jerseys imitate tweed. Many are knitted with a lot of rough threads in them. You have to look at the wrong side to prove they are knitted at all.

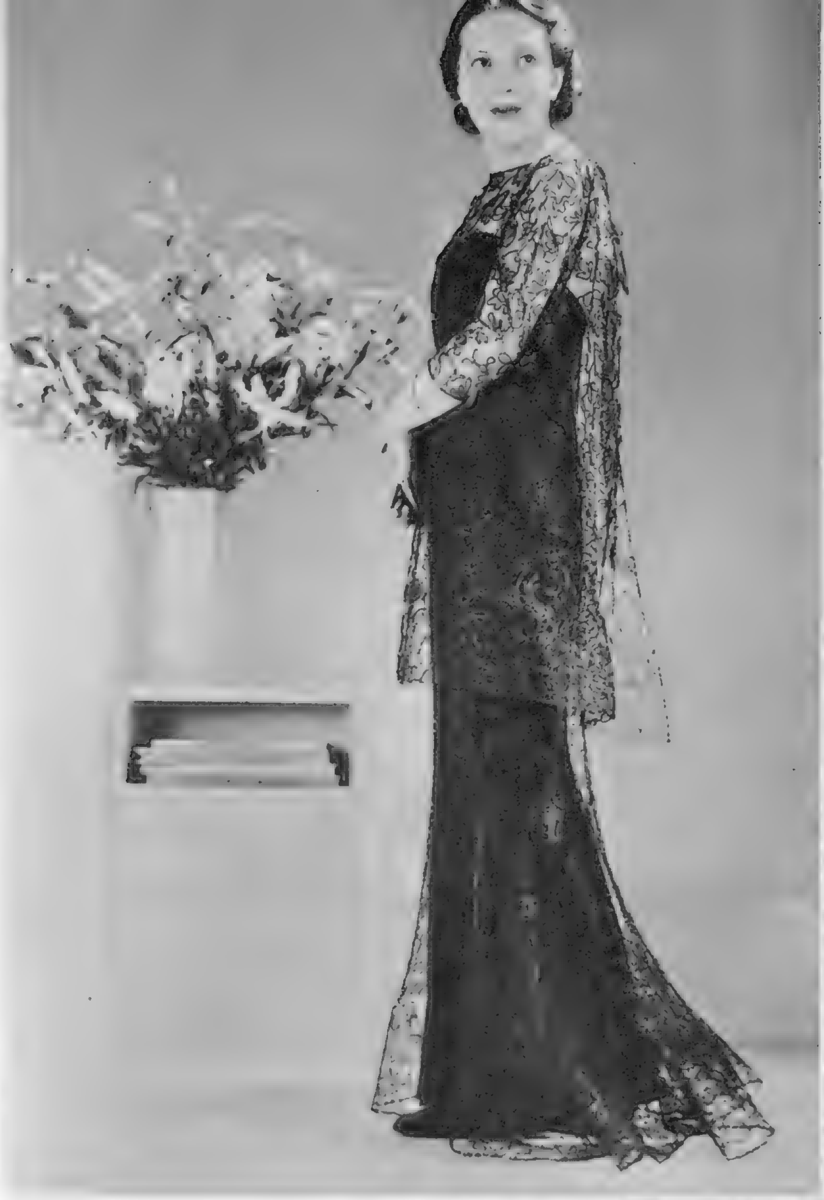
There are silks and crêpes for afternoons that appear to have had tight permanent waves.

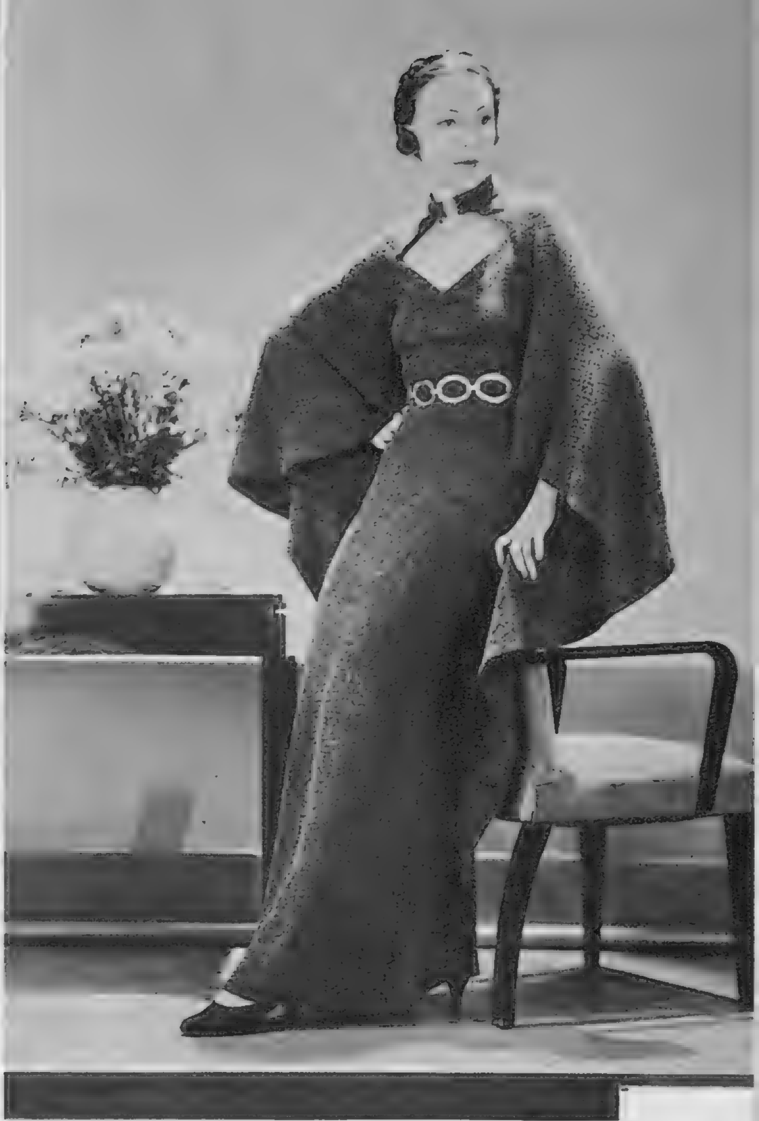
Smooth stiffened satins are used for *robe de style* evening frocks. There is a new stiff faille velvet with a taffeta base and a velvet surface, moiré, both stiff and supple, quilted taffetas for afternoon dresses and short, basqued cocktail coats. Molyneux has shaded velvets in exquisite colours, using the dark part at the neck, grading down to the light tone at the ground.

Lucile Paray showed a duvetyn pointed with long white cellophane hairs, as if it had been out in a snowstorm. Schiaparelli has a feathery material called Poussin, truly like the fluff of young chickens, and a tweed and fur combination, long, uneven

(*Continued on page* 75)







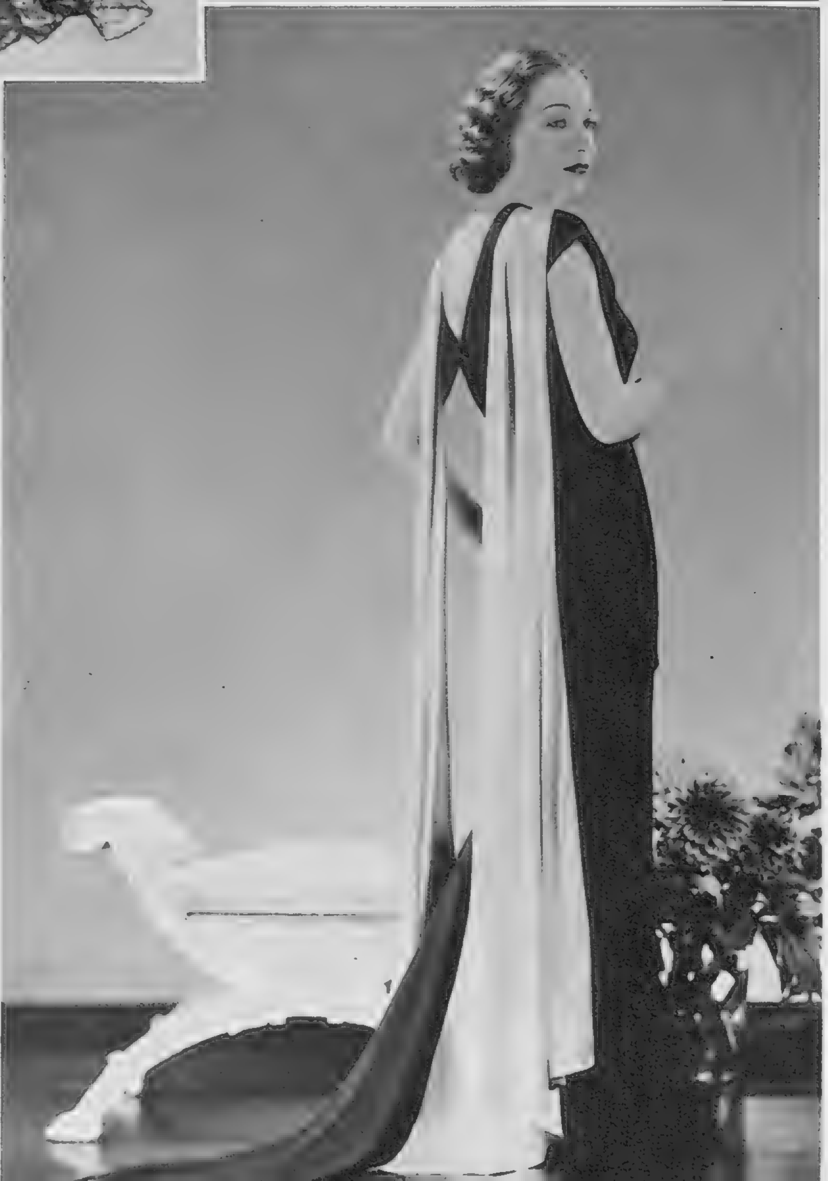
Exclusive pictures by Dorvyne

THREE PARIS MODELS to be FOUND in the LONDON SHOPS

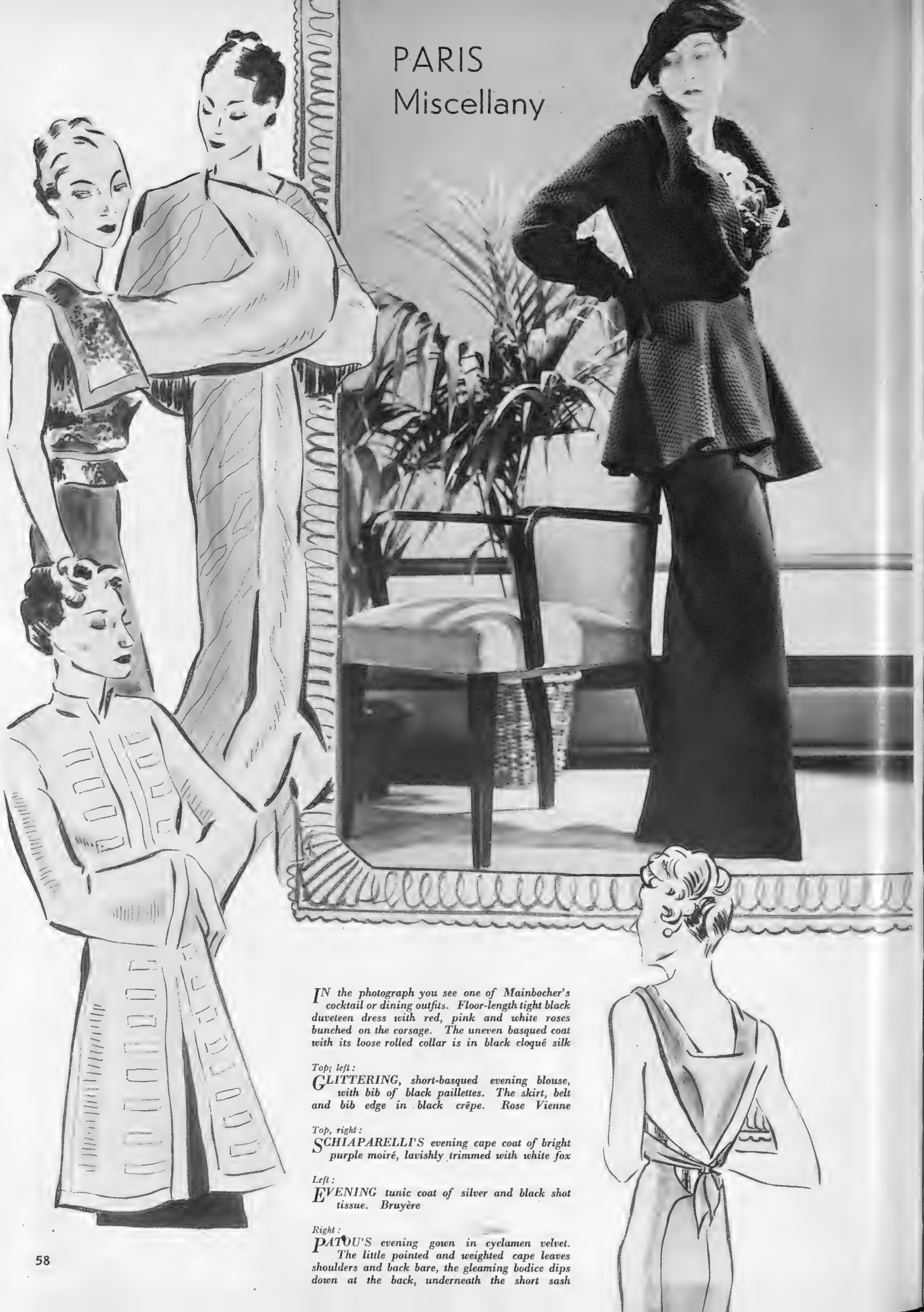
LACE, especially if it is black, is always good fashion news. It is always elegant, flattering and useful. Above is a piquant tunic dress in black horsehair lace, over a black satin slip. A Lucile Paray model from Marshall and Snelgrove

NEXT to it, there is a dramatic evening dress and Cape in grey woollen, beaded all over. The dress, with its new, pointed décolletage, cleverly follows the figure. The cape, wrist length in front, drooping down at the sides and back, has a cavalier swagger. Marcel Rochas, from Harvey Nichols

AT the right, an evening gown of queenly grace in heavy black crêpe. Two luxurious pale blue ends float over the shoulders to the ground to meet the train. They can be manipulated into scarf, cape, sash. A Jane model from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street



PARIS
Miscellany



IN the photograph you see one of Mainbocher's cocktail or dining outfits. Floor-length tight black duveteen dress with red, pink and white roses bunched on the corsage. The uneven basqued coat with its loose rolled collar is in black cloqué silk

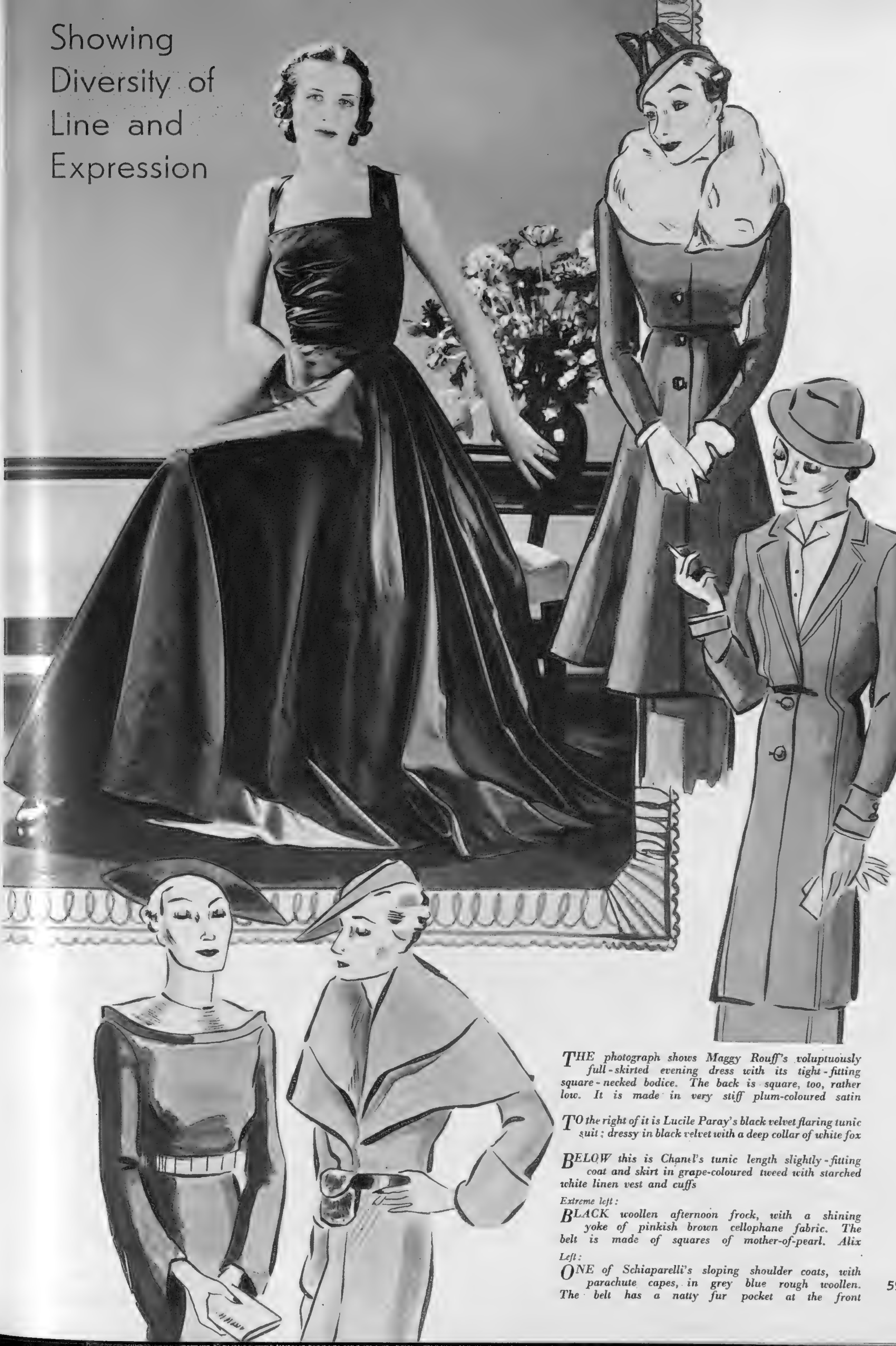
Top, left:
GLITTERING, short-basqued evening blouse, with bib of black paillettes. The skirt, belt and bib edge in black crêpe. Rose Vienne

Top, right:
SCHIAPARELLI'S evening cape coat of bright purple moiré, lavishly trimmed with white fox

Left:
EVENING tunic coat of silver and black shot tissue. Bruyère

Right:
PATOU'S evening gown in cyclamen velvet. The little pointed and weighted cape leaves shoulders and back bare, the gleaming bodice dips down at the back, underneath the short sash

Showing Diversity of Line and Expression



THE photograph shows Maggy Rouff's voluptuously full-skirted evening dress with its tight-fitting square-necked bodice. The back is square, too, rather low. It is made in very stiff plum-coloured satin

TO the right of it is Lucile Paray's black velvet flaring tunic suit; dressy in black velvet with a deep collar of white fox

BELOW this is Chanel's tunic length slightly-fitting coat and skirt in grape-coloured tweed with starched white linen vest and cuffs

Extreme left:

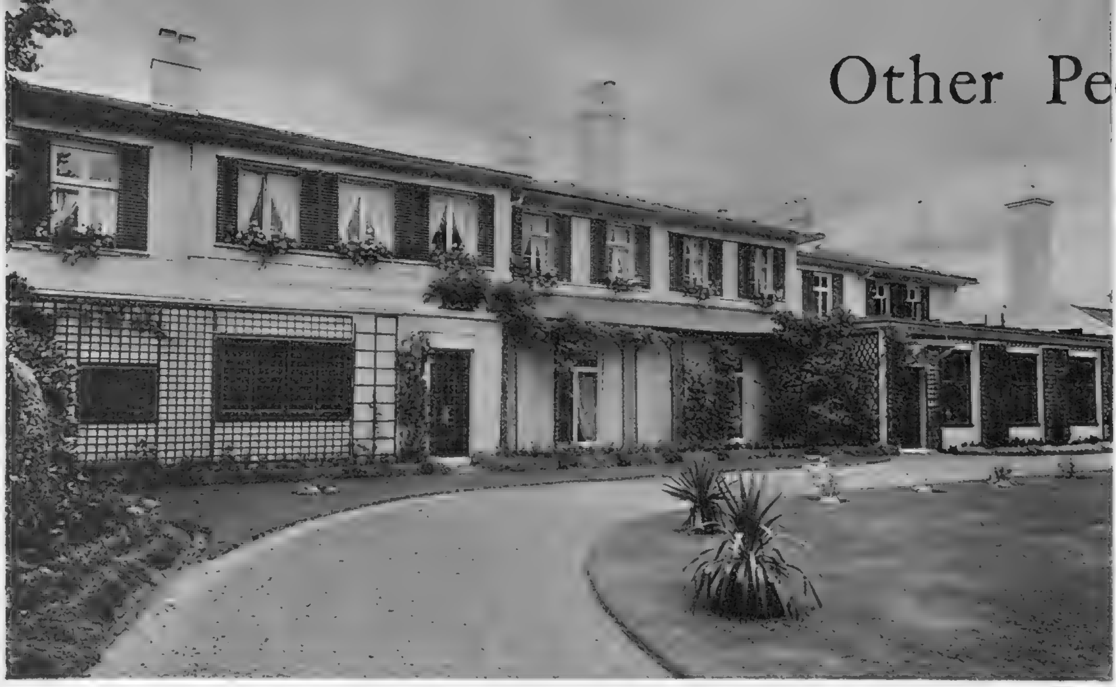
BLACK woollen afternoon frock, with a shining yoke of pinkish brown cellophane fabric. The belt is made of squares of mother-of-pearl. Alix

Left:

ONE of Schiaparelli's sloping shoulder coats, with parachute capes, in grey blue rough woollen. The belt has a natty fur pocket at the front

Other People's Houses:

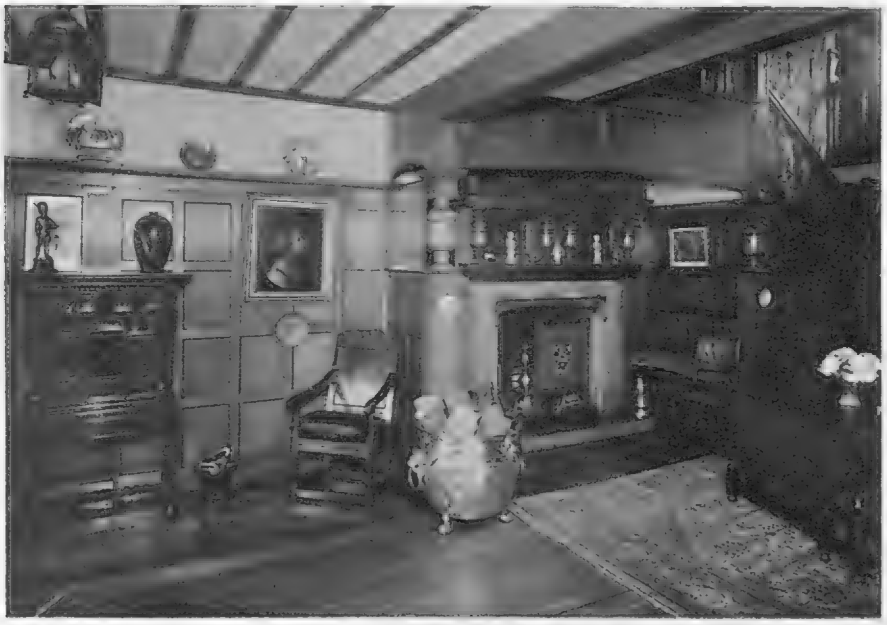
Winton Lodge,
Streatham Common,
the Residence
of
Sir Herbert Parsons, Bt.



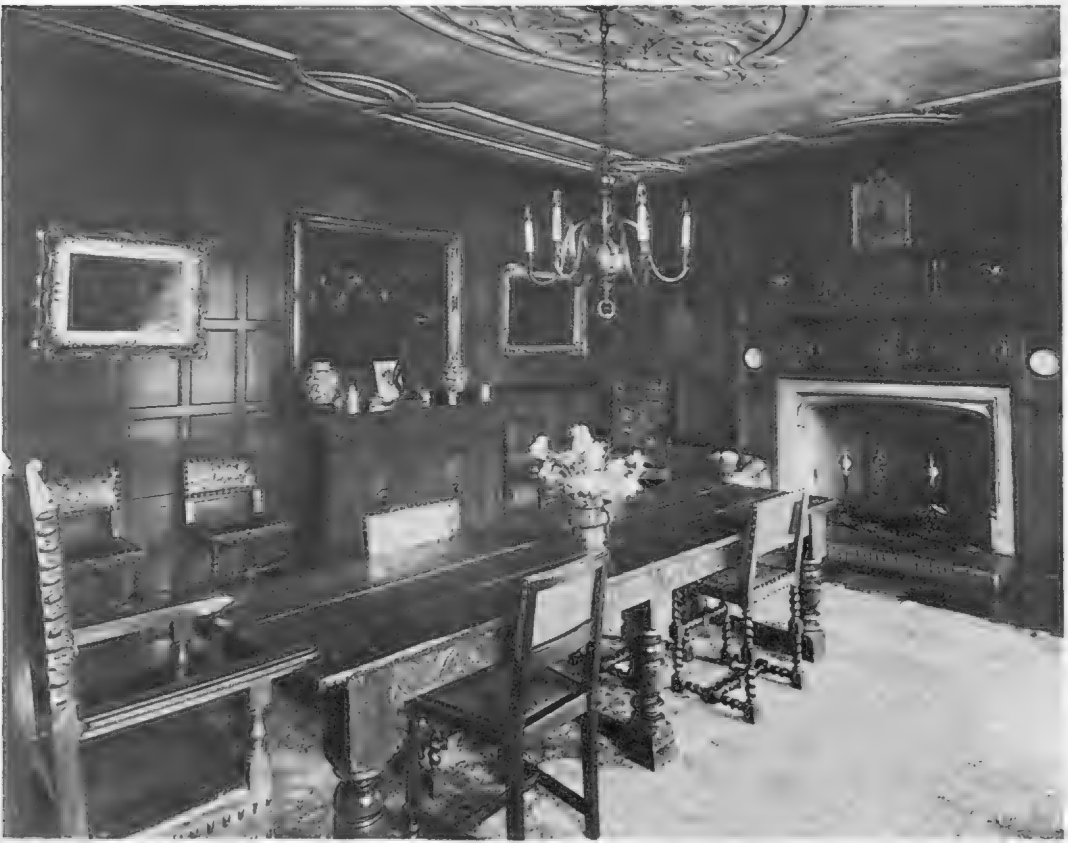
THE *wide sweep of the drive makes a delightful approach to the house from the roadway*

TO decide where one would prefer to live, in the town or in the country, is always difficult, the pros and cons in each case being so many and varied. What, then, could be a happier solution than to have a house within five miles of Charing Cross, but in a setting that gives the impression that one is living in the heart of the country? Winton Lodge is such a house, for the front aspect overlooks Streatham Common, the windows commanding beautiful and unbroken views over the Surrey hills, while at the back sweeping lawns, shady trees, hard and grass tennis courts, fields and paddocks make it difficult to believe one's proximity to the hub of the universe.

THE accompanying pictures speak for themselves and give some idea of the charm of this country house in London, and it is impossible in such limited space to describe all the treasures to be found within its walls. Sir Herbert has collected these from innumerable sources, for he has many hobbies and a profound knowledge of those subjects in which his interests are centred. Roman remains, including a specially interesting specimen of Roman tessellated pavement, Jacobean furniture, rare engravings, early English pottery and Nankin china are included in his priceless collection, and lovers of London will welcome the news that a large portion of the wooden gate of Temple Bar is safeguarded here by so appreciative an owner.



THIS *fireplace, tucked away beneath the staircase, in a cosy and draught-proof corner, is a popular rendezvous on winter evenings*



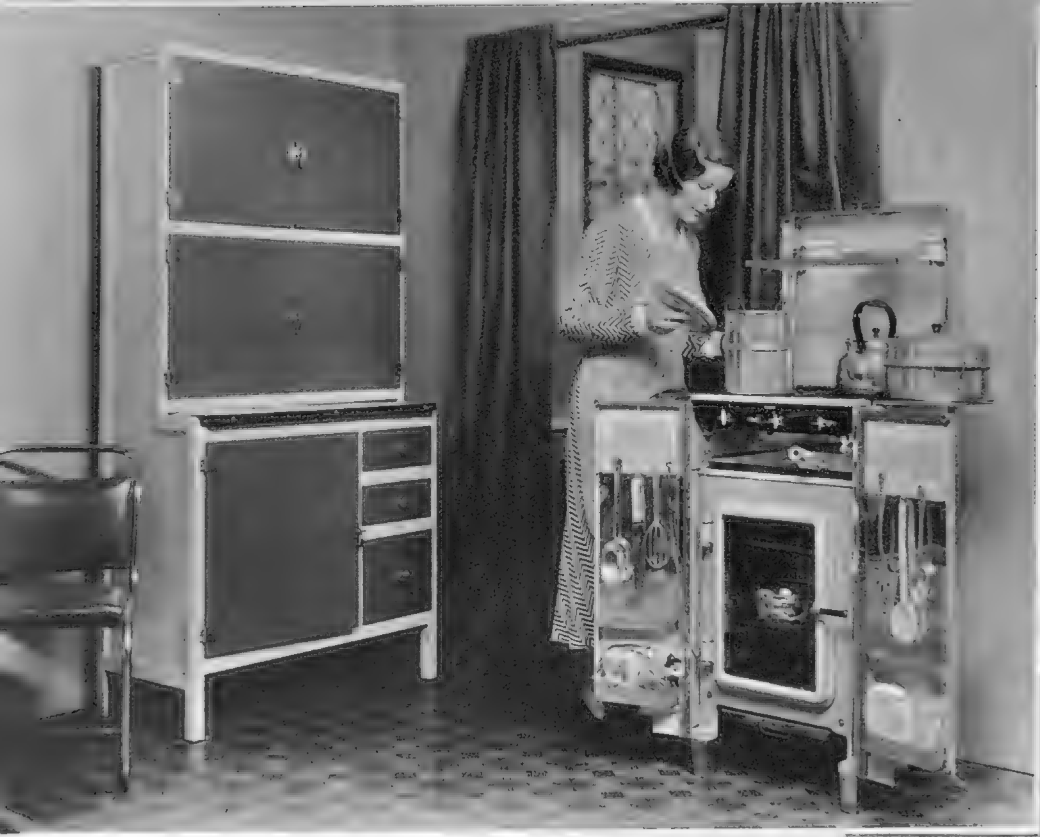
(Left)
THE *oak-panelled dining-room, an ideal setting*
chairs. (Above) A spacious bedroom,
principal aim. (Right) The owner's study,

AN atmosphere of silence seems to pervade the bridge-room, to which devotees of the game may retire without fear of outside interference or distraction

SIR HERBERT enjoys the peaceful stillness of the water which enhances the charm of this London oasis

THE drawing-room, with its polished floor, beautiful rugs, and gilt furniture has a charm of its own. (Right): A hand-wrought copper hood and attractive painted side panels, the latter executed by Glyn Warren Philpott, R.A., are features of this fireplace in the beautifully proportioned billiard-room

for the old refectory table and Cromwellian
charmingly furnished, and with comfort as its
in which many of his treasures are displayed



HERE is the "Kabineat" Cooker, in a small kitchen, fully demonstrating how neat its appearance can be even when in use. In this case the cooker matches in colour with the kitchen cabinet on the left

The T*wo*-Purpose Kitchen

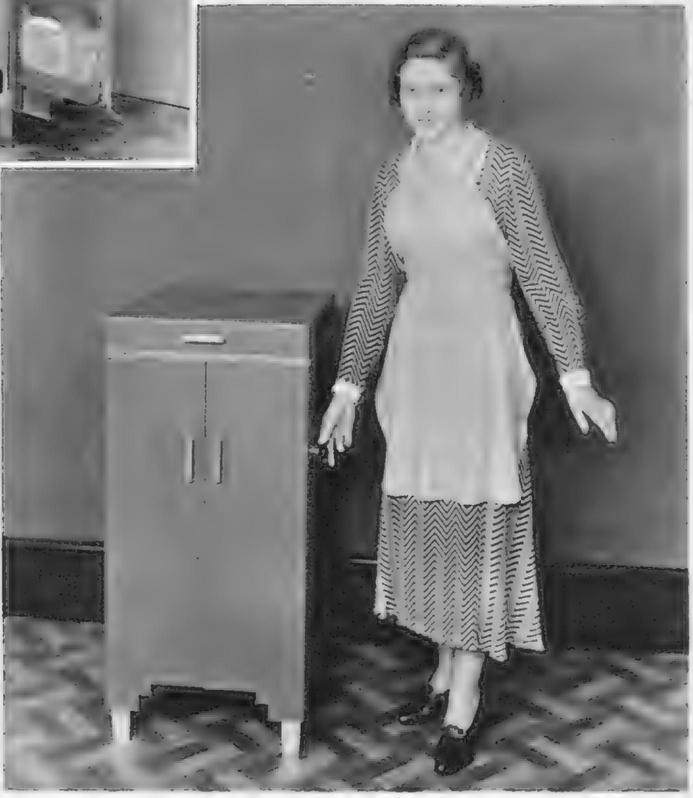
And how its comfort and appearance can be improved

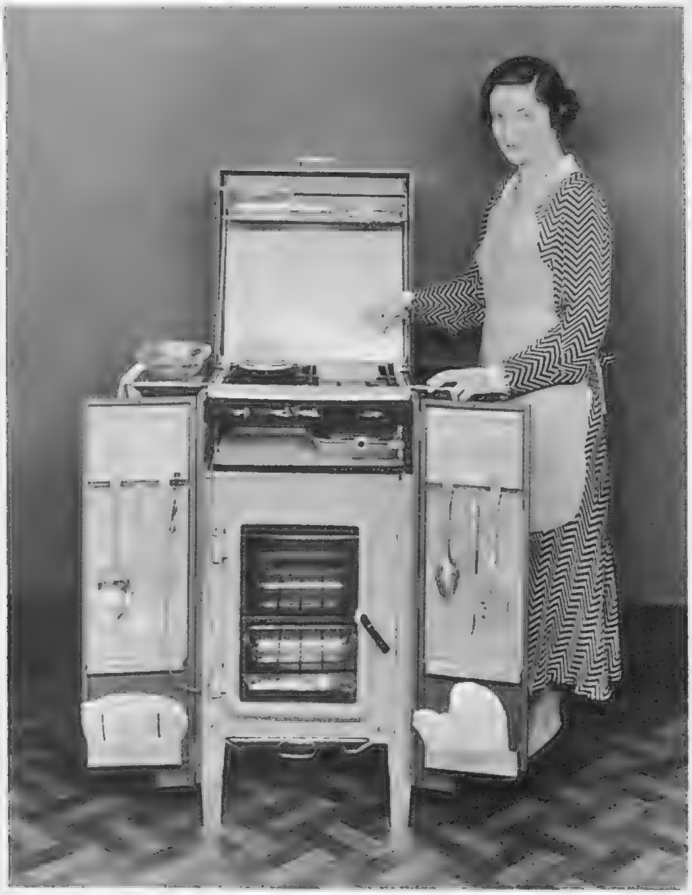
LIVING at ease in a bachelor flat, or in any small apartment for the matter of that, is just a matter of adjustment. This sort of existence, like the little girl in the lyric, is nice when it's very, very nice, but when it's bad, it's horrid!

The horrid aspect is liberally demonstrated to those who think they can employ the same routine and the same equipment as in an apartment of average size. The nice aspect is reserved for those who know they can't.

One of the great problems of the smaller apartment, particularly where the dining-room and kitchen are one and the same, is cooking.

So as to avoid the unsightly presence of a cooker in the room where we entertain our friends, we either push the cooking apparatus into some obscure corner, where operations are hopelessly obstructed for want of elbow-room, or dispense with them altogether and go out to meals. Both equally disastrous to comfort and economy.





ON the left is a full view of the cooker—all set for operations. The right-hand picture shows how, in a few moments, it can be enclosed in such a way that its appearance resembles that of a gramophone or radio

Scrap meals, indifferently cooked ones, or no meals at all are just the things which get bachelor-living such a bad name. Such a pity, and such a libel on an enchanted mode of life.

But look at the cooker illustrated on this page. Closed, the "Kabineat" can easily be mistaken for a radiogram or some other piece of modern furniture. It can be finished in either one of four colours, and the mountings and feet are stainless.

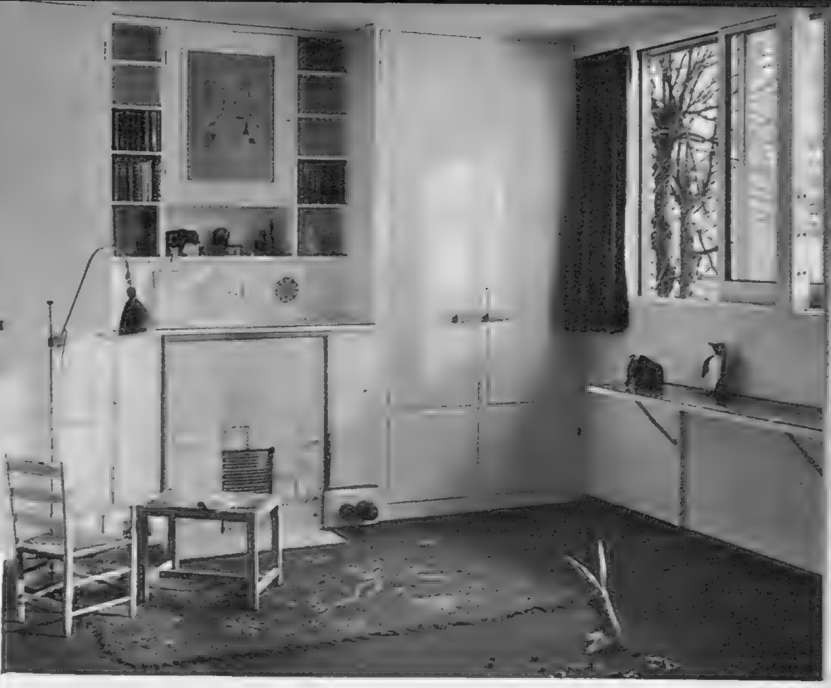
When the Twin Doors are open, a complete range of accessories is revealed. Cooking knife, wooden spoon, egg-slide, basting spoon and fork, all carried by detachable aluminium carriers with drip troughs. Other containers hold an asbestos oven-mitt and a double-handed oven cloth. Seven pieces of Pyrex oven-ware are also supplied. From the practical point of view, the cooker has all the latest improvements, from the interior and exterior of porcelain enamel, automatic control, glass front oven door, removable grid gates and runners, to a gas griller of stamped steel.

The oven is provided with a substantial hook for roasting joints; a "Metro" pilot lighter goes with the cooker, and dispenses with the need for matches. Two Extension Plates, when fitted into position, give extra working space on either side, and both are fitted with rails for hanging dish-cloths and dusters.

If you would like more particulars, and prices of this cooker, write to Flavels, of Leamington.

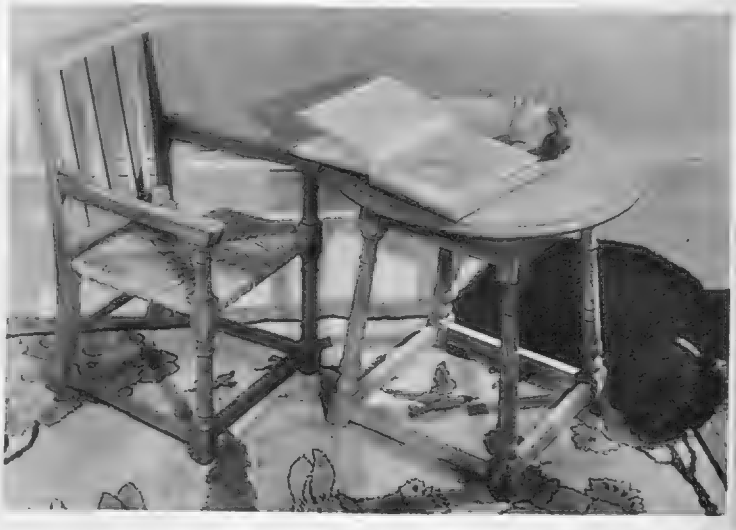
B+E OCT 1934

The Jolliest ROOM *in the* HOUSE



MODERN Nursery equipment is gaily attractive. This nursery has been planned so that it will make an excellent schoolroom later on. The cupboards and shelves are of Venesta birch plywood, and the panels have rounded edges. The electric fire is built into old Dutch tiles. Clock, cupboards and book-shelves are also built in

WHEN the baby is carried into the sitting-room to show him off, put him in this basket, with its saucy stork design. (Treasure Cot Company; £2 8s. 9d.)



STURDY chair and table in natural oak. (Waring and Gillow.) Monsieur Lapin (whose nursery popularity is at its peak) disports himself all over the rug (from the Treasure Cot Company; £1 14s. 6d.)

IF the baby doesn't admire the decorations on this toilet set, he will grow up a Philistine. The tray, powder bowl and soap dish are of papier mâché, and can be obtained in many colours. (The Treasure Cot Company; 18s.)

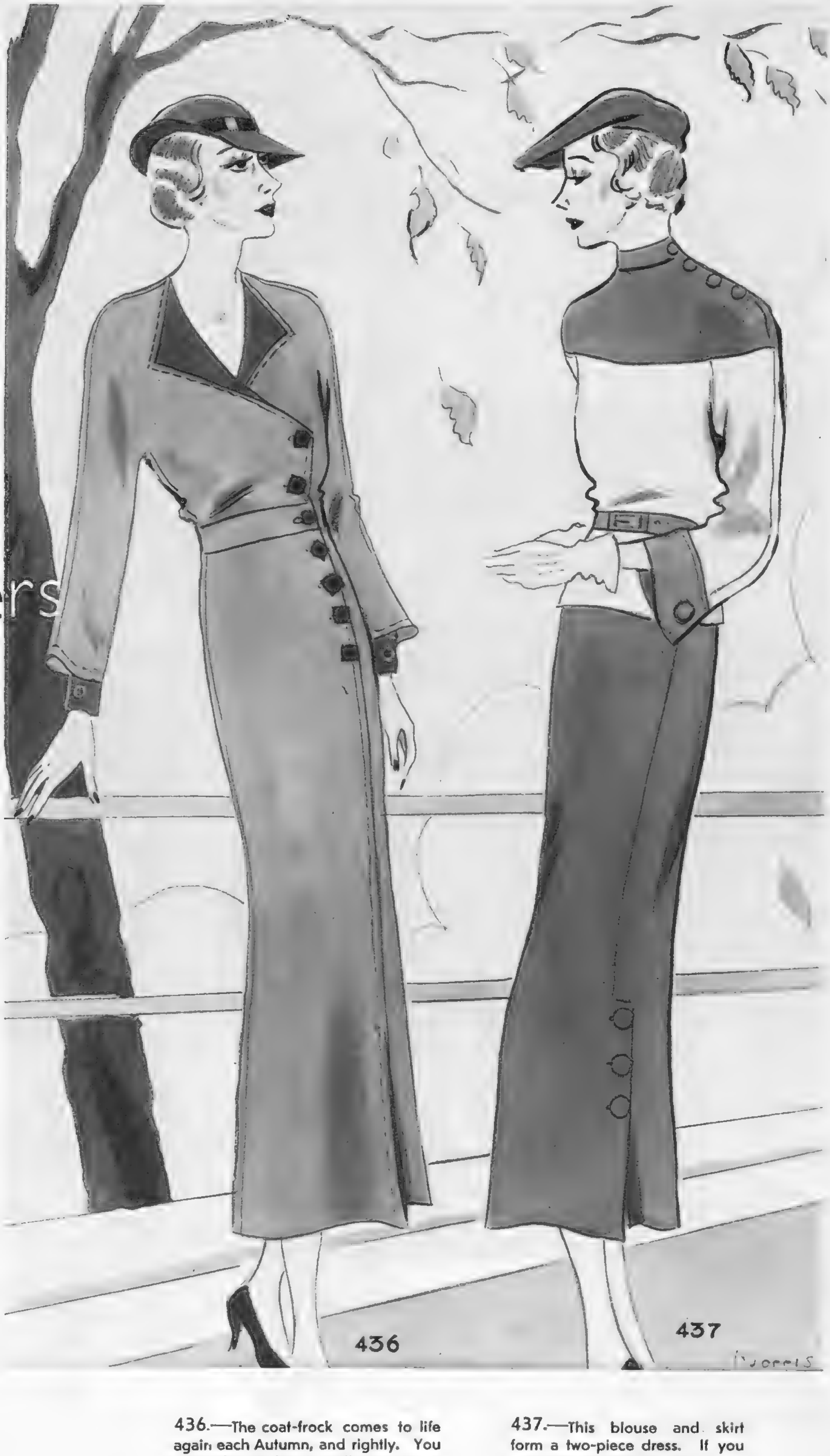
A RABBIT lamp that can never be knocked over. (Harrods; 32s. 6d.). The tea-cloth and four napkins which show the adventures of a rabbit which likes to swim come from the Old Bleach Linen Company. (14s. 11d.)

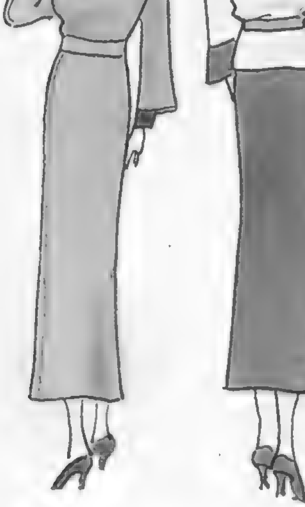
THIS charming tea set was designed by a little girl of nine. Alphabet linen table-cloth from the Old Bleach Linen Company. (10s. 9d.)

Easy Designs For Home Dressmakers

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

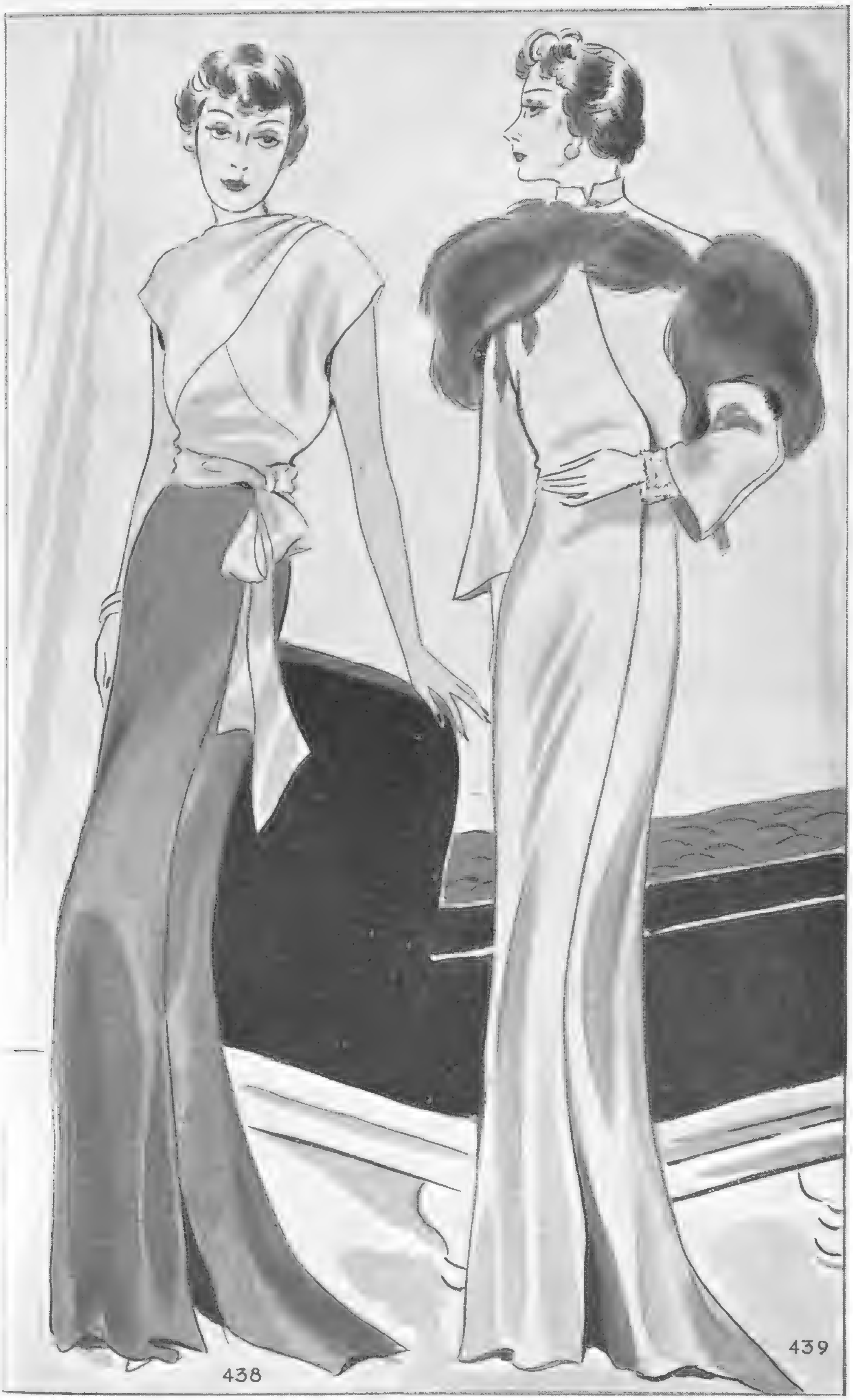


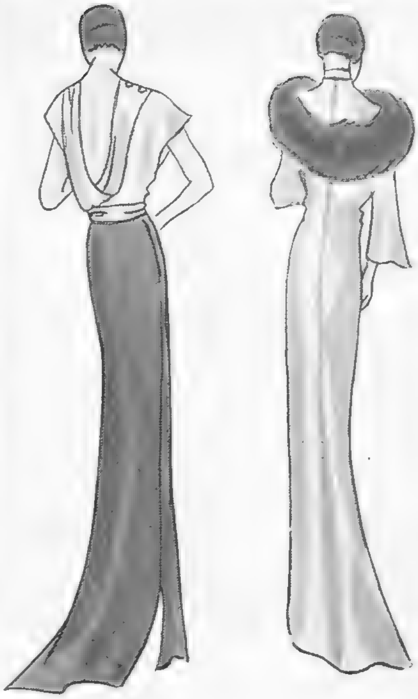


436.—The coat-frock comes to life again each Autumn, and rightly. You can take it for a walk on sunny October mornings without a coat, and then wear it indoors for the rest of the winter, or out under your winter coat. This one is a wrap-over, tying comfortably underneath at the right of the waist-line It slims, with its cross-over bodice, and has the new sloped shoulder-line. It will take $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-in. woollen material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for lapels and cuffs. Price 1/-

437.—This blouse and skirt form a two-piece dress. If you are careful with colours and materials, either blouse or skirt will serve other blouses and skirts. The skirt might be a dark grey jersey tweed woollen with dark and light grey blouse. Or navy, with two other blues for the blouse. Three shades of a colour are particularly smart. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of dark and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of light 54-in. material are required. Price 1/-

Simple Evening Clothes you can Make for Yourself





438.—One black velvet skirt should hang in every wardrobe this winter. With different blouses and tunics it will be a loyal friend. This one is discreetly slit on either side, with a small train. The blouse might be in apricot lamé or metal velvet. Material required: 3¼ yards of 36-inch velvet for the skirt, and 2¼ yards of 36-inch lamé for the blouse

439.—You can use last year's fox on this velvet evening coat which looks sumptuous with or without the fur. It is cut on fitting lines, with a seam running down the centre back. The little upstanding collar fastens with a clip, and another clip fastens at the waist, a little to the left. The fur hangs loosely at the back in a curve, is drawn up towards the front, and the end of the tail is clipped into its mouth. This makes it large enough to allow for the back droop. It can be loosely fastened to the coat at the top of each shoulder. Required: 5¾ yards of 36-inch material

By A. H. Adair

Savouries....

Why let those odds and ends of food accumulate reproachfully in the larder when, with a little imagination and ingenuity, they can be turned into piquant delicacies?

THE perfect savoury gives just that little something extra to a dinner, otherwise short and perhaps not very exciting, which makes all the difference between a commonplace meal and a really good one.

There are, of course, many traditional savouries which must be prepared according to recipe. Scotch woodcock, Canapés Diane (chicken livers wrapped in bacon), Angels on Horseback (oysters rolled in crisp bacon), and so on.

But apart from these well-known dishes, the savoury gives endless scope to a clever cook who can use her imagination and ingenuity to improvise and produce all sorts of amusing and piquant little dishes.

Cheese, ham, left overs of fish, flesh and fowl, sardines, olives, spicy sauces, chutney, pickles, can all be used for this typically English form of delicacy.

They not only round off a good dinner, but can form, for special occasions, a satisfying meal in themselves. For cocktail parties, for instance, bridge, or on an informal supper *buffet*.

Made in larger quantities, many of these recipes could be used as light luncheon dishes.

Haddock Canapés

If a small quantity of cooked haddock is left over, flake it, removing all bones. Heat the fish in a little butter (seasoning with pepper) and then mash it. Mix with freshly made scrambled eggs seasoned separately with salt and pepper, and serve on crisp little pieces of fried bread.

Anchovies on Toast

Take some fillets of anchovies, chop and beat them in a little of their own oil, adding a good pinch of curry powder and chopped parsley.

Have ready some hard boiled eggs, pass the yolks through a sieve, or chop them finely and mix with the anchovy.

Spread on pieces of freshly made buttered toast and sprinkle with the hard whites of the eggs, finely chopped.

Croûtes aux Sardines

Remove the skin, tails and bones from some sardines in oil and mash them. Meanwhile fry crisply a few rashers of streaky bacon (four rashers to a small tin of sardines), chop the rashers and mix with the sardine paste which is now heated together in the bacon fat.

Season with a pinch of cayenne pepper and serve on toast or fried bread.

Stuffed Eggs

Hard boiled eggs can be stuffed in various ways, but the foundation is always the same. Cut the eggs in two, mash the yolks and mix with any or a combination of the following: chopped ham and Worcester sauce; chopped olives and fried bacon; cheese and mustard; chutney or pickles; pickled walnuts and Roquefort cheese.

Whatever you decide to use, see that the mixture is spicy and well seasoned, after which put it into the whites of the eggs, keeping back a little with which to spread the dry biscuits on which the stuffed eggs are placed.

Fried Bananas

Peel some Canary bananas (one banana for two people), split them in two lengthways and dust them with salt and pepper.

Fry in butter or bacon fat until soft and golden brown, and now put them in a buttered fireproof dish.

Sprinkle with grated cheese and a few tiny pieces of butter and brown quickly under the grill.

Ham on Toast

Mix together in a small saucepan over a slow fire a walnut of butter and a puddingspoonful of flour.

Work to a smooth paste and add, little by little, enough hot milk to make a smooth sauce, the consistency of thick cream.

Season with salt, pepper and some other very spicy condiment—Cayenne, curry powder or Worcester sauce, also a little grated nutmeg.

Now add the cooked ham, finely chopped, using the same amount of ham as you have of sauce.

Mix well together and cook for a few minutes to heat the ham. Spread the mixture thickly on to hot, buttered toast, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown quickly under the grill.

This recipe can be applied to cold chicken or to left overs of cooked fish.

It is usually preferable, when serving a savoury of the "croûte" or "canapé" type, to use fried bread instead of buttered toast.

Placing a hot moist mixture on toast is bound to make it soft, and nothing is more unpleasant than sodden bread. Fried bread is also much more agreeable to eat. Where these little bits and pieces are used cold for parties, the "canapé" will retain its fresh crispness much longer when the bread has been fried.

Selections from Spain

Never Mind If You Can't Pronounce Them Correctly. Cook Them As Instructed. They Will Give Variety and Originality To Your Table

By A. H. Adair

WE were waiting, in that lazy, patient frame of mind into which one readily falls in Spain, to give our order.

It is true that the first pangs of hunger and thirst were being allayed with a delicious glass of cold dry sherry and various little plates of olives, shrimps and nuts, so that we could watch the people at the next table arrange their meal without feeling like murder.

" First," they said, " we will have some *almejas* (they are cockles), then *calamares in su tinta* " (these are tiny cuttlefish cooked in a sauce made of their own ink, very delicate in taste).

So far all went smoothly, but a violent discussion took place whether the *tortilla* (omelette) should be *à la francese* or the more homely flat Spanish one.

In the end, as nobody could agree, our neighbours decided to cut the omelette out altogether and go straight on to the roast chicken and salad. After that they felt they would not want much, so they would finish with the lobster salad, which had been ordered by telephone.

Although we gasped at the idea of eating lobster mayonnaise after chicken, we had to admit that a Spaniard would be probably just as surprised the first time he was confronted with a kipper following porridge and sugar at nine o'clock in the morning.

Anyway, even if we do not feel like arranging a menu *à l'espagnole*, we can at least try some of the best Spanish dishes which, though they are not of great variety, are among the best in the world.

Tortilla for Two

Fry in butter one small potato cut in small cubes, one tomato and one small onion, both chopped, also one sweet red pepper which can be bought in tins almost anywhere now.

When all these are cooked, put in a bowl and add three eggs with salt and pepper. Beat the eggs with the vegetables and pour the mixture into a hot omelette pan in which you have put a small piece of butter.

Leave the mixture in the pan, and when it is set you should toss it like a pancake to brown the other side.

As this is very difficult to do, you can cheat by turning the omelette out on to a plate and slipping it back into the pan so that the unbrowned side is done.

Bacalao à la Vizcaina

Bacalao, which is salt cod, must first be soaked in cold water for at least twelve hours. Wash it well under the cold tap and cut into pieces about three or four inches long, removing bones and fins.

Bring to the boil in a saucepan of cold water and simmer for five minutes, after which leave the fish in the hot water until you are ready to proceed.

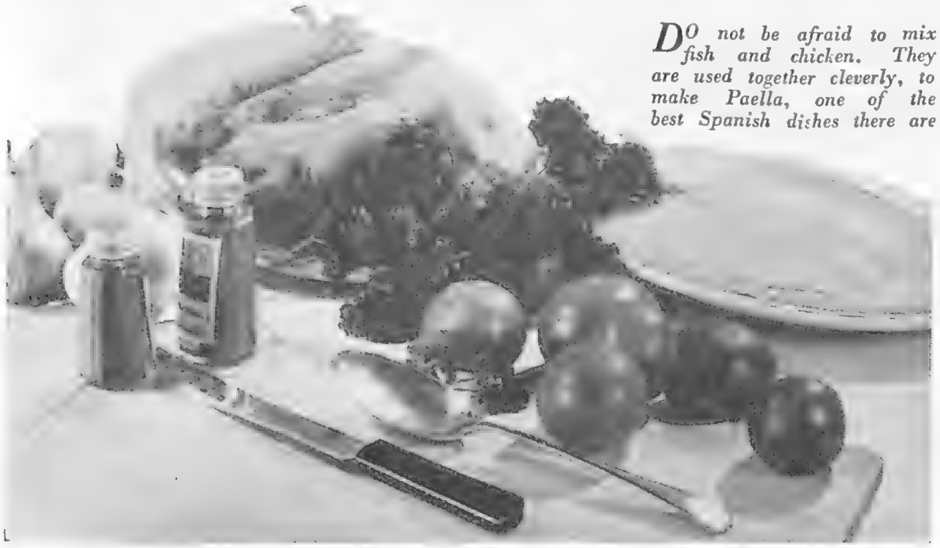
Meanwhile for every pound of fish, take half a pound of onions and half a pound of tomatoes, cut into pieces and cook these together in olive oil or a mixture of oil and butter.

When the vegetables are reduced to a soft pulp, pass them through a sieve into a clean saucepan, add the pieces of fish, well drained, pepper them, cover the pan and simmer for twenty minutes.

Serve in a hot dish garnished with pieces of fried bread and some sweet red peppers which, once removed from the tin, should be well washed under the cold tap in a colander. For this dish do not cook or heat the peppers.

Paella

Do not be afraid of the mixture of fish and meat in *(Continued on page 92)*



DO not be afraid to mix fish and chicken. They are used together cleverly, to make Paella, one of the best Spanish dishes there are

THIS looks like a kitchen in the heart of the country. Actually it is in the heart of London, Canning Town. Many windows make it light and gay, and as they are so decorative they are left uncurtained to let in the maximum of sun and air. One wall is cupboarded from floor to ceiling

HERE is a kitchen in a maidless flat, so bright and pleasant that the owners take breakfast there. The sink is stainless steel, cast all in one with splash and draining boards

On right :

THIS is the kitchen of a small London flat, with all the equipment neatly ranged on opposite walls, saving every inch of space

Planning the *Perfect* Kitchen

Even if your kitchen is old style, a jumbled kitchenette, or a rambling assortment of inconveniences, you can easily convert it into perfection

By

Peggy Winefred Yeomans

THE kitchen is the core of the home, and at last it seems that kitchen planning is receiving the attention it deserves and is being conducted on a thoroughly progressive and scientific basis.

There are kitchen architects to-day whose existence would have been ignored a few years ago.

It must be said for these quietly working, clever people, mostly men, that they are doing their work excellently and performing a great service to modern women.

Only those who have suffered for want of proper kitchen accommodation know the miseries of inadequacy. The good builder of our day collaborates with a kitchen expert.

For the small sum of £15 a perfect little kitchen may be obtained, having for its nucleus a well-designed, cellulosed, all-in cabinet continuing to ceiling and side walls in a series of flush-doored, built-in fitments.

Under the window is the sink with two teak draining boards and a plate rack. There are flush cupboards to hide the unsightly waste pipes.

We will suppose that the cabinet stands centre left with its shelf and fitment running the length of the room above it to the ceiling.

From the window wall to the cabinet there may be a space of three feet, which is utilised by a storage fitment having a porcelain tabletop for working purposes.

The shelf over the cooker, by the side of the cabinet, takes pots and pans. The end cupboard fitment, which comes to the outside wall at the sink end of the kitchen, should be fitted with a perforated protected window or an aperture covered with zinc netting.

Such an arrangement gives everything needed by the small family and provides pleasant and adequate working room—floor space 8 ft. 9 in. by 5 ft. 9 in.—with ample storage accommodation for utensils, stores, crockery, plate and kitchen tools.

A neat, shallow unit on the opposite wall takes brooms and ironing board, with shelf above for cleaning kit; while the vacuum cleaner is stowed in the cupboard beneath the work-table.

A refrigerator, either gas or electric, according to the cooking unit, may be installed for a reasonable sum.

In such an attractive kitchen as this, and in all kitchens planned on this modern principle, dust-traps, muddle and accidents are obviated, while order, efficiency and cleanliness are invited.

An old-style kitchenette could easily be converted into such a kitchen, while with a new home it should be planned and completely prepared before possession is taken.

Stainless steel sinks, cast all in one with splash and draining boards, are the newest thing in kitchen wear; rather expensive, but smart and hygienic.

There are sunk-in taps that pull out and, of course, the new chromium-plated taps with swivel-mixer and a soap holder above.

It is nice to have soap and cleaning material niches in the tiled back of the sink and a sanitary refuse can near by with an automatic pedal opener, coloured to match fitments.

I have just made the acquaintance of an engineer-designed, efficient mangle, perfectly in keeping with the modern kitchen.

It is a two-speed machine with two different ratios; the top gear has a direct drive similar to that of the ordinary wringer-mangle and the lower gear has a reduction of about 4 to 1, which has obvious benefits.

By using this lower gear it is possible to wring and mangle the very heaviest and clumsiest

(*Continued on page 132*)

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Hoofprints in Dust

(Continued from page 21

to his wife and child. Waited, sitting in the sun, watching the two trail-tired horses moving away to the waterhole. But he did not go near where they had passed in the dust. He was afraid to see those tracks.

After a long time, Dave came out of the house, and sat down near him, rolling a cigarette and passing his pouch to Pat. They talked for a little while about their work, widely separated in that arid land, and Pat tried not to see that Dave's eyes uneasily watched his face when he questioned him about his movements. But Pat's replies were casual; Dave smoked for some time in what seemed an untroubled silence. And when his eyes frowned again, it was over a trouble he had no reason to conceal.

"I'm worried about that little nipper, Pat. I reckon to pull out for Brisbane to-morrow or next day. Maybe to-morrow. It's bucked Jess up just to think of going."

"Yes," Pat said. He purposely refrained from mentioning the money for the trip, because of what he might see in Dave's face. "How do you reckon to pull out of here—take the buckboard ?"

"I don't know. Maybe it'd save time if I patched up the old truck. There's enough petrol left in the shed to last till I can get more."

"That might be the best plan," Pat nodded. He went with Dave when the latter rose to go and see what shape the truck was in. They worked on the motor all the rest of that day. It was something for Dave to do, and it kept Pat's mind off something, too—the horses Dave had used, and the tracks in the dust.

Pat remembered another day a month back when Dave had ridden in, and it had been such a day, bright and clear—but terrible with an unvoiced dread. Pat knew that now, though then he had not sensed it—only something tired and haunted about Dave, which he had put down to the worries that were upon them both. Dave had always had his depressed moods. But now—Pat cursed silently, impotently, as he thought of those tracks in the dust.

At sunset he said: "It looks as if we'll get a wind to-night some time," and he saw the flash of hope in Dave's eyes as he looked to the west.

"Yes, looks like it," he said. "It won't do any good with the land so dry." He tried to make his voice sound despondent, but he did not succeed. If that wind came, the tracks in the soft, curry-like dust would not matter any more.

But the wind did not come that night, and at dawn the wind signs had vanished from the sky. The tracks, as if made but a moment ago, ran backwards into the desert till the eyes lost them in the heat glare. But somewhere out there they were running back and back—the imprints of unshod hoofs, four newly pared and four with broken edges. Pat had seen them now. Something stronger than his will had taken him to them. Tracks that no wind blew away. Tracks that remained to mock Dave.

The sun climbed higher, and the heat waves shimmered. In the house a woman was making ready for a journey; in the shed, where two men still worked on the battered, dusty truck, an ancient engine spluttered and limped into a nervous rhythm of hammered pistons.

Dave got in and drove the truck out and round to the house. He left it there and went inside. He was inside five or six minutes—long enough for Pat to see two specks in the distance materialise into riders.

Pat stood motionless, watching them. His body was numb. He didn't know whether to go in and tell Dave. "What's the use ?" he thought. The end was inevitable now, whichever way it happened; it was written for any to see—as plain as those tracks in the dust were plain to see. Dave was out of luck; there had been no wind.

When Dave came out he was carrying the bags Jess had packed. He carried them to the truck, and Pat still stood by, silent, watching the riders. He could see now that one was black and one white—a trooper and his black tracker; his last flickering hope—scarce a hope—went out. Like the light in Dave's eyes when, standing by the truck, he looked out on the track.

He stood motionless, looking. Pat saw his face, and he never wanted to see a face so grey and beaten again. Dave's eyes shifted to the hoofprints in the dust, and then looked at Pat.

And in that moment Dave knew that Pat knew. And also he knew that Jess knew, as she came out with the baby in her arms and saw the riders.

Pat noticed the look in her face when she turned to Dave. He saw Dave try to bear up under the blow of his knowledge.

"You better go back inside and wait, Jess," Dave said finally. "I reckon—I won't be ready for a while yet."

Jess stood as if she had not heard. The baby cried a little in her arms, and she rocked with her body, hushing it. Dave turned as if the infant's cry had gone to his heart. He seemed to be moving toward the woman and child, but his eyes went to the riders again.

Pat stepped up to the truck and stood near Dave, and Dave turned his eyes to him—eyes that were a little veiled, a little defiant, a little pleading—the glance of one who felt he had to be left alone; to stand alone.

"Dave," Pat said, "there's a little kid there, and a woman, that both need you. Otherwise I wouldn't say it—but get this: Whatever the fix is, admit nothing; if you've got to, deny it. Hang on through thick and thin, that way, see ? I don't know what hope there is, but—"

"Hope ?" Dave said. His dry lips had instinctively begun to bluff; but the mask ripped from his face. "I reckon it's no use foolin' you, Pat—tryin' to. You saw them tracks—hell, Pat, what chance have I got ?"

"I don't know. But just hang on—the way I said to. If there's any chance, it's there."

"A miracle," Dave said, "is all that could help me, I reckon. I've played a fool's game; but I took the risk with my eyes open; it ain't no use kickin' now, only—"

"Yes, Dave," Pat said. "It's hell with a wife and kid, and all. But you've got to go through with it—this part of it. You can't quit now without addin' to the evidence—and there's enough, lord knows. You don't want no more." He looked at the trooper, riding toward the stockyards with his black tracker. At the yards the trooper drew rein and dismounted. "The cop's comin' up on foot," Pat said. "You better go and meet him. Remember what I said, old man—and keep a stiff lip."

"I'll try," Dave said dully.

He went off, making an attempt to pull his scared being together, to bluff.

Pat watched him meet the trooper and the two stand talking. When he turned his head Jess was still there, with her bloodless face, and her figure dressed for travelling. Pat felt a catch in his throat. He wanted to say something comforting, but there seemed nothing he could say. She seemed to understand.

"I reckon it's no use," she said. "I—I better go in and change. We won't be going now."

"It don't seem like it." Pat saw that she was crying. "Don't let that trooper see," he said. "It won't do Dave any good."

WHEN he was alone, standing by the truck Dave had loaded with the baggage, he saw the trooper and Dave move up from where they had been standing.

The trooper stopped at the truck, and began a search. Dave went on into the house. The trooper found nothing. The tracks in the dust—and Dave—were enough just now, anyway.

"You and Rourke partners here, are you ?" The trooper knocked his pipe against the truck and refilled it. Pat did not know him; he had not been long in the district.

"Yes," Pat said. "Have been these six or seven years."

The trooper lit his pipe, and drew on it silently, looking toward the house with a little frown, as if thinking of Dave—something connected with Dave. Pat felt that he wanted to ask him questions, but wasn't quite sure about him, whether his attitude would be hostile or not. "You know why I'm here," he said to Pat. "I'm taking your partner back with me."

"Why ?" Pat asked. He listened to the trooper's reason in silence.

"You say those tracks led here," Pat said after a moment. "But how'd you know it was my partner came in with those horses ? It might've been anybody else. Did the fellers who had the opal lifted off them see the thief well enough to describe him so's you'd know him ?"

"He wore a bandanna mask," the trooper admitted. "I went by a general description and what my police boy said about his tracks."

"The horse tracks ? That don't prove who rode 'em."

"The foot tracks. Lean, light-built man, the black said. That's your partner. You're heavier in build. I knew for other reasons—the way your partner took it. He couldn't hide what it meant."

"Still, you might be mistaken."

"Not much chance. Unless you confess to doing it." The trooper looked at him half seriously.

"You're sure them tracks you followed end here ?"

"Yes. My black can prove it when he's tracked the horses to where they're grazing. I've left him to that job now."

Pat noticed that the tracker had left the yards. Though they were not visible, the horses were grazing with a mob half a mile away along a gully.

"You don't know what became of the opal, do you ?" the trooper asked.

"I don't know what's become of anything," Pat said. "It's nothing to do with me. But if you're so darn cocksure it's something to do with Dave—well, I reckon it's your business now. You go ahead."

"Meaning I don't get any help from you ?"

"What help do you need ?" Pat said. "You seem pretty sure you're right. I still reckon you can't be sure who came in with those two horses."

"I can be sure enough," the trooper told him. "Since that first hold up a month ago I've been watching the trail. There's not much risk of a mistake."

"Well that's all right," Pat said. "You don't have to worry." The trooper was nettled by his tone.

"No," he agreed, "it's somebody else that'll have to do the worrying; in a way, I'm almost sorry it isn't you."

He turned as Dave came out of the house. Pat heard him say: "I'm mounted, so it's no use taking the truck; you'll have to saddle up, and ride with me."

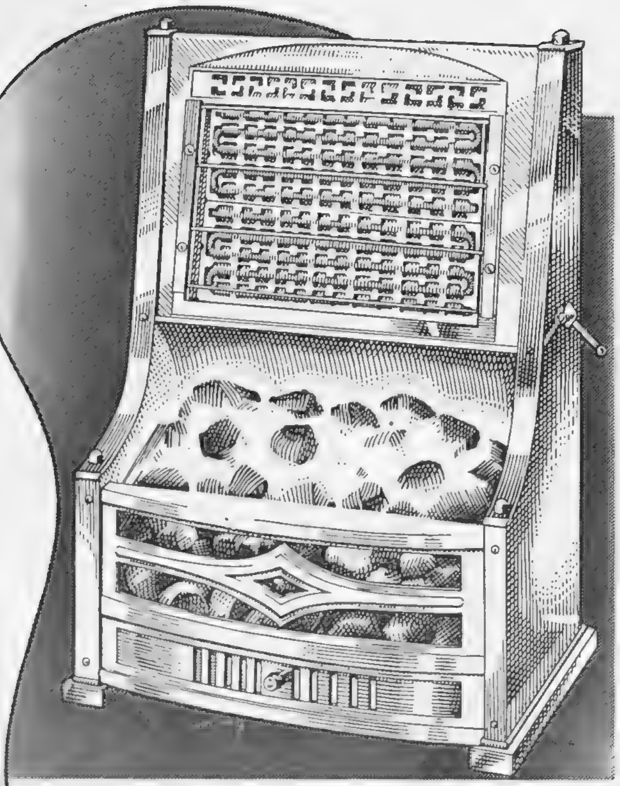
They went off to the stockyards. Pat remained by the truck, watching for the appearance of the black who had followed the horses' tracks from the yards.

In a little while he showed up out of the gully, driving before him the bay gelding and the chestnut mare Dave had used that last fateful trip from the station.

He led the horses into the yards, where the trooper and Dave were waiting. Pat could see the trooper turn to Dave, and knew what he was saying. He would be watching Dave's face, while he questioned him, there in the yard with the horses Dave had used. Also, the horses were to be used again, the black was saddling the gelding for Dave to ride out, and the pack mare would go too. The horses were part of the evidence against Dave.

(Continued on page 72)

WHY *is this Electric Fire proof against 'shorting'?*



This is the "Howe" Portable Fire—one of the many good-looking Carron Portables. In Art Silver, Copper, or "Cromatt" Fabric Finish.

CARRON Electric Fires are *trebly* protected against the dangers and expense of breakdowns due to short circuits. Special 'non-sagging' elements are fixed in such a way that they cannot meet and 'short.' A porcelain terminal block eliminates all possibility of the flex perishing as a result of overheating—a fault so frequently met with in ordinary electric fires. Finally, the element wires are made of an unusually high-grade non-corrosive alloy which gives them an exceptionally long, trouble-free life.

EVER since electric fires were first invented, they have been made (and continually improved) at the famous Carron Works at Falkirk. They are produced in many different styles, both portable and fixed, to suit every requirement. Carron Electric Fires are recognised by architects and builders as embodying the ideal of "fitness for purpose"; they are beautiful to look at, supremely well made and finished, and, being proof against 'shorting,' they cost nothing for upkeep. *That* is why you should insist on having Carron Electric Fires in your home.

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They left the stockyards with the horses and came toward the house for Dave to get his pack sacks. When, a few minutes later, Dave and the black tracker were mounted, the trooper held back a moment, talking to Pat.

" Listen ; I know it must be one or the other of you. I know it's your partner. But supposing he panics and puts something on to you—not intentionally, but in a momentary weakness. It could easily look bad for you."

Pat looked at him " What do you want ? " he asked.

" Will you tell me where Rourke was between the 17th and 21st of last month and the 18th and 22nd of this ? "

" I don't know," Pat said.

" But he wasn't here at home on and between those dates ? "

Pat hesitated, but answered : " No."

" You would swear to that in court ? "

" Yes."

" That's all I wanted." The trooper turned and mounted. Pat thought he saw a little contempt in his eyes.

He was sure he saw more than a little in the eyes that were fixed on him when he went to the house—contempt and a sort of horror mingled with incredulity.

" Pat—you, Pat, to twist like that on Dave . . . . You've as much as jailed him."

" What would you've had me do ? " Pat said. " Swear a false alibi ? " But the contempt increased in her eyes.

" You did it in cold blood, Pat. You didn't even protest. Dave had a chance—just a little chance—then you stood there and condemned him."

Pat's lips moved as if he would say something in self-defence, but anything just then would sound lame ; and from the loathing in a face where he had always seen friendliness, respect, he turned away with a numbed, sick feeling. He went to the door and watched three riders diminishing in the heat haze. They vanished at last over a rise, and Pat turned to the truck, still waiting in the sunshine with the pitiful array of baggage Dave had loaded in it.

The trooper had looked everywhere but the petrol tank. So Pat looked there. He fished out a length of rubber hose, corked securely at each end ; then another length similar to the first. These contained the pick of the stolen opals ; the rest Dave had cached somewhere.

Pat took the two lengths of hose to the saddle shed and put the stones in a chamois bag, which he placed in a pack sack.

TWO days later he rode out of the stockyards and was gone eight days.

When he came back there was no welcome in Jess Rourke's eyes.

" I thought you'd stay away," she said. " I'd hoped it."

He nodded slowly. " It looked a low-down thing I did to Dave ; but what I said then was just what later I might have had to say in court. You see, Jess, it was the truth ; Dave was away those two times—and you and I know where. But the troopers don't—not now. Anyway, they aren't so sure.

" The main thing is they've got no proof. So I rode back to tell you—I've just heard they've let Dave go——"

" Pat ! " Her face was white, but relief and gladness—and doubt still—showed in it. " You're sure—— ? "

" I reckon there can't be any mistake. Something's happened to throw doubt on Dave's guilt. Everybody was kidding themselves that the robber had been caught and they started to bring opal out without bothering about precautions on the track.

" Well, while Dave was there in jail, there was another hold up. And it looked like the same man that did it—a feller with his face masked with a black bandanna, and using the same methods."

Jess Rourke was looking at him intently, wide-eyed as if with a new fear.

" You—Oh, Pat ! "——"

" It was the only way," Pat said. " If I'd said it was me and not Dave when the trooper was here, he'd most likely not have believed me. Dave had a look of guilt for all his protests, but I reckon they'll forget that now. The trooper'll remember, though, that when it looked like a show down, I was pretty quick in making things look bad for Dave. Well, I reckon that now'll look bad for me."

Jess was silent for a long moment. " Dave couldn't do it, Pat—let you go to jail in his place——"

" Dave's not going to be sure it was me that pulled the job until I'm caught, unless you tell him—and when he knows, he'll do it—for you and the baby. You see, I'll be jailed for that last hold up if I'm caught, and that goes whether Dave gives himself up for the first two or not. So he can't help me ; and with him and me both gone—well, it needs one of the two to look after you and the kid, and it's Dave's job. You see "—his dark, sun-lined face, stained with the dust of the desert, relaxed in a slow, wistful smile, " you gave it to him three years ago . . ."

" But—oh, Pat "—her voice broke. " It's too terrible—you having to do this——"

" No," Pat said, " it's just bad luck. Anyway, Dave's out ; and I am too—till they get me. Look there, now——"

She followed his glance to the doorway ; the skyline was dark with wind-driven dust.

" There she comes to blot out my tracks," Pat said, " and give me a gambler's chance . ."

END

Stepsons of France *(Continued from page 23)*

straightening its back every now and again to take a swill of water. Water is about all one can afford when the pay is a penny a day.

I have seen the Legion on the march, a white canvas cover over the pre-war French shako, and when the sun burns one can unbutton the back of the cover so that it protects the nape of the neck. When there is fighting to be done in the French possessions it is invariably the Legion which is in the van, and the insurgent Arab, Syrian or Annamite gets the Legion where the Legion gets the sun. When the fighting is over and the French civilian authorities step in and quickly change foe into friend, then up comes the " road " and the Legion takes off its tunic.

Back at rest in Sidi there is nothing to do but stroll around, and in the evening walk around the little public garden and listen to the Legion band, which ranks with the band of the Garde Républicaine as the foremost French military band. When the African night quickly falls and the band plays its selections from operas and inspiring military marches, a motley crowd mingles with the strolling legionnaires. Jewesses—there are many members of this ancient race in Sidi—walk by looking at the soldier stepsons of France, around whose unit there is such a romantic glamour. Spaniards, members of the large Spanish colony of Sidi, and Arabs abound, all listening to the band. Back to barracks and lights out. To-morrow there may be road-making or an insurgent tribe to subdue in the far-away Atlas Mountains. It is only when road making that life in the Legion is dull.

Sidi-Bel-Abbês is about fifty miles from the sea, but the ridge of mountains, only a blue smudge on the horizon, forms a sinister barrier between the headquarters and the goal of escaping legionnaires ; many learn what these mountains mean to men without money, compasses or friends.

One night, while listening to the band, I fell in with an English legionnaire who, like most men who joined the Legion, had taken a fancy name. His real name was Maurice Edward Proctor and he came from Norwich. He had been a bugler in the Royal Fusiliers had had a " spot of trouble," and had deserted. After five months in the Legion he tried to desert, was caught and given two weeks' prison. Proctor calls himself Arthur Roberts in the Legion ; when in the British Army he met a man who said he had served his five years in the Legion and was a mine of information.

Arthur Roberts bought a week-end ticket to Boulogne, proceeded to Dunkirk and then to Sidi. Roberts had purchased a book on how to learn French, but in Marseilles he met an Englishman and bartered the book for a revolver and 25 cartridges. On arrival at Sidi Roberts received £8. A man who, having completed five years' service, signs on for another five years receives a grant of £12. For the first eighteen months of service a legionnaire is paid about a penny a day, and then it is increased to 6s. 10d. a fortnight.

The barrack rooms are full of notices telling the legionnaire he must not do this or that under penalty of prison. I know a case of a man who went to prison because he accidentally touched some wet paint.

A Leeds man named Maxie has deserted twice from the Legion ; he deserted with Roberts and they were both caught. Roberts was punished with a fortnight's imprisonment, and Maxie with six weeks. The longer a man stays in the Legion the longer the imprisonment if he is caught deserting. Legionnaires tell me the average attempts at escapes are 500 a year, but not more than one per cent. ever get free.

Roberts and Maxie left Sidi with neither money, food nor compasses. They hid in the day time and walked at night. Roberts had the revolver he had secured in Marseilles, but he became scared when some Arabs noticed them, so he buried the revolver. Later in the day the two escaping men were overtaken by the Arabs. They were riding in a motor car with two gendarmes and two plain-clothes policemen. The two deserters were rounded up at the point of the revolver, handcuffed to each other and taken back to Sidi and prison.

The Legion prison cells each hold three men ; there is a stone " bed " for one man, but the other two have to lie on the floor. Incidentally, Maxie made his fourth escape from prison, and I understand he reached Leeds.

The French Foreign Legion started life in 1445 as a company of Scottish Gendarmes which acted as Palace Guards to Charles VII of France. As king followed king the foreign palace guards were added to by appointment of Stradiots (Albanians), Lansquenets (Germans), English, Corsicans, Croats, Spaniards, Irish, Hungarians, Italians, Swedes and Swiss. When the French Revolution occurred foreign troops were abolished.

A year after the Revolution the National Assembly published a decree which established the " Free Foreign Legion." Foreigners from all over Europe flocked to the Legion and fought under Napoleon Bonaparte. The next step in the fortunes of the Legion came in 1814 when a Colonial Foreign Regiment was created, but this only lasted a year. Louis XVIII created a Royal Foreign Legion, but in 1831 this was disbanded, and in its stead was formed a regiment open only to foreigners who had applied for French naturalisation. Applications from thousands of foreigners continued to pour in, men who cared less for naturalisation than a fish does for an apple ; the result was that in March, 1831, the French Foreign Legion was created. That is the force which has the romance ; the mysterious band of men, stepsons of France, who fight for a penny a day, plus wine and tobacco.

Until the World War the Legion consisted of one marching regiment, and its sphere of activities was confined to North Africa. It carried on tradition for nearly a century. Men slept on campaign with their rifles strapped to their

(Continued on page 75)

The NEW health drink of to-day: Libby's CANADIAN TOMATO JUICE

The Outstanding Value of Tomato Juice

By Professor D. F. Fraser-Harris, B.Sc. (Lond.), M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

RECENT studies have shown us that in tomato juice are to be found all the three vitamins called, provisionally A, B and C. The only other vegetables which contain all these vitamins are raw carrots, among the root vegetables, and uncooked cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce and watercress among the green. The tomato is second to none as a vitamin-source. While even the orange contains much vitamin C (the one which prevents scurvy), it contains practically no vitamin A, and only a trace of B, the vitamin which keeps the nerves in proper condition.

Vitamin A not only promotes growth of the body generally, but, by keeping the mucous membranes healthy, it imparts to the body a distinctly anti-infective capacity. This is quite a recent discovery and one of the utmost value.

As a juice-providing substance, the tomato obviously has an enormous advantage over raw vegetables such as carrots and cabbages, for the juice of the tomato with its slight acidity is quite pleasant to the taste. Thus we have a vegetable product possessing in a most concentrated form all the three vitamins, A, B and C, whose presence in the diet of everyone, but especially of infants and young people, has been proved to be of such immense importance.

Even the infants, therefore, may have their "cocktails" (to borrow that ugly Americanism), in the shape of a few drops of tomato juice in milk. Mothers would be well advised to keep a stock of this tomato juice in the nursery larders. It should be added to pasteurised or to boiled milk, as the case might be.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the tomato contains plenty of mineral salts such as calcium phosphate and salts of the mild and wholesome citric and malic acids. These contribute towards maintaining that state of chemical "neutrality" of the blood so necessary to health. Finally, there is one great advantage which tomato juice has over many other vegetable juices—namely, that it contains no oxalic acid. Those who know how injurious this substance and its salt, oxalate of lime, are to persons of a gouty constitution and to those whose kidneys are not acting too well, will fully appreciate this.

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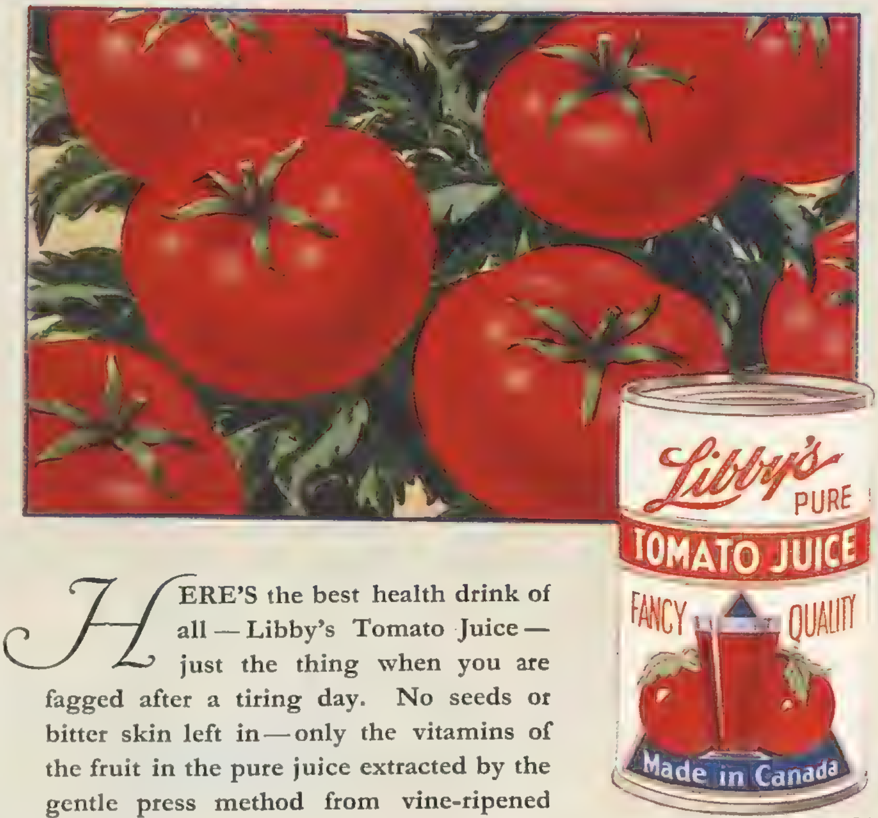

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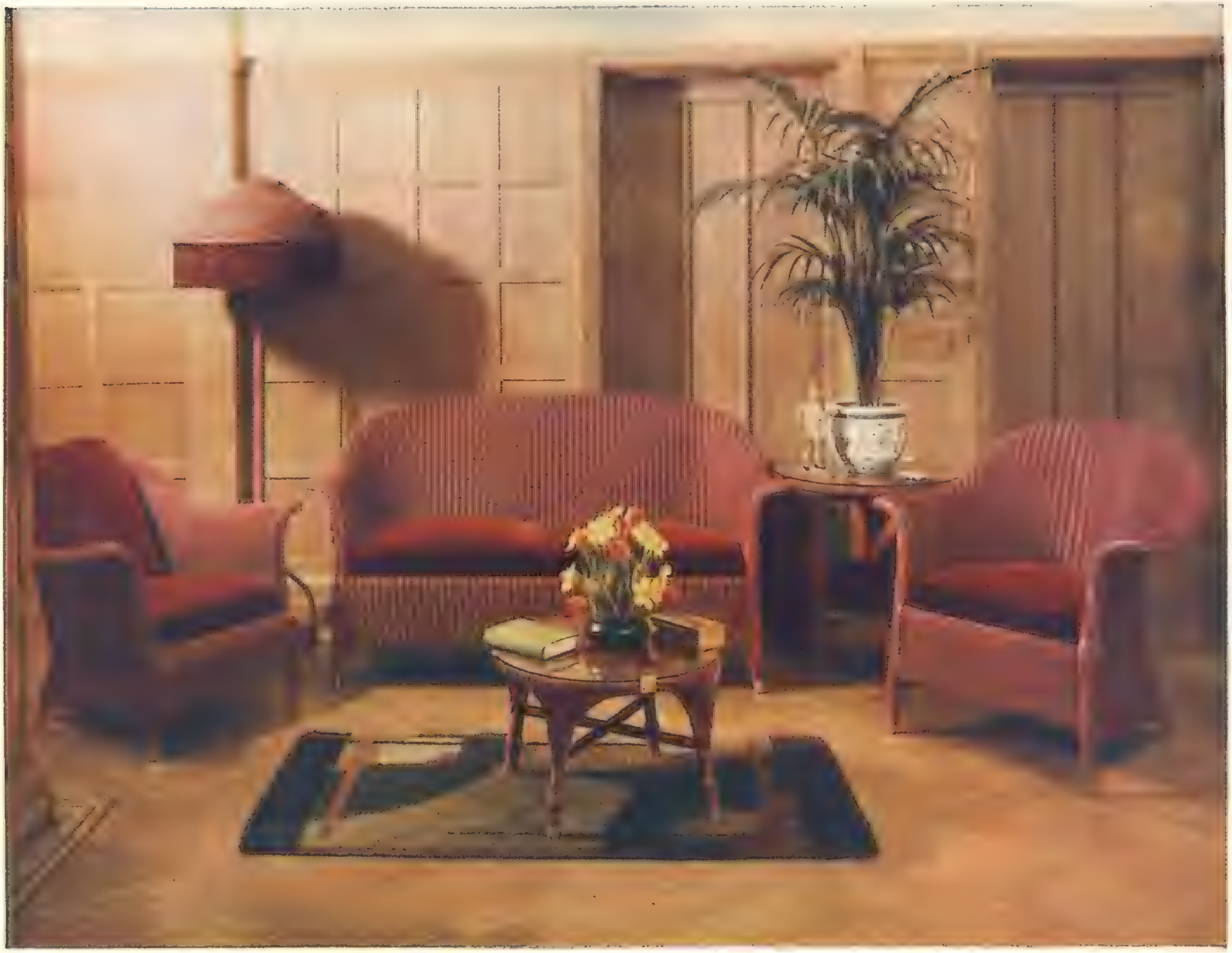

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wrists, and yet Arabs managed to steal them. If a man dropped, he dropped and died. But the World War brought the Legion out of the sun of Africa to Stepmother France.

The nucleus of the second regiment was formed on the evening of July 31st, 1914, in a Paris café. I have good personal reasons for remembering the date. On August 1st, 1914, there was a line nearly a mile long waiting outside the recruiting office in the Boulevard Haussmann. The British residents of Paris who, in July, 1914, feared England would not fight, tried to form a regiment of their own. The Americans did the same. The French authorities said France could not accept a foreign unit, but pointed to the ever-open door of the Foreign Legion. Four hundred and twenty-four Englishmen offered their services, but about 20 per cent. failed to pass the stiff Legion medical test. However, 34,500 foreigners joined the French Foreign Legion at that time. That was the heyday of the Legion, and it has never looked back. There are now two infantry regiments, a regiment of cavalry, and soon there will be another infantry regiment and a regiment of artillery.

Before the war the men who "ran away" and joined the Legion were for the most part deserters from foreign armies, particularly the German, and in isolated cases men who preferred, or thought they preferred, life in the Legion to facing trial for embezzlement or similar charges.

The waves of emotional patriotism that swept the world in 1914 completely changed the Foreign Legion from the semi-romantic body it was to the hard, prosaic, iron-disciplined monkish unit it is to-day. In 1914 it attracted poets like the American, Alan Sieger; the son of Maxim Gorki; the son of Isvolsky, the Russian ex-Ambassador to Paris; Faber, the Luxemburg idol of the cycle tracks; Bob Scanlon, the negro boxer; the grandsons of Garibaldi—all races blended together. Practically all the English who enlisted in the Foreign Legion in 1914 were drafted out within a few months and joined the British Army, but not before they had been in action—six weeks after joining the Legion—and suffered losses.

Before the war ended the stepsons of France saved their stepmother from a blow that would have removed France from the war and made Germany victorious. It is a story which has never been told in detail. It is known as "The Mutiny of 1916." Several French regiments revolted after the abortive attacks on the Chemin des Dames. They refused to fight, and threatened to march on Paris and take charge. The Foreign Legion, aided by some colonial regiments under the redoubtable General Mangin, barred the way to Paris. They quelled the mutiny.

The war over, the Foreign Legion literally pocketed its Croix de Guerre and returned to Africa. But not to piping times of peace. Very soon there was bloody warfare—nasty, messy fighting with an unseen foe—in the Riff. The Legion settled that. Then the Druses in Syria cut communications between Damascus and the sea, so the Legion went to Syria and settled that. One notices that the Legion obtains the most publicity when a "fed-up" legionnaire tries to leave the Legion by the back door, but very little publicity does the Legion obtain, even from Stepmother France, when it comes up at the double and kills off Riffs or Druses.

The World War was a sort of *entr'acte* in the fortunes of the Foreign Legion. In the old days an attempt at desertion was rare indeed. Now it is a very common occurrence. Life in the Legion has not become harder, but the recruits are of softer material, even though they are in the majority still Germans, with many Russians, Danes and Yugo-Slavs. There are very few British left in the Legion, although the other day when I was attempting to buy a copy of *The Times* at the railway station the bookstall-keeper told me he could not let me have it because he retained it every day for a legionnaire.

I hung about to see what sort of a man this *Times* reader in Sidi might be. He arrived. A very precise little man, wearing pince-nez: one can see his counterparts any morning on, say, the 8.42 from any London suburban station. I walked down the dusty street with him. He was taciturn, and with an "Excuse me, I just want to cash a cheque," he dived like a bolted rabbit into a local bank.

A penny a day, and cashing cheques! What is he doing in the Legion? Another Englishman who, when he completes his five years, is going to marry a local girl and settle in Sidi? Frankly, I don't know.

What are they, soldiers of fortune, gentlemen, adventurers, "mugs"? Or just a band of monkish soldiers who, like the friar in "La Poupée," sing, "What care I, let the world go by. . . ."

In any case there is no lack of recruits to the French Foreign Legion. Seventy to eighty join up every week, five hundred *try* to desert every year, but not more than five ever "make it." There appears to be something strange about the figure 5 and the Foreign Legion: 5 years' service, 5 sous a day pay, 500 attempts at desertion and only 5 who successfully cross the blue ridge of mountains to safety and the sea.

END

Paris Fashions, Autumn 1934

(*Continued from page* 56)

stripes of astrakhan woven or sewn on to the tweed.

Maggy Rouff has a brown velvet with frosty hairs on it. Worth shows blue velvet sleeves on a grey wool dress.

Sports suits have jerkins buttoning to the throat, slight width on shoulders, broad revers, straight sleeves, rather wide. There are many waistcoats in suède, velvet, or tweed.

When the coat is short, the waist is belted; but you can also wear the three-quarter straight sports coats with straight skirts, which you wore and liked last spring.

There are loose coats over woollen skirts or frocks. Lucile Paray fastens them up the back, just to make it harder for you.

For day clothes, waists and skirt lengths are the mixture as before, sleeves still elaborate, the smartest length half-way between elbow and wrist. Necks are high, often muffled, and fastening at the back in a little V.

There are still plenty of blacks and rich blues and browns. But purple seems to be the colour to play about with. Every half-tone in the world of purple appears, all over the place, often admirably mixed with the right shades of green. (Though the popularity of purple seems to be no reason why a mannequin at an English dress show wearing a purple dress with purple shoes should have had deep purple nails, as if she had dipped her finger tips into plum juice.)

For what tactless salesgirls irritatingly call a good contrast, when you are dead set on exactly matching some colour, there are oranges, apricots, coppers, geraniums, cerise.

Three-colour combinations abound, often quite startling, like brown, purple and magenta, orange, grey and purple, inky purple, chinese red and pale blue.

The fur for this winter is seal, black or bronze. Otherwise you can trim your winter coat with caracul, astrakhan, beaver, nutria, broadtail or ocelot. Anything flat, though many women will continue to wear those flattering enormous fox collars which seem to make the winter less hard.

If you like that sort of thing, you can dye your fur to match your coat, and know that it is a feature of some houses.

The evening line is slim and straight, voluptuously full, or in between. Molyneux insists on the unbroken streamline, which is lovely if you are as slim as a reed. Otherwise . . . .

If the skirt is not straight and tight, fullness can be anywhere. Some, like Alix, gather it up in the front. Patou bunches it at the back. Schiaparelli has conical skirts held out on ruffled hoops at the hem line, or front fullness with an uplifted hem showing the ankles.

Maggy Rouff has voluptuously full skirts, with prim little bodices, rather like "Little Women" dresses, not to be considered unless you are a reasonably little woman. Chanel also goes for full skirts.

Molyneux introduced the uneven skirt with points at the back and front for evening formality, and diagonally cut above the ankles for dining or drinking time clothes.

Vionnet shows evening dresses completely off the shoulder, with gravity maintained by small jewelled shoulder straps. Flaringly full skirts.

Lucile Paray put two peplums on an evening gown, and a clown's trouser drapery on the hips of another.

Evening wraps are fitting, and widen lightly at the hem. They can be ground or three-quarter length. There are also hip-length late-Victorian capes, some small fitting basqued jackets in materials matching your frocks, in lamé or quilted fabrics.

You can wear these either with a formal evening gown, or over an ankle-length tailored cocktail dress, with a hat. The evening hat with a floor length dress and coat continues to be regarded as a smart outline, and I continue to be against it. Mainbocher shows lots of ankle-length tailored cocktail ensembles, coats, skirts, and blouses.

Highlights. . . .

Sugar-stick knitted jumpers in bright colours, fuchsia shades predominating.

Ample pocket in front of tweed dress, large enough to bring the books home from the library, or even to carry the baby.

Leather belts, in two or three colours, three to six inches wide, some fastened by two or three workmanlike strap and buckle arrangements, some with almost lifesize masks of comedy or tragedy, one with the Apollo Belvedere head. (*Marcel Rochas.*)

Hats . . . Tyrolese hats, reminding you of the schoolroom pictures of William Tell, with a quill stuck in gaily, anywhere . . . pill box types, varying from dead flatness to Cossack height, sometimes made in fur . . . flat tricornes, berets continuing, flower pots, high directoire hats, paper bags and tea cosies. . .a square shape like the cap worn by the Carpenter in old editions of Alice in Wonderland. . .a cap with two rounded peaks like a coronet . . . bicornes in felt, black beaver hatter's plush. Fine reversible velour and velvet. . .a determined effort to trim hats with fur. . .one milliner uses it on toques to give a Thibetan effect, another uses flat tails. . .plenty of old fashioned hat beaver used for high hats and tricornes.

Breast-plate trimmings to dresses of chain mail.

Small silver helmets for evening wear.

A tartan hem on a green skirt; fur trimmed skirts; broad belts on evening gowns. (*Mainbocher.*)

Beaver pockets like money bags; loose ostrich feather sleeves on a black dress; boots of black deerskin, edged with leather. (*Worth.*)

Seal sleeves on a jacket with a Medici collar; sleeves on formal evening gowns. (*Maggy Rouff.*)

Long loose coat of brown monkey with crêpe scarf at neck, short basque jacket suits with basques full in front and stiffened with crinoline lining. (*Schiaparelli.*)

Clips and buttons usually large and metallic or of shiny galalite, or coloured glass.

The baggy back, with a pulled in waistline, amplified by sleeves which are an intrinsic part of the back line, very full and narrowing only below the elbow. (*Lelong.*)

Blouses made from coloured cashmere scarves; divided sports skirt with a square panel hiding the division. (*Creed.*)

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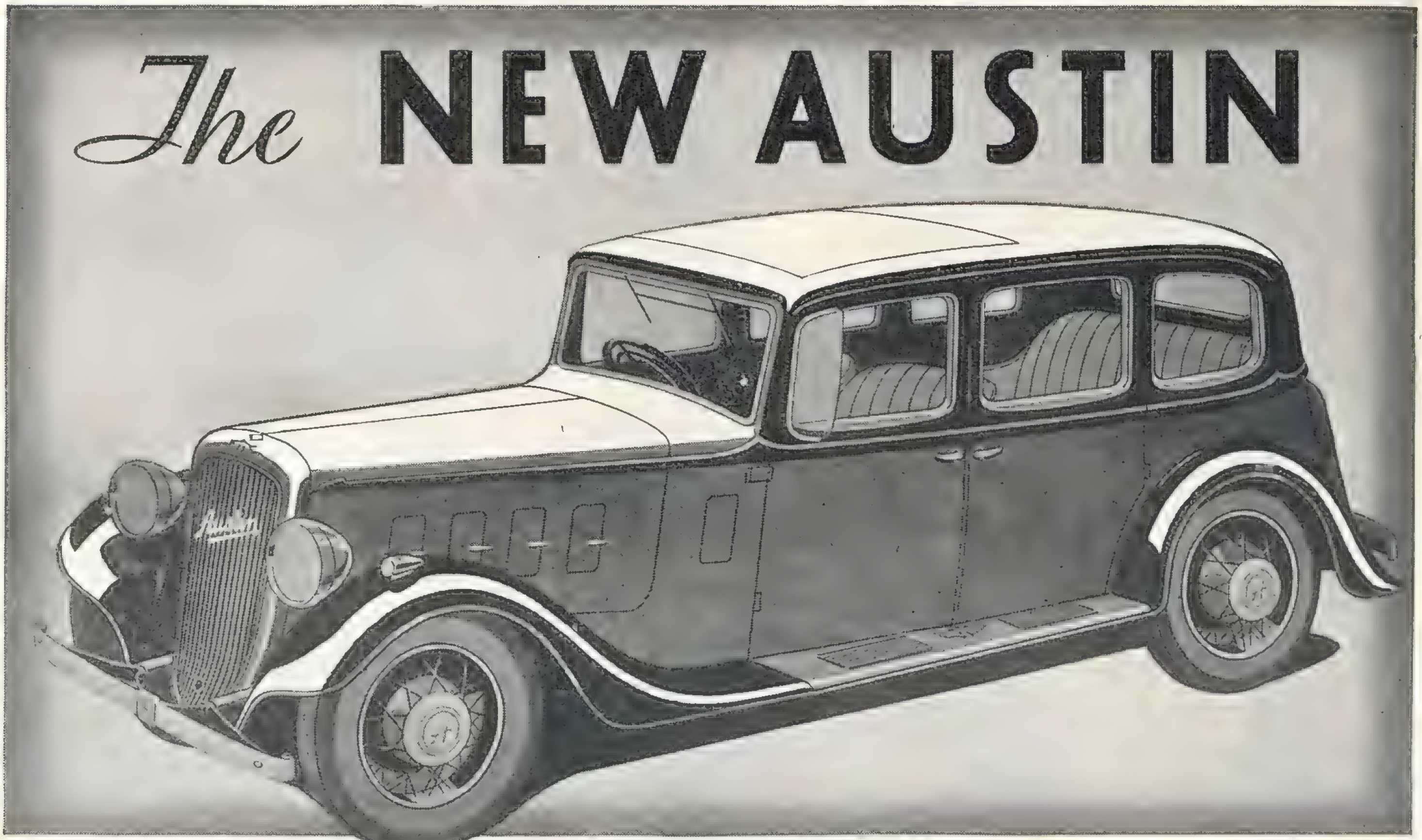

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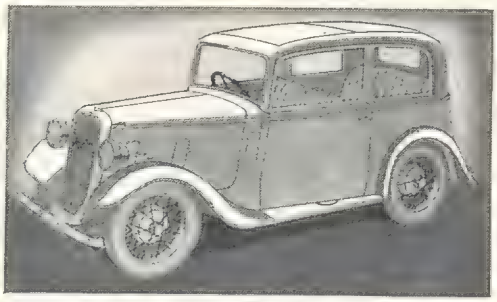

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OLYMPIA *is* Worth Visiting

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is not to be denied that the Motor Show, like all big affairs of its sort, is subject to certain disadvantages. Indeed, the more successful any public exhibition is, the more widely it is bound to depart from the casual spectator's ideal. The really "comfortable" show, with all its exhibits easily visible, would inevitably be a grave financial failure!

The Olympia Motor Show is an established success. Hence, unless we select the hour of our visit with great skill and local knowledge, we must be prepared to find it crowded. Inevitably, also, the crowds will be thickest around those particular exhibits which we are most anxious to study. During the luncheon hour the same sad state of affairs is apt to prevail around the bars and restaurants.

As a result, one of the "safest" of my annual Motor Show prophesies is that some considerable discomfort will be suffered by J. Citizen, Esq., in his attempt to obtain a close view of the new season's models. None the less, I would not dream of discouraging anyone from making the Olympia pilgrimage. I shall certainly be a visitor to the Show myself; and I shall go in the hope of combining pleasure with profit in a not-too-unreasonable proportion.

FOR the motorist who makes any pretensions to a sound knowledge of motor-cars in general, Olympia is unique as a source of interest. I probably have more to do with motoring affairs than most people; yet I should feel that there was a distinct gap in my current education if I omitted to attend this gathering together of practically all the leading modern cars under one roof. There is no other occasion in the year on which one can obtain so comprehensive a view of what is going on in the motoring world.

For example, one may be aware that some new development is taking place, such as the use of more or less stream-lined coachwork for many of the 1935 models. If one merely goes to a few of the leading showrooms, it is very difficult to form a definite opinion of this tendency in design, and to assess the advantages or disadvantages involved.

One goes to see the new X——, and feels, perhaps, that one does not like the look of the body over-hang at the back. One then goes elsewhere to see the Y——. This car seems more attractive to the eye, but surely the back seat is rather unnecessarily cramped? One visits a third showroom to see the Z——. This is rather reminiscent of the X——; does one like it better, or not so well? Or is one's recollection becoming a little confused?

If one goes to Olympia, on the other hand, one can see the X——, the Y——, the Z—— and half a dozen other cars of similar type, all lined up within a few yards of each other. One can adopt the valuable expedient of first making a quick general survey of all the models in which one is interested, and then going round again more slowly, examining the few which seem to deserve closer attention.

To be able to do this is particularly useful nowadays, since cars have become to a certain extent standardised. Among the innumerable 1935 models there are very few which can be ruled out as unsound or unsatisfactory; there are not many which can be classed as superlatively better than the average. For the most part, the motorist has to make his choice from among a whole galaxy of thoroughly sound, entirely efficient motor-cars, no one of which is more than 5 per cent. better or worse than the next.

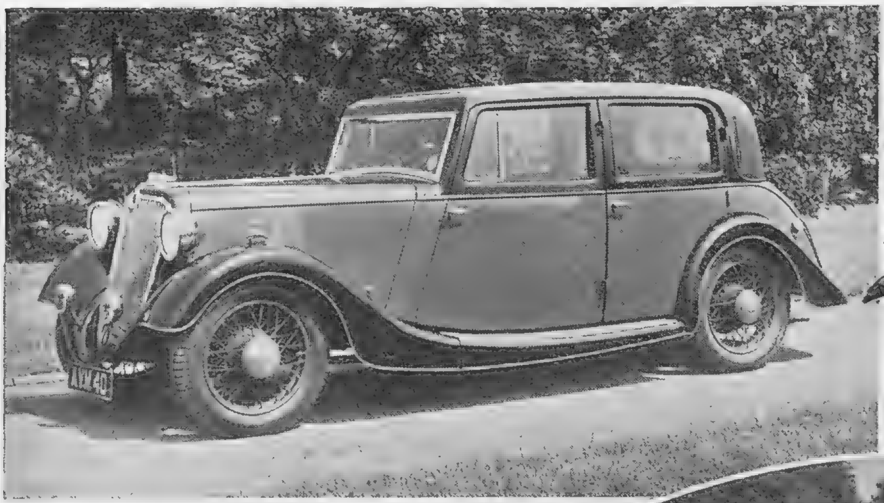
That 5 per cent. difference may seem slight; yet we know very well that it is just such a margin of added satisfaction which makes our friend Brown so well pleased with his car's performance, and the lack of it which causes poor Jones to give vent to so many grumbles. When the thrill of new ownership has worn off, small inconveniences can seem vastly annoying, just as a trifle of additional power or comfort can make for continued pleasure.

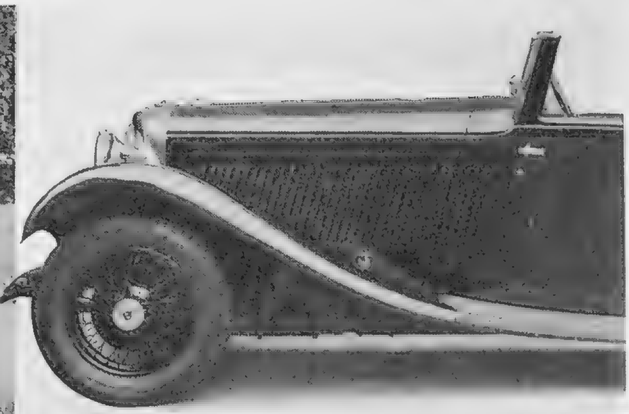
Thus it behoves the intending purchaser of a new car to go very warily. Undoubtedly a few hours at Olympia should be the first step. Afterwards, it is perhaps advisible to go home and turn over in one's mind the various impressions that one has received. When one's ideas have crystallised, as it were, then is the time for visiting showrooms and approaching the delicate business of the final choice.

OF course, there are many thousands of people who visit the Motor Show with no immediate intention of buying a car at all. Their motive is curiosity, but a form of curiosity that is not necessarily "idle." They like to keep in touch with new developments; and it is always well to do so. One day they will come in to the market as serious purchasers, and they will then profit by having some idea of what to look for.

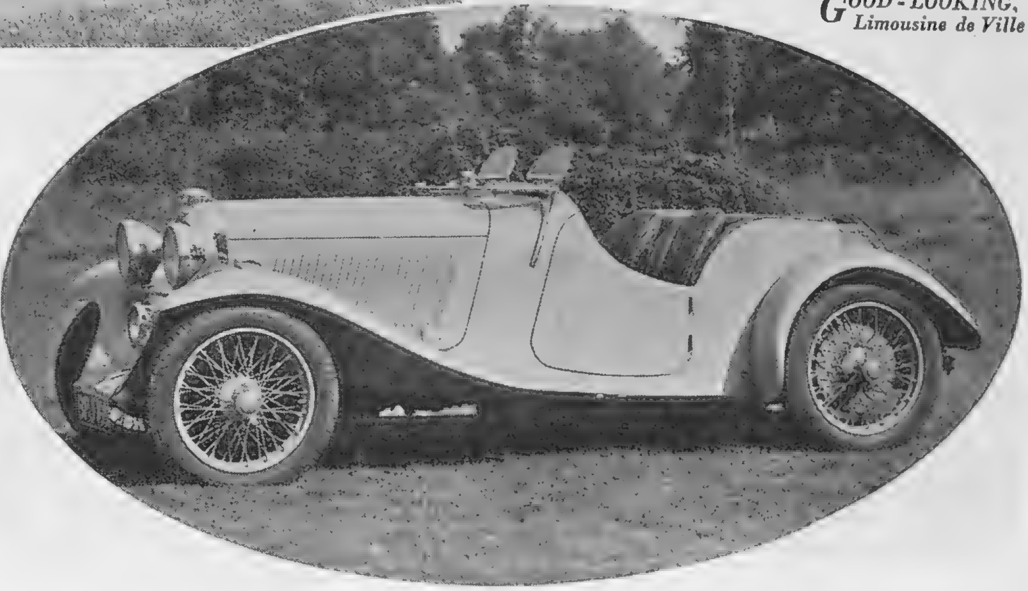
Besides, it is amusing to follow out the current trend of design, and to try to forecast what the next move will be. For example, an intelligent visitor to Olympia in 1932 might well have been moved to prophesy the extinction of the then conventional gearbox and its replacement by some sort of foolproof unit. The same person to-day would have the interesting experience of observing how far his intuition has been justified.

For all these reasons, a visit to the Motor Show remains very well worth while. Even the crowd, although its jostling may be an inconvenience, is an invariably good-humoured one. Incidentally, there is no other gathering at which one unexpectedly bumps into so many old acquaintances.





GOOD-LOOKING, yet
Limousine de Ville body



Above:

A NEW Crossley model. There is nothing about this 10 h.p. "Regis" saloon to suggest the small car except, perhaps, its price, which is fixed at the moderate figure of £325

Right:

THE Lagonda "Rapier" is a small sports car which gives a remarkable road performance. This new two-seater model is a speciality of Messrs. Warwick Wright Ltd.

New Motoring Developments for 1935

The Models for the Coming Season are full of interest—and temptation—for the discerning Motorist

I SUPPOSE that every visitor to the Motor Show is on the look-out, primarily, for something new. Some of us are thinking of buying new cars; others may be interested in new mechanical ideas, or rather—more commonly—in new applications of already well-established principles. Some may even go in search of new material for articles such as this! At all events, it is novelty of some sort which forms the underlying attraction.

Needless to say, there will be plenty of new developments to see and study, although not necessarily of a wildly spectacular nature. To the casual eye, it may seem that the 1935 models look very similar to those of 1934. It will be necessary to peer a little bit beneath the surface to detect the various tendencies that are at work, gradually but surely influencing the design of modern cars in certain well-defined directions.

It is natural to think first about engines—and here we shall find a distinct tendency towards higher powered units. As always, there will be plenty of small cars on view; but the most popular type is likely to be the "sixteen" rather than the "twelve." The comparative popularity of large and small cars varies to a certain extent in accordance with the general state of prosperity, now somewhat on the up-grade. In addition, for the coming year, we have to take into account the 25 per cent. reduction in the rate of horse-power tax.

We must not exaggerate the value of this reduction to manufacturers of large and medium sized cars. The form of the tax remains unaltered, and its influence must continue to be wholly bad. It is still financially advantageous to use a small, long stroke, high speed engine; and it is still profitable to use four cylinders rather than six—six cylinders rather than eight. All the old objections persist: it is only in as much as there is a lower rate of payment called for that the motorist may decide in favour of the larger power unit.

I must not, however, be lured into a diatribe against my favourite *bête noire*. Suffice it to say that the makers of 16, 20 and 25 h.p. cars will have some cause to be grateful to Mr. Chamberlain, if only as a small boy might be grateful for receiving a teaspoonful of castor oil in place of the expected tablespoonful!

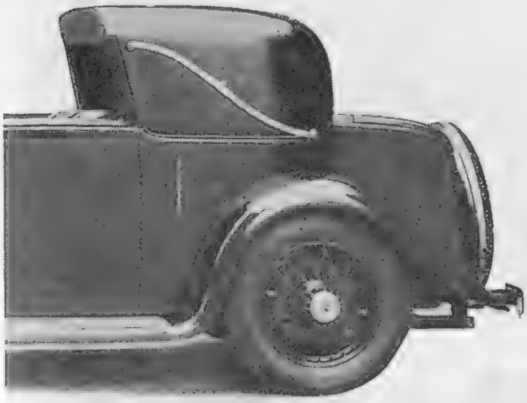
AS to the design of engine, both the overhead-valve and the side-valve type will be well represented. The difference in power output is not very great, and side-valve construction retains the advantage of greater simplicity.

One most significant change will be the very rare use of sleeve-valve engines at this year's Motor Show. It will perhaps be the first Show for a quarter of a century at which sleeve-valve units will have played only a trivial rôle. The fact is that the slogan "Sleeve valves for Smoothness" has lately lost much of its force—the high-class modern engine being so excessively smooth, no matter which valve system it employs.

Where gearboxes are concerned, we shall see what is practically the culmination of a movement which has been going on for several years, its objective being the abolition of old-fashioned gear changing, and the substitution of semi-automatic gear engagement for the skilled manipulation formerly required. We shall find almost every car equipped with one or other of the three main varieties of fool-proof gearing.

Probably the most widely used form of gearbox will be the synchro-mesh type; and in many cases the simplifying mechanism

for "Britannia and Eve" by The Earl of Cardigan



practical, this 3½-litre Bentley is fitted with a Foursome by Messrs. Barker & Co., the eminent coachbuilders

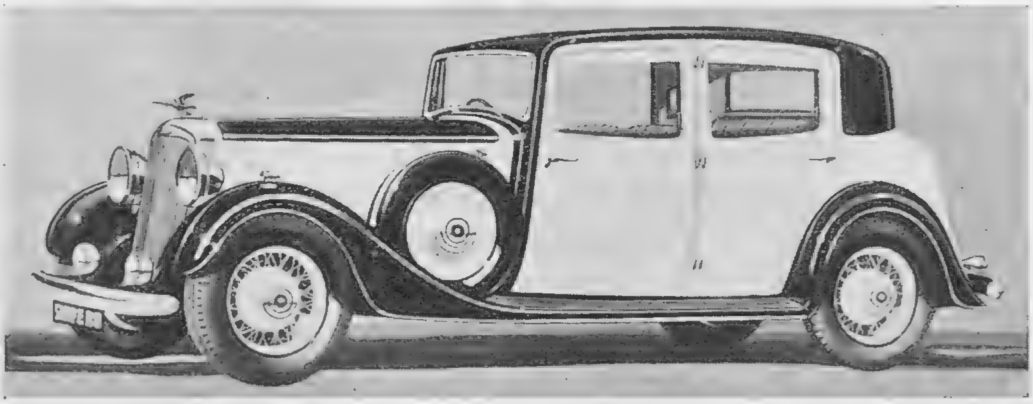
By The Earl *of* Cardigan

will be applied to second, as well as to third and top gears. The great advantage of synchro-mesh, apart from its already proved efficiency, is that it adds nothing "new fangled" to the conventional process of gear changing. It merely surreptitiously corrects any errors which the driver may make.

Another type of gearbox which will be widely employed is, of course, the pre-selective variety. This has been considerably improved of late as regards silence of operation, particularly in "neutral." In many cases, such a gearbox will be assisted by a fluid flywheel—the effect of this combination being that the car so fitted can be driven almost exclusively by means of the accelerator and brake pedals only.

There will also be many instances of a free-wheel device being employed to assist gear-changing. In some cases, this will eliminate the necessity for using the clutch, other than for starting purposes. All free-wheel cars, naturally, possess the additional quality of being able to "coast" automatically whenever the accelerator pedal is released. Not every driver appreciates this latter facility; and therefore provision will be found in all such cars for "fixing" the free-wheel whenever its assistance is unwelcome. Sometimes, also, the free-wheel may be fitted in conjunction with a synchro-mesh gearbox, in which latter case easy changing will be doubly assured.

There *may* (and in this I will freely admit that I am drawing a bow at a venture) be a few examples of the fully automatic gearbox—the sort which will make its own changes without any human aid whatsoever. This form of gearing, however, is still more or less in its infancy. I myself have driven only one car so fitted; and my impression then was that I was dealing with a device having remarkable possibilities, but which would require very careful application to suit it to the ordinary driver's requirements.

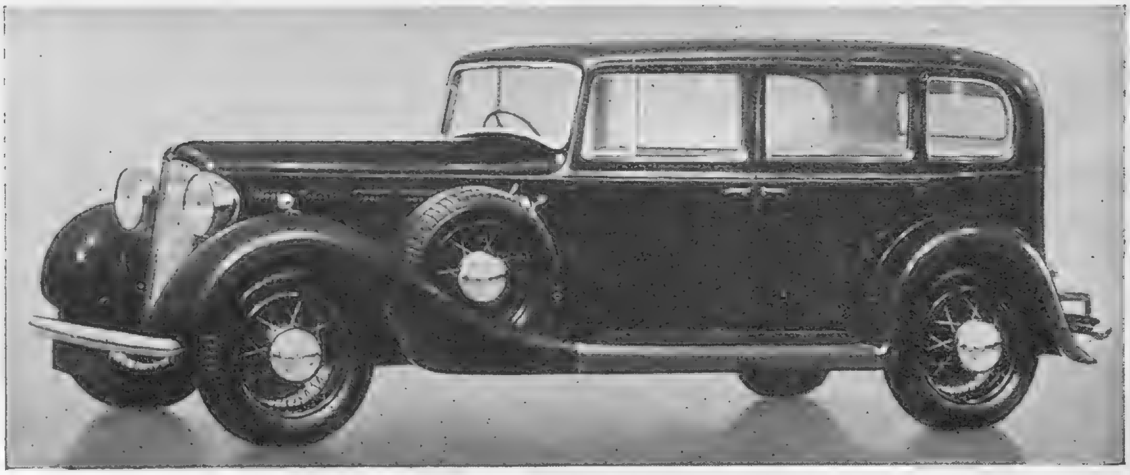


ONE of the most popular of Humber models—the Snipe "80" sports saloon. This high-powered car now pays only an £18 tax

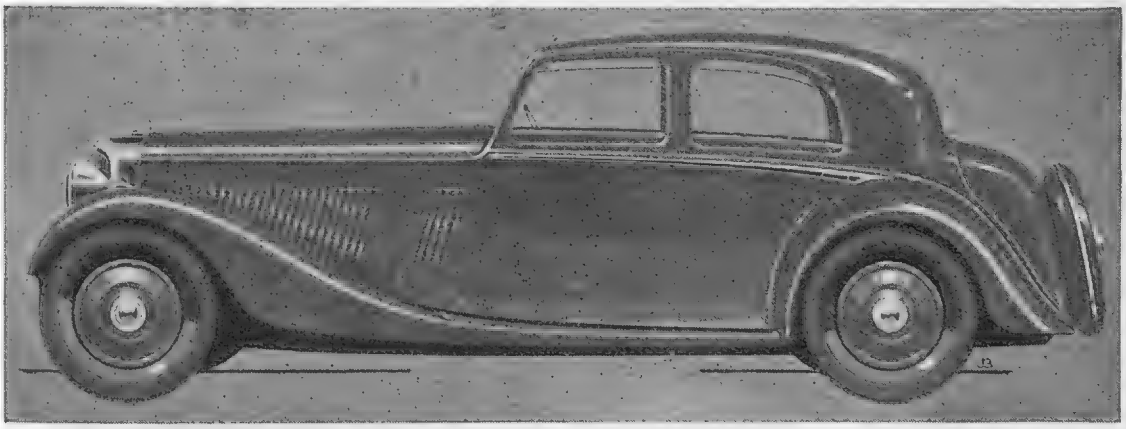
LOOKING round the chassis of the 1935 cars, we may see some interesting developments in the matter of springing. The majority of manufacturers, no doubt, will remain faithful to the semi-elliptic spring which, with the aid of shock absorbers, has proved itself to be very uniformly satisfactory. There may be a few instances of springs transversely set, and of other such variations; but departures from orthodoxy will not be very common.

Easily the most striking of springing novelties will be the independent treatment of the front wheels in certain chassis. The Americans, always apt to coin an expressive phrase, have christened this "knee-action" front-wheel springing. In effect, the principle is to let the front axle be hinged at its centre. Each wheel can then move, subject to the action of its own individual spring, without affecting the behaviour of the other. In other words, a pot-hole, when struck by one of the front wheels, tends to jar only one quarter of the chassis, instead of the whole front half of it.

This independent front-wheel (*Continued on page* 85)



AN attractive example of the new Hillman cars. This seven-seater limousine sells at a remarkably moderate figure. Note the new design of radiator



NEW 3½-litre Bentley, fitted with special sports saloon by Vanden Plas, to be exhibited on their Stand, No. 44, at Olympia. This car has already been purchased by Messrs. Jack Barclay Ltd., the well-known officially appointed Rolls-Royce and Bentley retailers

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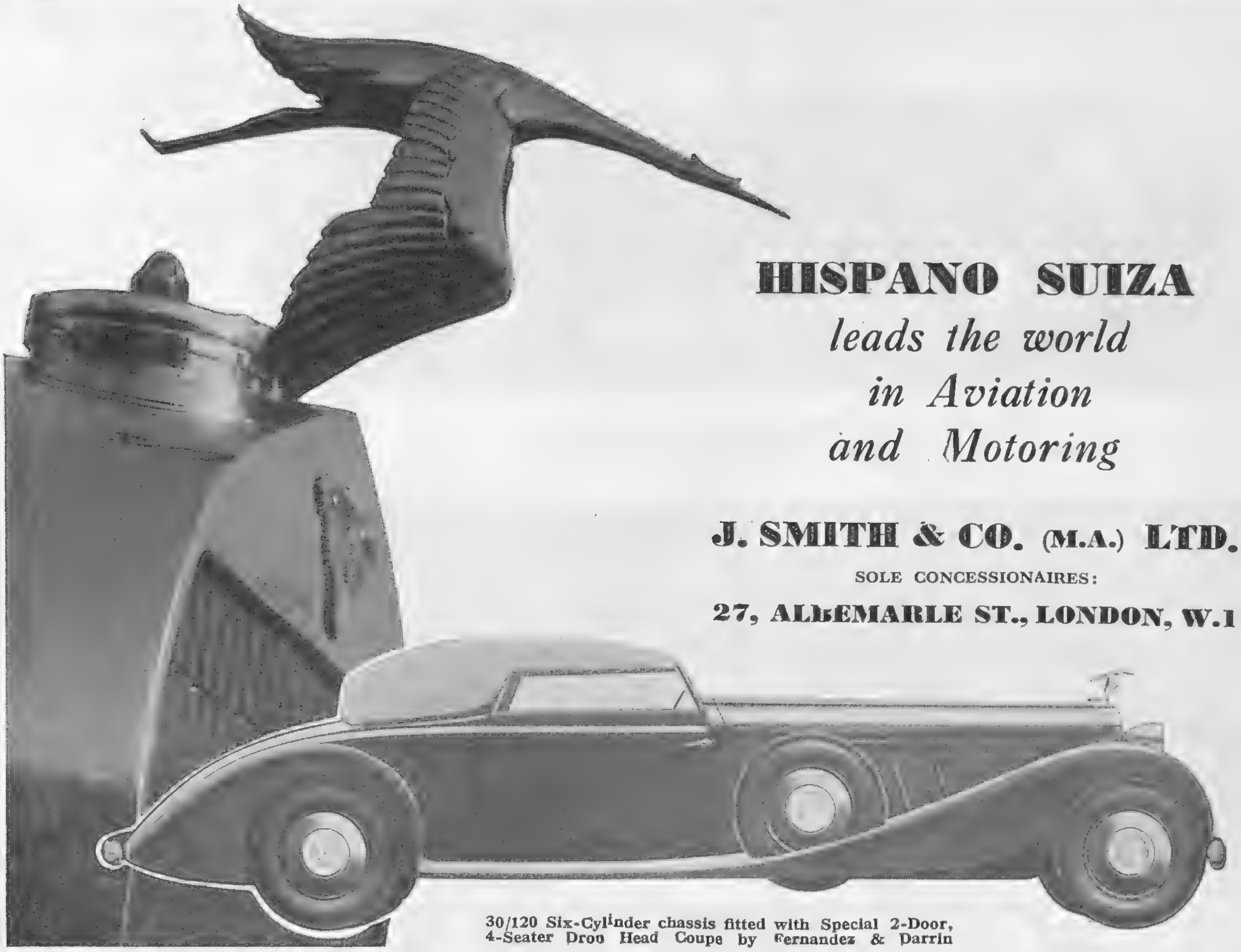

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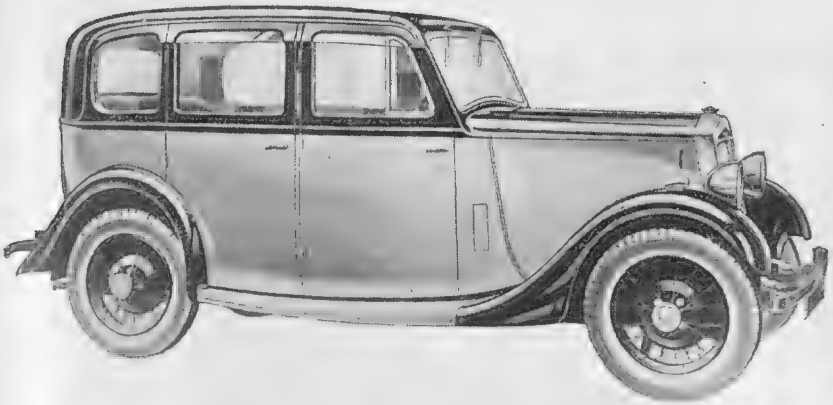
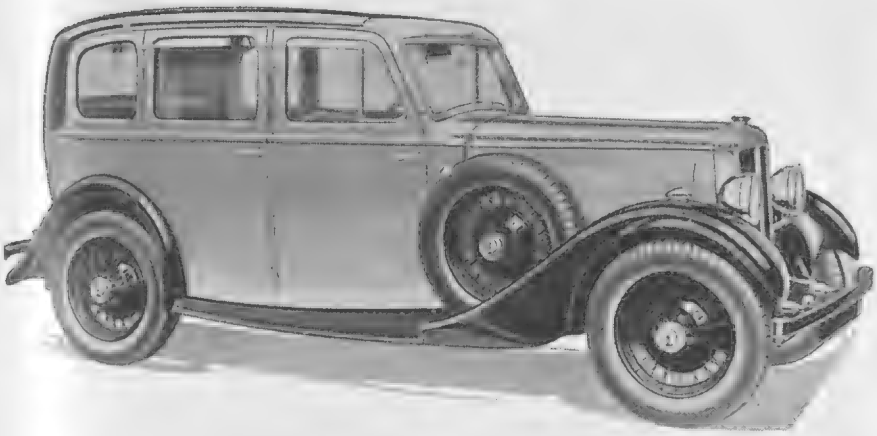
What Leading Manufacturers are Doing

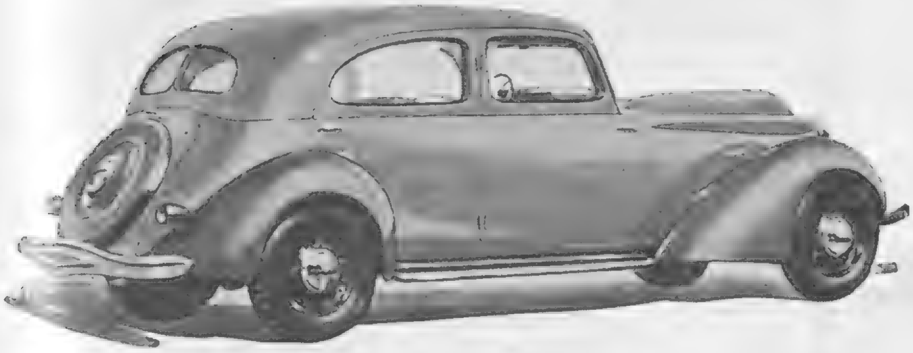
By The Earl of Cardigan



THIS 10 h.p. Lanchester is fitted with a Daimler "fluid flywheel" and pre-selective gearbox. The saloon model costs £325



THE new Daimler 15 h.p. saloon, with overhead valve engine. It is priced at £450



THE Hupmobile five-seater four-door Victoria: a new model of interesting stream-line design

IT is naturally quite impossible, within the compass of a few pages, to give any detailed account of the individual cars which will be shown at Olympia. The most that one can do is to pick out a few leading examples, and to show what some of the larger manufacturers will be doing in the way of exhibiting their new models.

In some cases, at the time of writing, exact information has not been made available. Thus, of the Rolls-Royce and Bentley stands, it can only be said that the already well-established models of these famous makes will be continued with, of course, such improvements in matters of detail as will bring them more than ever up to date and in keeping with modern tendencies.

On the Austin stand, No. 108, a number of new and interesting features will be in evidence. The most obvious will be the new, slightly rounded, type of radiator. On all models, in addition to the synchro-mesh third and top gears formerly employed, second gear also will be a synchro-mesh ratio. This is a development which all drivers should appreciate.

Coachwork will also be largely improved. The smaller cars of the Austin range will have new De Luxe saloon bodies. On many models, the back seat will be adjustable for angle and, therefore, be universally more comfortable. Prices in general remain unaltered; but the famous "Seven" has not only been improved in several respects, but is also listed at a lower figure. There is a two-seater model at only £100, and a saloon at £112.

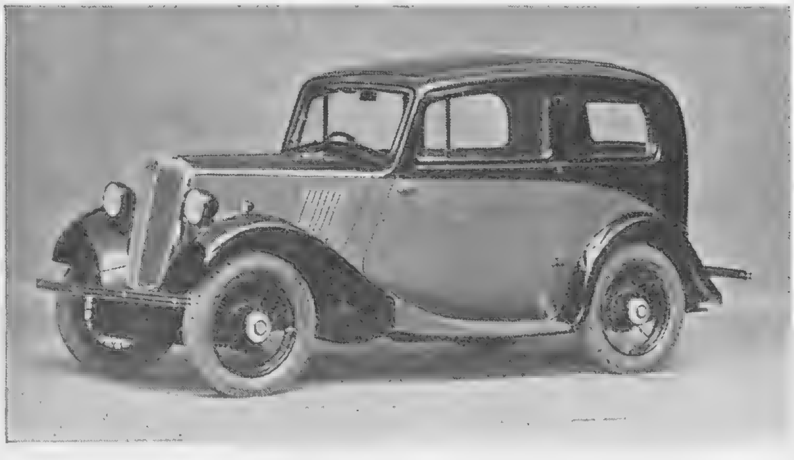
Among the Morris exhibits (Stand No. 109), there will be one interesting newcomer, to be known as the Morris "Eight." This little car will supersede the familiar "Minor," and will have a slightly larger engine. Its power output will be considerably greater, and it will carry more comfortable coachwork. The two-seater will be priced at £118, and the saloon at £120.

Eight seems to be an important figure in the Morris 1935 programme. Eight types of chassis are being manufactured, ranging from the small car already noted to the big 25 h.p. model. In some cases, *e.g.*, the 16 or 20 h.p. Morris Oxford, alternative engines are available at the same price; and there is always a choice of many body styles. Thus an exceptionally wide field of motoring requirements is covered.

ON the Vauxhall stand, No. 101, the two main types will be known as the Light Six and the Big Six. The latter in particular will attract attention, as being one of the most modestly priced of 20 h.p. cars. Into the same chassis a 27 h.p. engine can be fitted without extra charge; and there is a saloon model available at only £325.

It will be remembered that the Vauxhall Company was the first to use synchro-mesh gearing; and this excellent gear-changing system is retained in the 1935 models in most efficient form. An important coachwork feature is the "No-draught" ventilation, by means of which fresh air can be obtained in all the closed models without a direct draught being caused.

(Continued on page 83)



THE new Morris "Eight." This attractive little car now replaces the "Minor." Its price is £120

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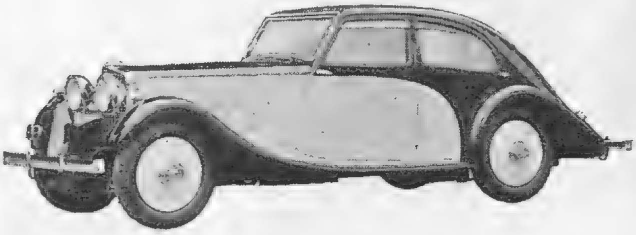

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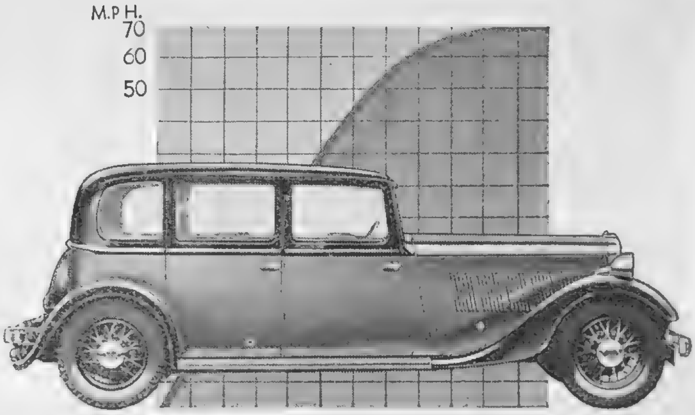
1935 ROVER TESTED



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	ROVER 10	ROVER 14
ACCELERATION from standstill to 50 m.p.h.	19-2/5 secs.	17-1/2 secs.
SPEED - - -	66.7 m.p.h.	69 m.p.h.
BRAKING - - -	100%	100%

> ***"The engine ran smoothly and quietly up to the highest revolution speed obtainable and showed no signs of tiring after covering several laps at full throttle. The cars are extremely easy to handle—Braking deserves special praise, as it proved readily capable of recording an efficiency of 100 per cent. . . . it would appear that with these brakes the theoretical limit can be definitely overstepped."***

(a road test of the new Rover 12 will appear shortly)

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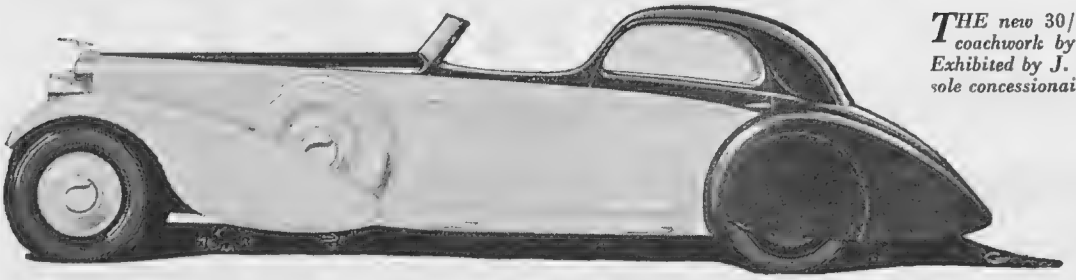
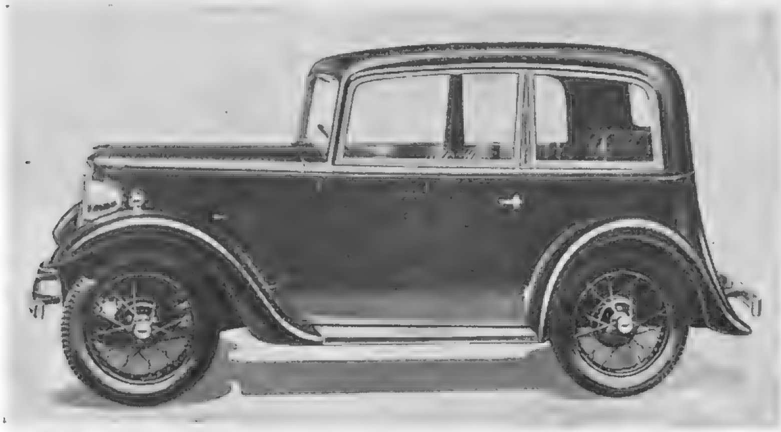


THE new 30/120 Hispano Suiza, long chassis coachwork by Fernandez & Darrin of Paris. Exhibited by J. Smith & Co., Motor Agents Ltd., sole concessionaires for Great Britain, Stand 102

ONE of the most popular of Rover models. This 12 h.p. saloon is priced at £278

The Rover display (Stand No. 103), will be one which should not be missed. Four-cylinder cars of 10 and 12 h.p. will be shown, and six-cylinder cars of 14 h.p. There is also a "Speed Twenty" model available. There are numerous excellent chassis features to be noted, among which is the automatic lubrication system —also the easy jacking device. The four-cylinder engines run with exceptional smoothness, and give a very vigorous performance.

Rover coachwork in all cases is of high quality, as may be gauged from the fact that many coachwork competitions have been won by cars of this make during recent years. Prices throughout the 1935 range are very reasonable. For example, the 14 h.p. six-cylinder saloon costs only £298.



THE new Austin Seven. This model, known as the "Ruby" Saloon. is priced at £120

AMONG the cars from overseas, a leading place must be taken by the Buick, on Stand No. 131. This car, as imported into England, is a Canadian product, for which Messrs. Lendrum and Hartman are the concessionaires. All Buicks now are eight-cylinder models, ranging in size from 28 to 35 h.p. One is thus assured both of ample power and of great flexibility of running.

Among the many new features available for 1935, the "knee action" front-wheel suspension is surely the most striking. Independent suspension of the front wheels is not a complete novelty in motor car design, but it has only recently been brought to perfection. The Buick people have admirably illustrated the principle of the thing by showing, in their catalogue, a drawing of a man standing on uneven ground. By bending one knee he is able to maintain a well balanced, upright position. To a lesser extent, this is a perfectly fair example of how a "knee action" car may benefit in steadiness when passing over an uneven road surface. Prices range from £490 upward.

THE new Standard models will be seen on Stand No. 111. Five different chassis are being built, of 9, 10, 12, 16 and 20 h.p. In every case a number of new and attractive features will be included, a notable example being the use of synchro-mesh for second as well as for third and top gears. To the 12, 16 and 20 h.p. models, a permanent four-wheel jacking system will be fitted. The smaller cars will have instead, special pads placed accessibly at front and rear.

Standard coachwork will in many instances be of striking appearance, having a semi-streamlined form. Prices will, as usual, be on an extremely moderate scale, a 9 h.p. saloon, for example, being listed at £145, and a 10 h.p. saloon de luxe at only £195.

A group of cars of more than ordinary interest will be seen on the stands of the Daimler-Lanchester-B.S.A. combine. On the Daimler stand, No. 138, perhaps the centre of interest will be the recently developed 15 h.p. model. This is a car of moderate size, having a 15 h.p. overhead-valve engine. It has also, of course, the well-known fluid-wheel system of transmission, in conjunction with an epicyclic pre-selective gearbox. Gear changing is thus entirely foolproof; and it is also possible to achieve an infinite degree of flexible running without any risk of inadvertently stalling the engine.

A number of attractive body styles will be available, including a good-looking sports saloon. Prices will range from £450 upward.

On Stand No. 121, the Lanchester exhibits will, of course, include the 1935 version of the popular "Ten." This is a car of more than ordinarily generous dimensions, having a distinctly impressive performance. The engine is of four-cylinder overhead-valve type, and the transmission is similar to that used by the Daimler Company.

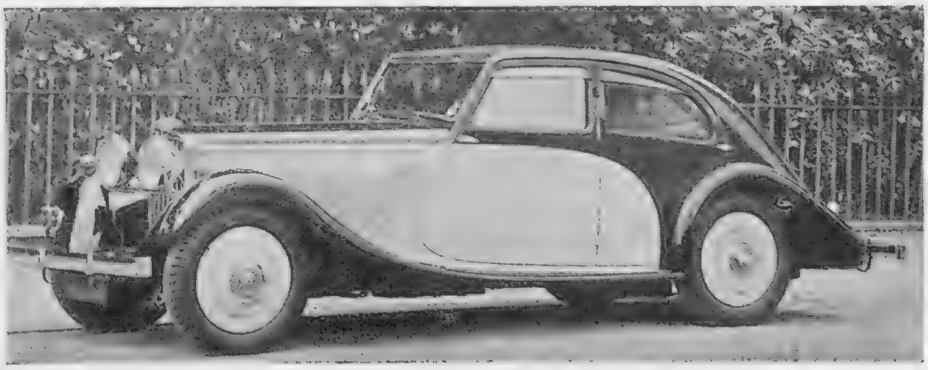
This small Lanchester, naturally, was not designed to be a cheap car. None the less, it is quite moderately priced in view of its high quality, a saloon model being available at £310.

On the B.S.A. stand, No. 110, will be seen another 10 h.p. car selling at a more popular figure. This small B.S.A. has a side-valve engine, but includes the same system of fluid transmission as is fitted to the Lanchesters and Daimlers. It is of comfortable dimensions—particularly so in the case of a saloon model fitted to a special long-wheelbase chassis. The latter is priced at £245, whereas the ordinary all-steel saloon sells at only £210.

Another stand on which there will be much to see is that of Humber, Ltd., No. 122. Here, as on the Hillman stand (No. 124), a wide range of cars will be on view, mostly of substantial size and power, and all listed at very reasonable prices. There will be no radical changes, but minor improvements are numerous.

The Humber "Snipe" is one of those cars which will no doubt gain in popularity owing to the reduced horse-power tax. From 1935, it will pay only £18 per annum, and there is a saloon model priced at £475. The standard of Humber coachwork is excellent, and there are also luxurious Thrupp and Maberly bodies to be obtained for the large Pullman chassis.

In a show where streamlining is much in evidence, the Hupmobile exhibits are sure of attracting a great deal of attention. The 1935 Hupmobiles are very fully streamlined, *(Continued on page 85)*



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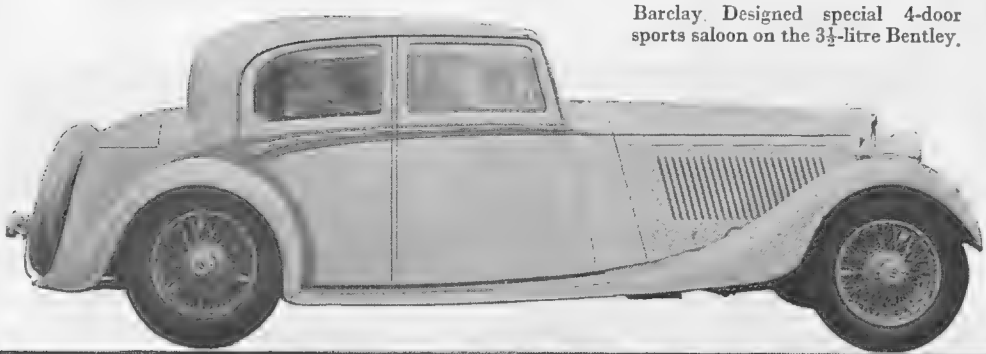

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What the Leading Manufacturers are Doing

(*Continued from page 83*)

and their efficiency in this respect must be high. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a better streamline form being achieved until such time as manufacturers decide to build cars with engines at the rear.

The new Hupmobiles have engines of eight-cylinder type, giving a very high power output. Improved road-holding is another valuable quality which should be noted. Incidentally, the coachwork is in no way cramped, even in the case of the most pronouncedly " aerodynamic " models.

The Sunbeam stand, No. 134, will display new and improved editions of already well proved and popular models. Thus the Sunbeam " Dawn," introduced last year, will have more stylish coachwork and many new refinements. This is a most attractive 13 h.p. car, having synchro-mesh gears and independent front-wheel springing, which sells, in saloon form, at £425. The Sunbeam " Twenty " will be slightly increased in capacity and power—without, however, exceeding the 20 h.p. R.A.C. rating. The new " Twenty " saloon will be priced at £725, and pay a £15 tax.

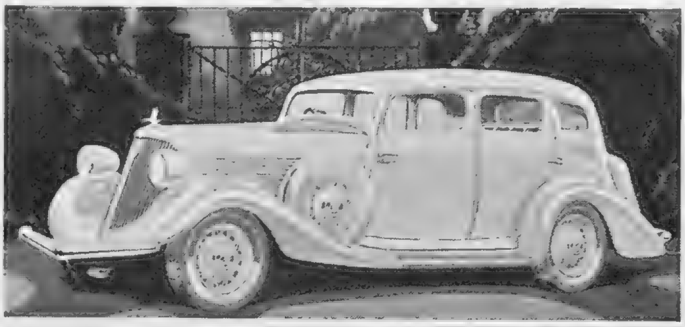
The Talbot Company (Stand No. 112), will be showing two very interesting brand-new models. One of these will be of 3½ litre capacity—a larger and more powerful car than the existing " 105." It will have pre-selective gears and a permanent jacking system, and a remarkable road performance is predicted for it. A sporting " air-line " saloon is selling at £850.

The other new model is known as the " Luxury " limousine, and will live up to its name in carrying seven passengers with ease and comfort. This car can be supplied with a larger engine, of 24 h.p., and costs £895 complete.

A small sports car of unusual interest will be on view on Stand No. 144. This is the Aston Martin, which has a 12 h.p. four-cylinder engine of very high efficiency. It is definitely intended for the sporting type of driver, and is built throughout so as to stand up to really hard road work. To this end expense has not been spared in using the best material and employing the most careful workmanship. The chassis price is £535, and the attractive open touring model costs £640.

On Stand No. 100 two main types of Crossley cars will be on view. One of these is the 2-litre model, a 16 h.p. " six " which combines an excellent performance with unusual refinement of running. A pre-selective gearbox is fitted, giving a moderately high top gear and very useful third. The saloon model is distinctly good looking, and costs £695.

The Crossley " Regis " is a smaller car, having a four-cylinder 10 h.p. engine. Here also a pre-selective gearbox is fitted, giving perfectly foolproof operation. Attractive lines have been well combined with comfort in the saloon model, the price of which is £325.



THIS Studebaker "Dictator" Saloon de luxe represents first-rate value for money at £335

THE New Riley "Falcon" Saloon on the 4-cylinder 1½-litre chassis, which sells at £335. *This price includes pre-selecta-gear transmission*

On Stand 118, the Riley exhibits, as usual, will be both interesting and attractive, including a number of carefully streamlined saloon models. The ever-popular " Nine " will be retained without any major alteration, and the Riley " Six " also will be outwardly unchanged. In the latter case, however, the six-cylinder engine will be larger than formerly, and of substantially greater power, the Treasury rating being increased to 15 h.p.

There will be one brand-new model, which is sure of attracting considerable attention. This is the 1½-litre four-cylinder car, rated at 12 h.p. In design, it is generally similar to other Rileys, and its métier will be to provide greater space and comfort, with of course higher speed, than is attainable with the 9 h.p. chassis. Its maximum speed is in excess of 70 m.p.h.

Among Transatlantic cars, the new Studebakers, on Stand 123, should not be overlooked. Here we have several large and comfortable models, ranging in size from 25 to 30 h.p. The smallest of these cars is a " six," selling at a remarkably low figure. In saloon form it can actually be bought for less than £300

The two larger models are both " eights," and are very luxuriously equipped. Even so, prices remain reasonable, and the most expensive Studebaker to be seen at the Motor Show—an impressively streamlined car—will represent excellent value at less than £500.

Altogether rather over fifty makes of car will be on view at Olympia. Most of these, naturally, will be English ; but there will also be Italian, American and French makes represented. Truly, the conscientious visitor will be hard put to it to make a comprehensive study of them all !

New Motoring Developments for 1935

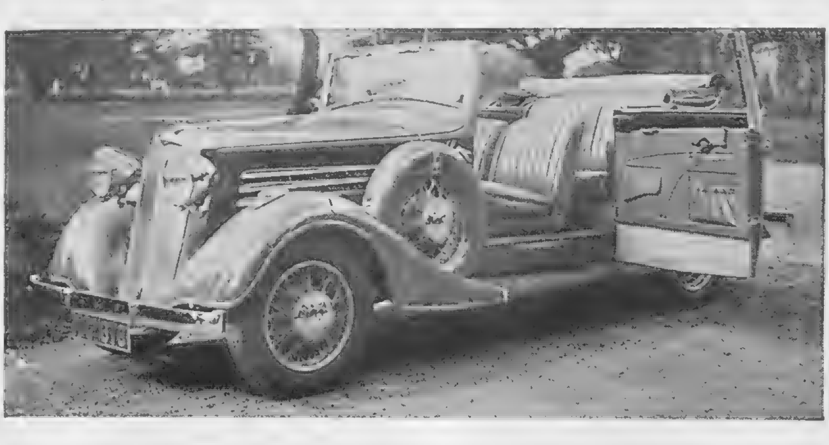
(*Continued from page 79*)

suspension is a system which has been tried out in this country for a good many years, latterly with increasing success. To prove the advantages of it, one has only to drive the front wheel of a car over a fairly high kerb. If each front wheel is free to move independently, the car is affected by the bump to a much smaller extent. There is real utility, therefore, in the new impetus which the Show will give to this branch of springing development.

In the matter of braking, the servo-assisted, mechanical type of brake will be the most commonly employed.

The novel feature of many 1935 bodies will undoubtedly be the " streamline " effect, which designers will try to incorporate. There will be quite a few cars of the fully streamlined type, and many others with a modified tendency towards streamlining.

Without wishing to adopt a superior attitude, I am bound to say that there will be a good deal of " bogus " streamlining to be seen. This is perhaps understandable when one realises how extremely difficult it is to achieve a really scientific streamline form within the limitations which the orthodox motor chassis imposes.



A GOOD modern example of all-weather coachwork is this Tickford Foursome Coupé, built by Messrs. Salmons & Sons, and fitted to a Vauxhall chassis. The head is raised without effort by turning a handle

The subject is a very complex one ; but one may state definitely that, in order to achieve good streamlining, a vehicle must have its greatest bulk in front, tapering thence gently towards the tail. The ordinary car, of course, has just the opposite shape. Its bulk is all at the back, no matter how keenly coachbuilders may endeavour to disguise the fact. Hence, to streamline it properly is virtually impossible.

None the less, there is a real urge in evidence towards the true streamline form.

Here is a very interesting question. Will this urge have the effect of influencing chassis designers towards the rear-engined car ? The latter is at an immense advantage where streamlining is concerned. It is only prejudice which has kept it in the background for so long. Are we seeing the first signs of a revolution which will, in a sense, turn our cars back to front ?

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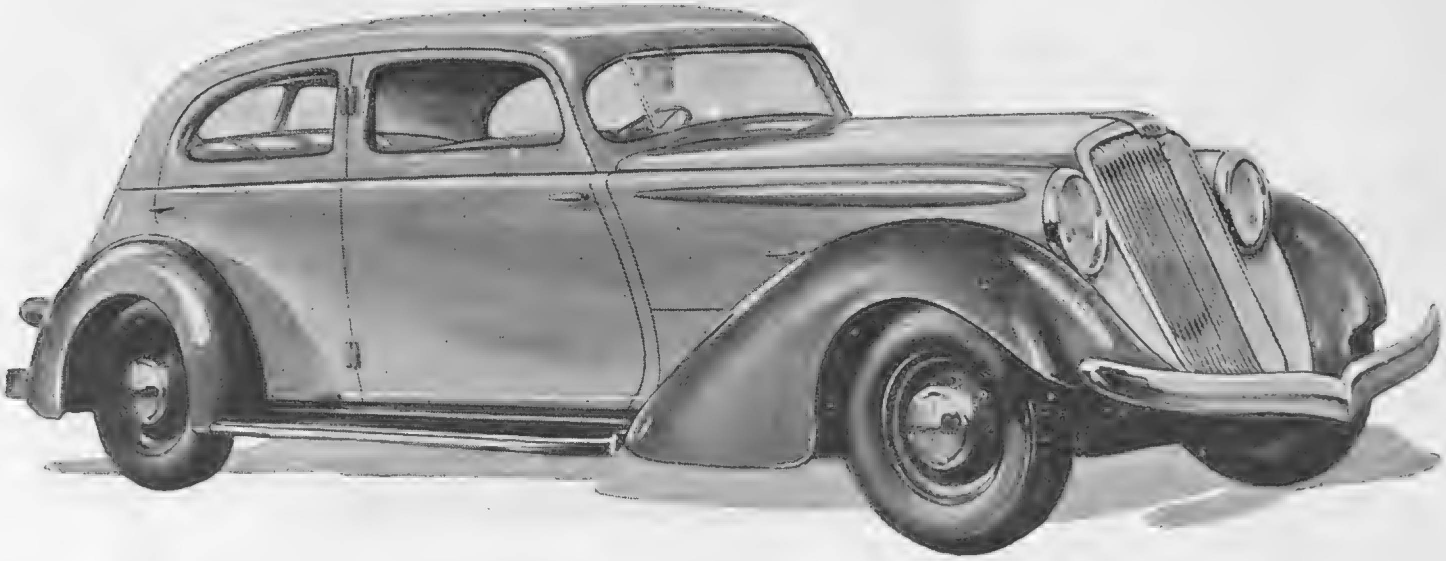

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Warwick Wright
MANAGING DIRECTOR

The Motor Show—

Then and Now

By The Earl of Cardigan

TO have visited the Olympia Motor Show, with a definite professional interest in its exhibits, for ten years in succession, may not seem a very impressive record. It is, however, a very interesting experience to have enjoyed, particularly between the years 1924 and 1934. When one considers that normal motoring progress was checked by the Great War, and that it did not immediately resume its former course, one realises that such a period covers practically the whole post-war development of the motor-car.

How great that development has been could only be realised if this year's Motor Show were to be doubled in size, with cars of the present day displayed alternately with those of ten years ago. The contrast would be striking, not only in outward appearance and inward design, but also in the matter of financial possibilities. It is safe to say that the man who can afford to buy a good quality medium-sized saloon to-day would have been hard put to it, in October, 1924, to pay the price of a tolerably efficient 12 h.p. open touring car.

I remember that my first car, bought about ten years ago, was a two-seater priced at £330. This was a four-cylinder "twelve," then reckoned fair value for money. A "cheap" car of the same type might have been bought for about £250; but, on the other hand, I could have paid £400 or more if I had chosen a really superior 12 h.p. job.

A popular type of car at the same date was the 15 h.p. "four"—small six-cylinder models then being unknown. One would probably have paid something like £500 for a car of this size, saloon models being in all cases very substantially more expensive than the corresponding "tourers." If one wanted a "six," one would have found oneself automatically in the 20 h.p. class, with prices in the region of £600-£800.

To-day, if one is prepared to pay about £400, one can get a large and really comfortable car, with a six-cylinder engine of perhaps 20 h.p. A sound, medium-sized 16 h.p. "six" can be bought for something in the region of £250. For as little as £100, one can have a "baby" car which, although limited in size and power, will prove itself a thoroughly efficient run-about.

THESE differences in price would seem all the more remarkable if one could realise how vastly superior is the performance which the modern engine gives. Ten years ago, one did not expect any small car to do more than about 50 m.p.h., and one was very well satisfied with a 40 m.p.h. cruising speed. Only a biggish car would be expected to reach 60, and to cruise at 45 m.p.h. There was not much top-gear "flexibility," except with engines of substantial size, and one was prepared to use the gearbox freely, even in main-road touring. One also had to reckon with engine "vibration periods"—phenomena of which the modern motorist knows nothing. My first car, for instance, had a very definite "period" between 36 and 38 m.p.h.

To-day I should find it very hard to name a car having a top speed of less than about 70 m.p.h. As for vibration, if this is perceptible at all, it appears only when an engine is running absolutely "flat out," and then arises mainly from the valves. As for hills, the modern car will do easily in top gear what its ten-year-old equivalent would have done laboriously in "second."

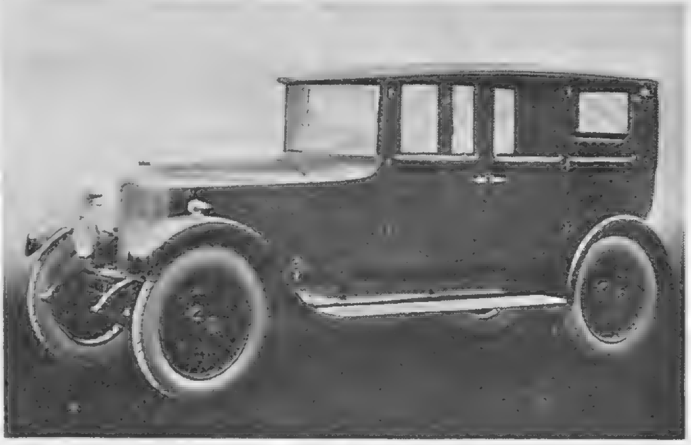
The old cars, moreover, were not always easy to drive. Certain gearboxes could be classed as "difficult" (chiefly, I imagine, owing to awkward tooth profile), and these would present quite a problem, even to drivers of experience. There was only one ratio in the gearbox which was simple to engage according to modern standards, and that ratio was "top."

Four-wheel brakes, ten years ago, were still rare. They had been invented before the war, but were as yet unperfected. Consequently, skidding was a very real danger when one was driving on wet roads, and there were some surfaces (e.g., the Great West Road when first constructed) on which an occasional skid was the rule, not the exception.

Saloon cars being then built with a fairly high centre of gravity, good road-holding was a distinctly rare virtue. Springing, on the whole, was poor; for, in this respect, English cars of the period were lagging far behind their American rivals.

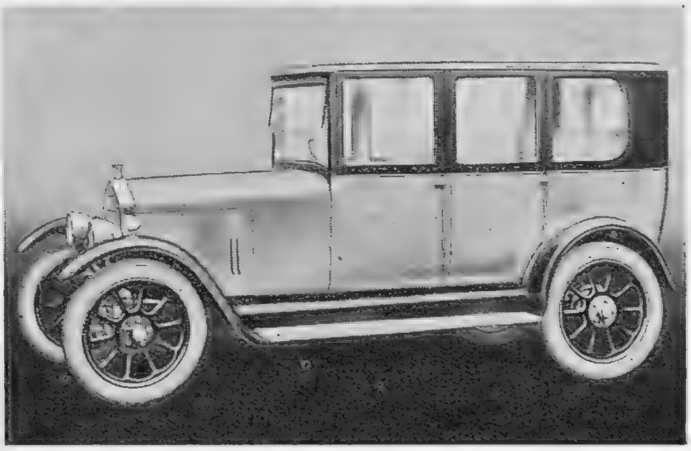
Punctures, of course, were still moderately frequent, and trouble would often arise from certain chassis components which are virtually trouble-free to-day.

Ten years is not a long time; but I have perhaps said enough to show that the motorist to-day is infinitely more fortunate than his predecessor of 1924. In this year of grace he will find at Olympia standards of performance, of comfort, of convenience, of value for money—such as were formerly not only unknown, but by the ordinary man undreamed of.



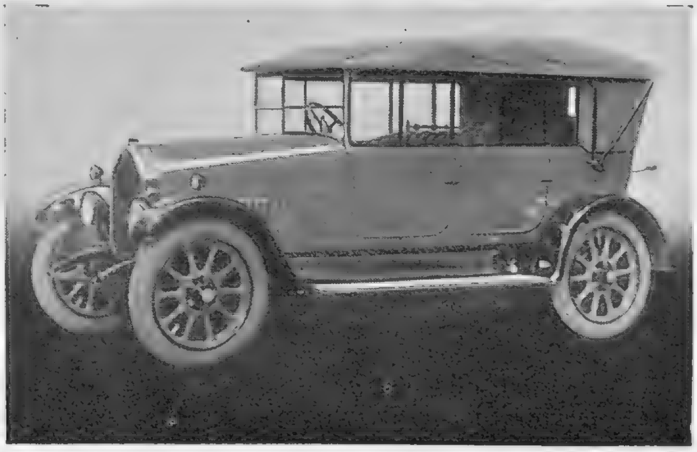
Above

THIS 23/60 h.p. Vauxhall was exhibited at the 1924 Show. It was listed at £1,300! Comparison with this year's "Big Six" is instructive

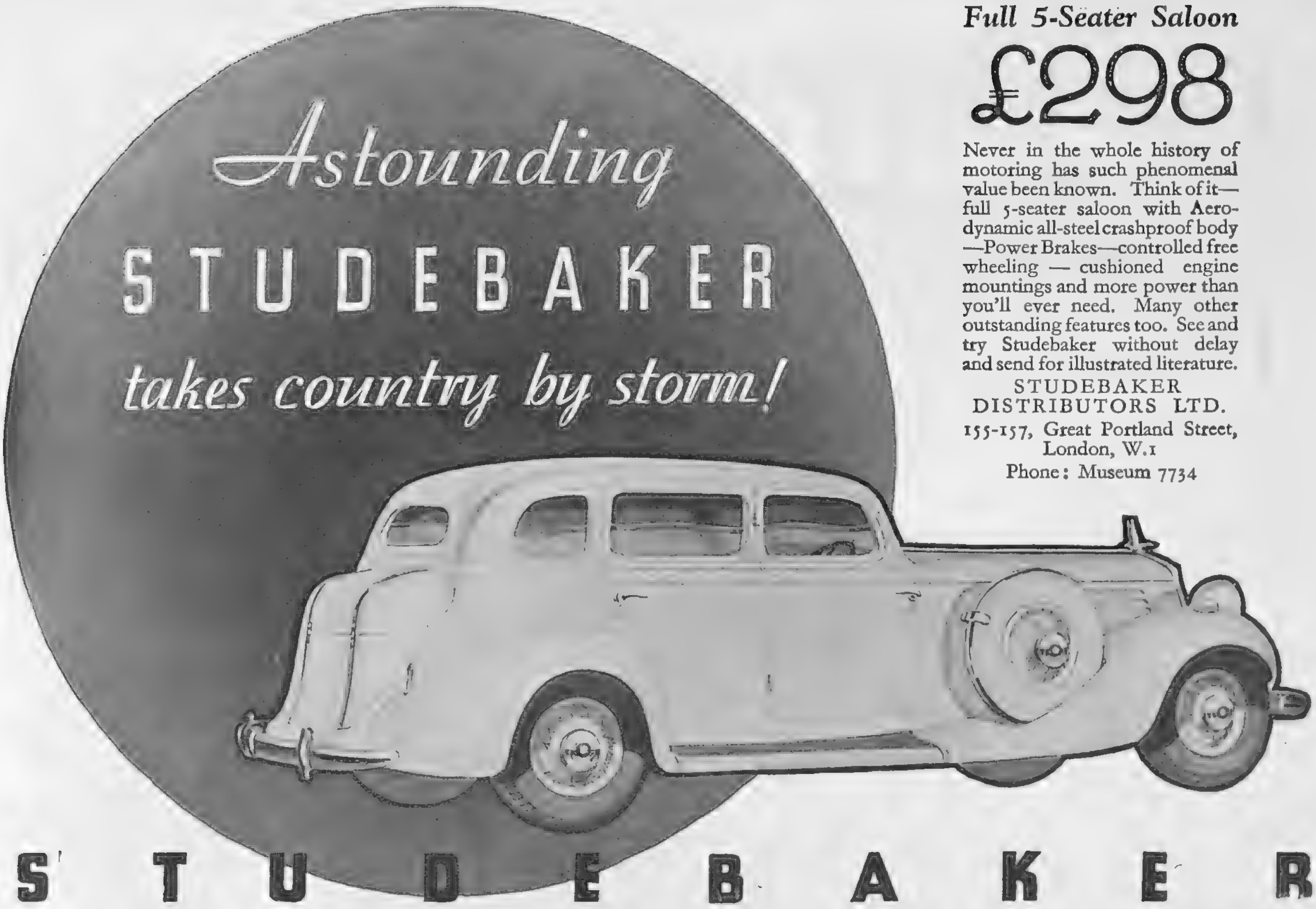


Right

A TYPICAL small saloon car seen at the 1924 show. This 11 h.p. Wolseley was considered good value at £375



THIS Humber was a good example of the 12 h.p. touring car. At the 1924 show, it was priced at £440!



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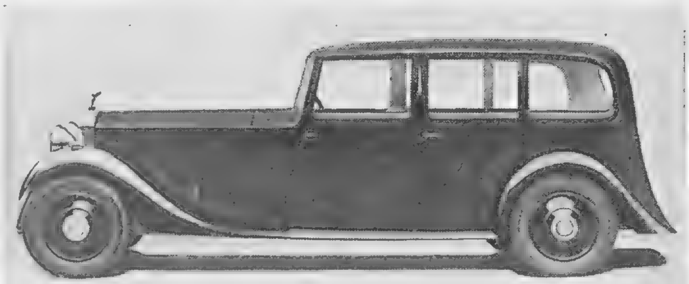

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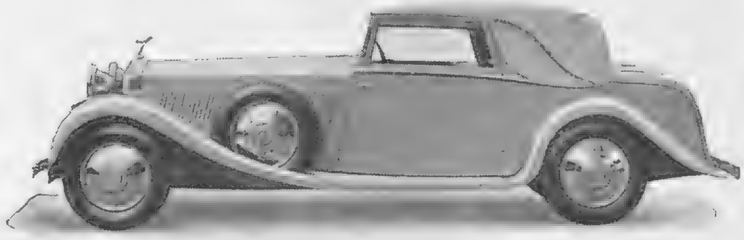

Barker Foursome Coupe on 40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Continental Chassis.

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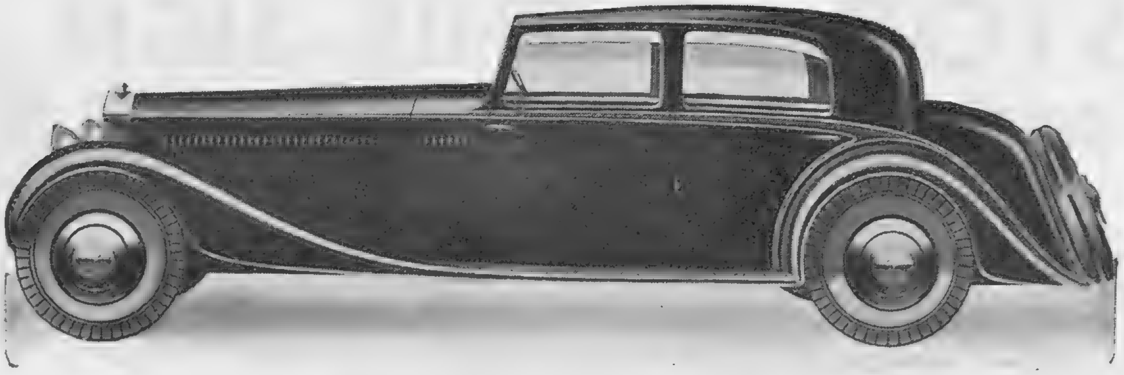
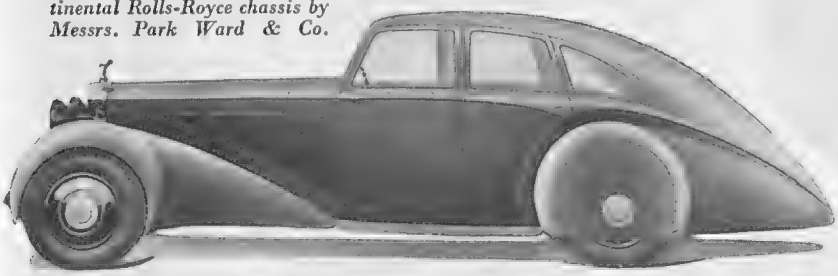
EXCEPTIONALLY graceful lines distinguish this 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce. The coachwork was built by Messrs. Mulliner, and the complete car has already been purchased by Messrs. Jack Barclay Ltd., official Rolls-Royce retailers



STREAM-LINE four-door Saloon on 40/50 h.p. Continental Rolls-Royce chassis by Messrs. Park Ward & Co.



A*mong* the Coachbuilders

"Body-Line" for 1935

By The Earl of Cardigan

AMONG the thousands of motorists who go to Olympia, there are always a great many who confine their attention largely or solely to the stands on which the new cars are displayed. This is a pity; for the coachbuilding section is very well worth seeing and studying. Even if one is not in a position to buy special coachwork of one's own choosing, it is still very interesting to see what can be done by coachbuilding firms who have specialised in this one branch of motor-car production.

Special coachwork, moreover, is now available to a much wider circle of motorists than formerly. At one time, coachbuilders only exercised their art in supplying bodies for very large and expensive chassis. This is not so nowadays; and there are few modern chassis for which a special body of some attractive type cannot be obtained.

A good example of this will be seen on the stand of Messrs. Salmons and Sons, No. 29. Here a Tickford four-seater coupé will be shown on a Vauxhall chassis. The complete car is very pleasing in appearance, and looks almost equally well either open or closed. The design of the body is such as to combine the virtues of both saloon and touring car construction, and remarkable freedom from rattle has been secured.

The hood is raised and lowered simply by turning a small handle, and with little or no effort. The price of this convertible coupé is £365, or only £40 more than the ordinary Vauxhall saloon.

Of course, the demand for special coachwork for the "luxury" chassis remains a constant one; and, in this connection, Messrs. Windover's exhibit on Stand No. 26 is well worth studying. In particular, a very striking four-seater saloon will be shown on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. A feature of this car will be the very carefully stream-lined wings, under which the rear wheels are almost completely enclosed. An untarnishable "finish" has been used throughout.

Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd. (Stand No. 106), are responsible for an interesting example of two-seater coachwork. It is good to see this type of body in evidence; for the two-seater is really by far the best body to fit to a small, compact chassis. It enables two people to be accommodated in absolute comfort, with plenty of space left over for their luggage.

In this case, the chassis is that of the new Lagonda Rapier, and the complete car looks both attractive and very workmanlike. The windscreen, if desired, can be hinged down flat, and the doors are considerably cut away so as to provide comfortable elbow space.

IN any exhibition of coachwork, Messrs. Barker and Co. (Stand No. 21) must take a prominent place. This year there will be four cars on the Barker stand—two Rolls-Royces, a Bentley and a Daimler. The Foursome Coupé de Ville on the Bentley chassis is a notably attractive proposition.

Here we have an example of coachwork which is absolutely modern in design, and yet in no way freakish. A good point is that all passengers are seated well inside the wheelbase, and thus enjoy really comfortable springing. There is a luggage trunk at the back which is truly generous in its proportions, and capable of taking any reasonable amount of baggage.

Another very well known firm of coachbuilders is Messrs. Park Ward and Co., whose stand this year is No. 24. Here again one may see bodies of high quality and very handsome appearance on Rolls-Royce and other leading chassis. Messrs. Park Ward are, moreover, always willing to co-operate with customers in constructing coachwork according to their own personal ideas and requirements.

Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly (Stand No. 22) will be displaying a number of interesting bodies, apart from that already mentioned in connection with the Humber chassis. For example, there will be a most striking Bentley saloon, of pronouncedly stream-line form. This is a most graceful car in appearance, and its flowing lines are almost entirely free from the usual projections and obstructions.

As winners of prizes for coachwork at Olympia on a great many occasions, Messrs. Arthur Mulliner must take a leading place in the coachbuilding section. On Stand No. 19 there will be a number of interesting cars, among them two Daimlers having bodies of a thoroughly practical but handsome type. Both of these, on chassis of 25 and 20 h.p., will take seven passengers in perfect comfort.

Thus, either to the large car purchaser or to the fastidious man of moderate means, the coachbuilding section has something definite to offer. It is not merely an offshoot of the main Exhibition, but rather an integral part of it, demonstrating what 1935 motoring has to offer in the way of comfort, smartness and convenience.

AS an example of attractive yet practical modern coachwork, this Sports Saloon on a 3½-litre Bentley chassis deserves high commendation. It is supplied by Messrs. Car Mart Ltd.

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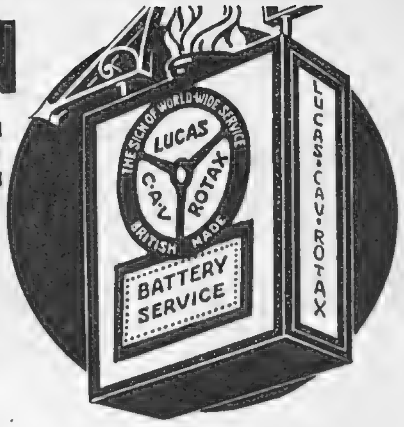

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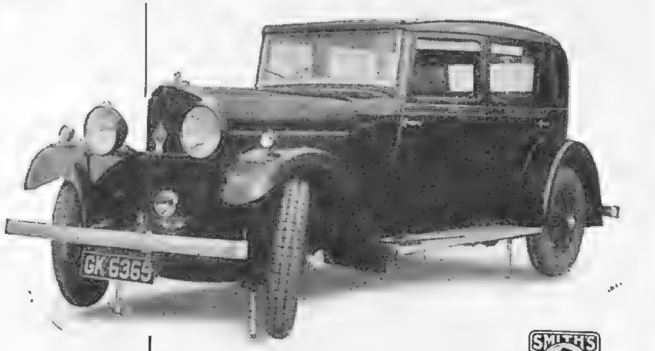

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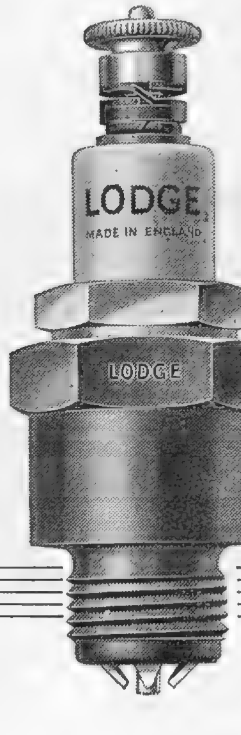

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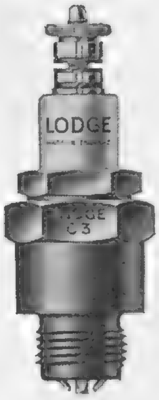
Those *All*-Important Accessories

By The Earl of Cardigan

AN example of the many valuable accessories displayed by Messrs. Joseph Lucas & Co. An inspection lamp of this type is an asset to any car



SPARKING plugs now are among the most reliable components of the modern engine. This Lodge "C.3" model is priced at 5/-

Right:

POPULAR brands of oil and petrol attractively displayed. The Anglo-American Oil Co.'s Stand is sure to be a centre of attention

Below:

EXAMINING one of the new India tyres, such as will be on view at Olympia. India products have a fine record for long service

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WHAT a tremendously wide use we motorists give to the word "accessories"! We employ it to cover everything from the trivial gadget which we buy mainly for amusement or for decorative purposes to the essential component without which a car would be hopelessly incomplete. At Olympia, in particular, one is apt to think of all things as "accessories" which are displayed outside the main chassis and coachwork sections.

Under this heading, therefore, we must think of tyres—those vital requisites which have been improved so greatly during the last few years. Among the tyres displayed at Olympia those on the India Stand, No. 445, are sure of attracting attention. Here we shall see the Super Special and Speed Special tyres, designed to achieve extra silence and durability on cars of the luxurious or ultra sporting types. Tyres of many other grades will also be shown; and it should be emphasised that in no case does an India product cost more than any other tyre of equal size and corresponding quality.

When talking of tyres one cannot forget the claims of those made by the Firestone Company and exhibited on Stand No. 458. Of particular interest is the Heavy Duty tyre, with its very large section and heavily grooved tread. This type may be relied upon to give wonderful service under the most arduous conditions. Indeed, the new Firestone products are now giving more than 50 per cent. longer life than was formerly thought possible.

Oil is another essential factor in motoring which will be represented at Olympia. From the Wakefield Stand, No. 420, it is expected that no fewer than 30,000 Castrol lubrication charts will be distributed to the public. These charts are most valuable as showing exactly which grade of Castrol is most suitable for any given car, and at what points throughout the chassis lubrication is required.

There will also be a display illustrating the scope and nature of the Castrol Lubrequipment installations, such as are now in use at 2,653 different garages and service stations throughout the country. This will be of special interest to busy motorists who are unable to attend personally to the maintenance of their cars.

BOTH petrol and oil—Pratts petrol and Essolube—will be represented on the stand of the Anglo-American Oil Company, No. 50. Here many interesting exhibits will be seen, and a great deal of useful information will be available to the visitor. The Anglo-American people, it will be recalled, were pioneers in the use of Ethyl spirit to improve the quality of ordinary petrol. Essolube motor oil, by now, should need no introduction to up-to-date motorists. It is supplied, under conditions of absolute cleanliness, in sealed glass containers.

On Stand No. 48 Messrs. Shell Mex and B.P., Ltd., will have a very novel exhibit. There will be a number of scenes representing the work done in this firm's laboratories. Chemists will be seen actually engaged in submitting Shell oils to some of the tests by which the purity and superior quality of such products are ensured. As they work they will explain in simple terms the various processes involved.

Where petrol and oils are concerned the work of the chemist is, of course, of vital importance, although it may not always be sufficiently appreciated by the man in the street. Here is a most interesting branch of a great industry; and the visitor to Olympia should not fail to make himself acquainted with it.

For the well-being of a motor car good sparking plugs are among the essentials, and, in this connection, a visit to Stand No. 381 should be well worth while. Here one may see Lodge plugs of all types and sizes—a sufficient range of them to deal with the ignition problems of all ordinary engines.

Probably the best-known Lodge plug is the C.3 model, which has proved itself wonderfully efficient and reliable. An interesting new type, however, is the C.14, a smaller plug which is well suited to many modern engines. There is also the H.D. model, which has been specially designed to get the very best results out of engines of the highly specialised or sporting types. Free advice on all ignition problems will be gladly given to all enquiriers.

ON the Lucas Stand, No. 378, accessories of all sorts will be seen in profusion. One associates the name of Lucas very largely with lamps; and for 1935 many new and valuable lighting requisites are being produced. There is, for instance, a new headlamp designed for sports cars. Without being excessive in size it throws a very powerful and penetrating beam.

A most useful asset to any car is an inspection lamp, and this will be one of the Lucas exhibits. There will also be driving mirrors, horns, screen wipers, cases for spare bulbs, and a great many other useful aids.

Naturally, one cannot mention accessories without referring to Messrs. S. Smith and Sons of Cricklewood. This firm, on Stand No. 383, will have a tremendous range of exhibits on view, including special speedometers, clocks and all varieties of instruments as well as cigarette lighters, spotlights, fog lamps, automatic radiator shutters, and a thousand and one other products.

Of particular interest is the "Jackall" hydraulic permanent jacking system. This is now so compactly designed that the driver can operate the jacks for all four wheels without ever leaving his seat. All four wheels can be raised clear of the ground in something under half a minute. Like nearly all modern accessories this is no mere "gadget" for the enthusiast to play about with, but a genuine and welcome contribution to the motorist's comfort and convenience.

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Introducing Weevalla

(*Continued from page 53*)

The Weaving

One way 40 white, 40 blue.

Other way 4 blue, 3 white, 29 white and blue. To do this thread the double end into loop, to make a loop of the first colour, then thread in the second colour. Pull blue across, drawing white up to centre only. (A little practice will make this perfect.)

Continue weaving—3 white, then make all rest blue 124 strands for bag length. Add another 20 strands for two gussets to form the sides of the bag and machine round.

Machine round edges of woven material, pull out pink threads, turn in the edges to neaten them.

Line with canvas and silk—adding cardboard for extra stiffening if desired. Fold into bag shape, sew in the gussets—check on one side, and all blue to the other.

The Scarf

This is woven to match the bag. 40 white and 40 blue down the length. Across the width work 5 blue, 3 white, 20 blue for border, 3 white. Work this border to other edge, then fill in centre all blue. Machine edges and line silk if desired.

END

Selections from Spain

(*Continued from page 67*)

this dish. It is one of the best Spanish dishes and justly deserves a world-wide popularity.

Put into a deep fireproof earthenware pan three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and when it is hot add an onion, parsley and a clove or garlic finely chopped. Brown these and then put in rice uncooked (a handful for each person), letting it also get slightly brown. Now add three tomatoes (skin removed) and three sweet peppers, both chopped, also salt, pepper and two or three cloves crushed to powder. Cook together for about five minutes, stirring occasionally.

Cook in stock a few pieces of white fish and some chicken—half a small bird and a pound of fish would be ample for six people. Trim well, removing all bones, and cut the flesh into small pieces. Add this to the rice and stir in.

Put in enough stock to cover the rice and simmer until the rice is cooked, by which time practically all the liquid will have evaporated. Serve in the dish in which the *paella* has cooked.

Dulce de Leche

Put one pound of Demerara sugar, a good piece of vanilla pod and two quarts of milk into a thick saucepan, plain iron or earthenware.

Bring to the boil slowly, stirring occasionally, and put on just sufficient heat to keep at boiling point without actually boiling too fast.

Cook like this, stirring often for two hours, until you have a thick yellow cream. Serve in custard glasses, very cold.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 31*)

It is rather a pity that the artist who designed the dust-cover did not share my scruples, for his illustration is, for the reader who likes to use his wits, annoyingly informative. Mr. Woodthorpe wrote *Public School Murder*, and anyone who recalls that amusing tragedy will need no urging to read its successor.

I wonder how large a public awaits a successful story of crime and its detection. It must, judging from the ammunition expended on it, be immense. There is, even now, a large and growing library of the works of commentators on Holmes and Watson. The latest addition to this library is *Baker Street Studies* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), edited by Mr. H. W. Bell, and consisting of essays, by eight different experts, on various aspects of Holmes's life and message. One of the best of these essays, contributed by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, is unfortunately vitiated by a false assumption which would have caused Holmes the keenest mortification. Miss Sayers, basing her arguments on the system prevailing at Oxford, whereby freshmen are allotted rooms in college, proves that Holmes was at Cambridge, where freshmen live in diggings. She has overlooked the fact that systems are not always rigid. Thus, while it is true that the vast proportion of Oxford freshmen live in college, there are always apt to be exceptions to the rule. Part of a college may be being rebuilt, or the proportion of freshmen may be slightly above the normal; there are many little possibilities, any one of which may result in a freshman being unable to find rooms in college. Since some Oxford freshman do, in fact, live out, Holmes may have been an Oxford man, after all; and if he was at Oxford, then the extent of his residence at the University, his choice of college, and the nature of his studies, all fall back and join the other problems in the melting pot. Pity! Miss Sayers does argue so awfully well.

In a single volume, priced at half a guinea, Martin Secker has issued the four novels of the late Elinor Wylie—*Jennifer Lorn, The Venetian Glass Nephew, The Orphan Angel* and *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*. Elinor Wylie died in 1928, at the early age of 41, leaving her poems and these four works of fiction to mark her literary passage. The reputation she gained in her comparatively short life makes this book of 774 pages an unusually welcome addition to the growing band of omnibus volumes.

END

Health and Beauty

(*Continued from page 50*)

Condy's has valuable germicide properties and is deodorant. Both these long-established disinfectants are invaluable when nursing any infective case.

Lysol is another excellent specific of this order and is used extensively by the medical profession for preventive purposes and also as a dressing for wounds.

In case of the slightest suspicion of infection or after contact with anyone suffering from cold or fever, it is advisable to gargle and to douche the nose, either with Listerine (and warm water) or Glyco Thymoline. A few drops of Vapex inhaled from a handkerchief will prevent a cold during or after exposure to infection, and relieve catarrh if the dread consequences should manifest themselves.

Failing the preventive measures, to the importance and efficacy of which I adhere, it is essential to gargle and keep all air passages clear in the early stages.

Severe and unpleasant consequences are thus averted, and I beg of anyone who does succumb to any of these so-called minor illnesses, if it is humanly possible, to isolate themselves so as to prevent the spread of infection.

In the case of bronchial trouble an inhalation of Friar's Balsam in hot water affords great relief. Bed is the right place for sufferers from coughs and colds and will shorten the duration of the malady, but if we take sane, salutary, and I would say *obligatory* precautions, we will be spared the necessity of curing or enduring the consequences of infection.

END

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The Stolen Day

(*Continued from page* 43)

I come. But when I see you home to-night I'll leave him behind, I think. He'll be quite as cool here as he would be rattling about in the car."

So Ann said goodbye to Benjy in Shahr when she and Nigel set out on her homeward journey; she driving in her own car, Nigel escorting her in his to make sure that she should suffer no mishap from prowling dacoits or other dangerous fauna.

Within hailing distance of Pahari Nigel turned back. Already darkness was slipping from the shoulders of the far hills; and the unreal, half-light that heralds the dawn was taking its place.

" Au 'voir, darling one. I'll be up next week. Take care of yourself."

" And you, Nigel. A whole week till you come up! What a waste of time!"

" Well, if there's a shadow of an excuse for coming before, you bet I will!"

If he only could, thought Ann, as she watched his car getting smaller and smaller in the distance. A week was such a long time when you could cram an æon into a day—like the twenty-four hours since Robert went away. Twenty-four hours! It seemed more like twenty-four years. She even felt a different person, as if her day with Nigel had strengthened, developed her.

ONCE back in the bungalow, with the pleasant routine of the day to support her, free from Robert's disturbing influence, time did not hang so very heavily on Ann's hands.

One day, two days, three days passed. In the mornings there were household matters to attend to, a visit to the bazaar, perhaps a ride. After lunch, sleep, then tea and tennis at the Club; and after that dancing or bridge.

On the fourth day Ann came into the drawing room for tea to find Nigel sitting there.

" Nigel, darling—how marvellous! How did you manage it? When did you get here?"

" Oh, not long ago," he said, kissing her. " I told the boy not to wake you. Ann, could we have tea, do you think? I'm rather all-in."

" But of course. Why didn't you order some?"

The bearer came in answer to Ann's call, took the order, salaamed, withdrew, and all the time Ann watched Nigel. He looked tired, strained, different.

" How did you manage to get up?" she repeated.

Nigel fidgeted with his short moustache—a habit he had when worried. " It's a nasty business, I'm afraid, my dear," he said. " Benjy's dead."

" Benjy—dead! Oh, Nigel, poor little Benjy! When did he die—what was it?" Ann was genuinely fond of Benjy—genuinely sorry that he was dead. But what could his death have to do with Nigel's being in Pahari?

" He died early this morning," Nigel said shortly. " Rabies."

So that was it! No need to wonder now why Nigel was in Pahari. It held the nearest clinic for the Pasteur preventative treatment for hydrophobia. Fate had played into their hands with a vengeance. Nigel would have to have a daily injection of the serum for three weeks—he would have to stay in Pahari; they could be together all that time, or at least for a good deal of it.

But what a " monkey's paw " fulfilment of a wish! Poor little Benjy had died most horribly to bring it to them. No wonder Nigel was looking strained. To know that a dog one loved had rabies—to see him, hear him die! It was too dreadful to think of.

" I've just had my first injection," Nigel was saying. " By the way, darling, you'll have to go too."

" I? But Nigel, I can't."

" Why not?"

" Well, darling, it would give the whole show away, of course. There's no other case of rabies anywhere round. Your dog dies of rabies and you're treated—and I go for treatment too. It'd be all round Pahari to-night. And some kind person would either write to Robert or let him have the whole story the moment he came back. My trip down to Shahr would leak out—and then the fat would be in the fire."

" Yes, that's true. But we'll have to chance it. Nothing's worth your running that risk for."

" Nothing?" Ann asked softly. " Not your career, the scandal, our separation, all the frightfulness?"

" Nothing," said Nigel firmly. " My dear girl, do you realise—"

" Yes, I realise, darling. If I died, didn't you say the other night you'd come too? Well, I think that'd be better than the other alternative. I know that life wouldn't be worth living if Robert found out—for either of us. And anyway that's taking a very far-fetched view. There's only one chance in a million of my getting it. I know that Benjy was infectious for ten days before he died and that I was with him during that time—but, even so, Col. Maguire himself told me when he was head of the Pasteur Institute that the treatment's no good whatever if the germ gets on a nerve. And if it doesn't then the treatment isn't necessary."

" Then what's the good of having the clinics?"

" They daren't take the responsibility of not giving the treatment—but that's what he definitely told me. And he said he knew of heaps of people who wouldn't be treated and who aren't a button the worse. You have to have a scratch, you know, before the germs can get in at all."

" Well, how can you be sure you hadn't?"

" Of course I hadn't. I *am* quite sure." But, as she spoke, her mind switched back to the morning when Robert went away—to Mohammad, handing her a razor, and she saw again the bright drop of blood on her finger.

For a moment, only for a moment, Ann wavered. Then she thought again what it would mean, the scandal, Nigel's disgrace, separation. On the other hand, a risk—but according to Col. Maguire, a very small one. She made up her mind. Nothing should persuade her to take the treatment.

Nigel argued with her, unavailingly. At last he had to give in. He did after all agree with her that the risk she had run of infection was very slight—although he did not admit that to her. Nor did Ann admit to him that she had had one opportunity of being infected. The germ could only be communicated through saliva—it was quite possible that Benjy had not even licked her hand.

Still, Nigel would have been much happier if, when he was having his daily dose, he had known that Ann was getting an injection too. He believed, or told himself that he believed, the Maguire statement as to the prophylactic value of the anti-rabic serum. He assured himself that she was in no more danger than he—but she was so dear to him that it was unbearable to think of her being in any danger. Meanwhile, there was the joy of seeing her every day, although, since the rains had broken, the cold torrents which swept the hills dashed a little of the pleasure of the walks they took together daily.

The roads that wound among the dripping pines and peepuls were deserted—here they could be sure of solitude, away from spying eyes. Often the rain soaked through Ann's mackintosh, which was not made to withstand tropical downpours. And grudging every moment spent away from Nigel now that Robert would be back so soon, Ann would sit at the Club in her wet things when she and Nigel turned in there for tea after a walk.

The result of this neglect was a slight cold which at first she managed to disguise from Nigel, well knowing that once he realised that she had one, it would be the end of their walks together until she was well, even though the oilskin she had ordered from Simla would be a more adequate protection.

IT was tiresome and worrying that she should have caught cold just now. There was another worry too, always lying in wait, ready to penetrate any unguarded opening in the armour of her thoughts. Firstly, there was the uncertainty about Nigel's safety until the quarantine was over. Then suppose Benjy had licked the hand she had cut with Robert's razor? Had she really condemned herself to death—a very horrible death? Then she would tell herself that, treatment or no treatment, if the germ had got into a vital place the result would be the same.

And if she had had the treatment, in exchange for a doubtful safeguard for herself, she would be sacrificing Nigel's career, every hope of realising their dreams. The scandal which in a little station like Pahari, where everyone knew everyone else's business better than his own, would very soon sweep the place when gossip had had the inevitable opportunity of putting two and two together would eventually result in Nigel's being discredited. He would have to leave the regiment—Robert would see to that—his family, who had been soldiers for generations, would disown him. And as for herself, in spite of the occasional weakenings she could not control, Ann knew that she could face the risk, which she honestly believed to be very slight, rather than the cataclysmic upheavals which would be the result of her admission, through having the injections, of that day spent in Shahr with Nigel.

In the meantime her cold had developed to a point where it could not escape Nigel's notice. One afternoon, during their walk, he said to her:

" You look as if you'd got a temperature, darling. D'you feel rotten?"

" Fairly," Ann admitted. " I ache so. My arms feel as if they were dropping off."

" Well, you must go straight to bed the moment you get in. I'll come down after dinner—and if you don't feel any better, you must send for the doctor."

Poor little Ann, he thought. How she would hate it if she were in for 'flu. And so would he. It would be a bit hard—their last few days together, before Robert came back. He wouldn't dare to spend too much time with her. All the station would come to see her; and if he were seen in the bungalow too often, tongues would wag.

He wanted to have a quick dinner and get down to see how she was, but the doctor who sat at his table in the hotel was in a talkative mood.

" Well, Shaw, how are the injections going?" he said to Nigel.

" Unnecessary, most of the time, in my opinion. If you've been bitten—or got an open wound—that's a different story. And even then there are cases like that poor girl last year."

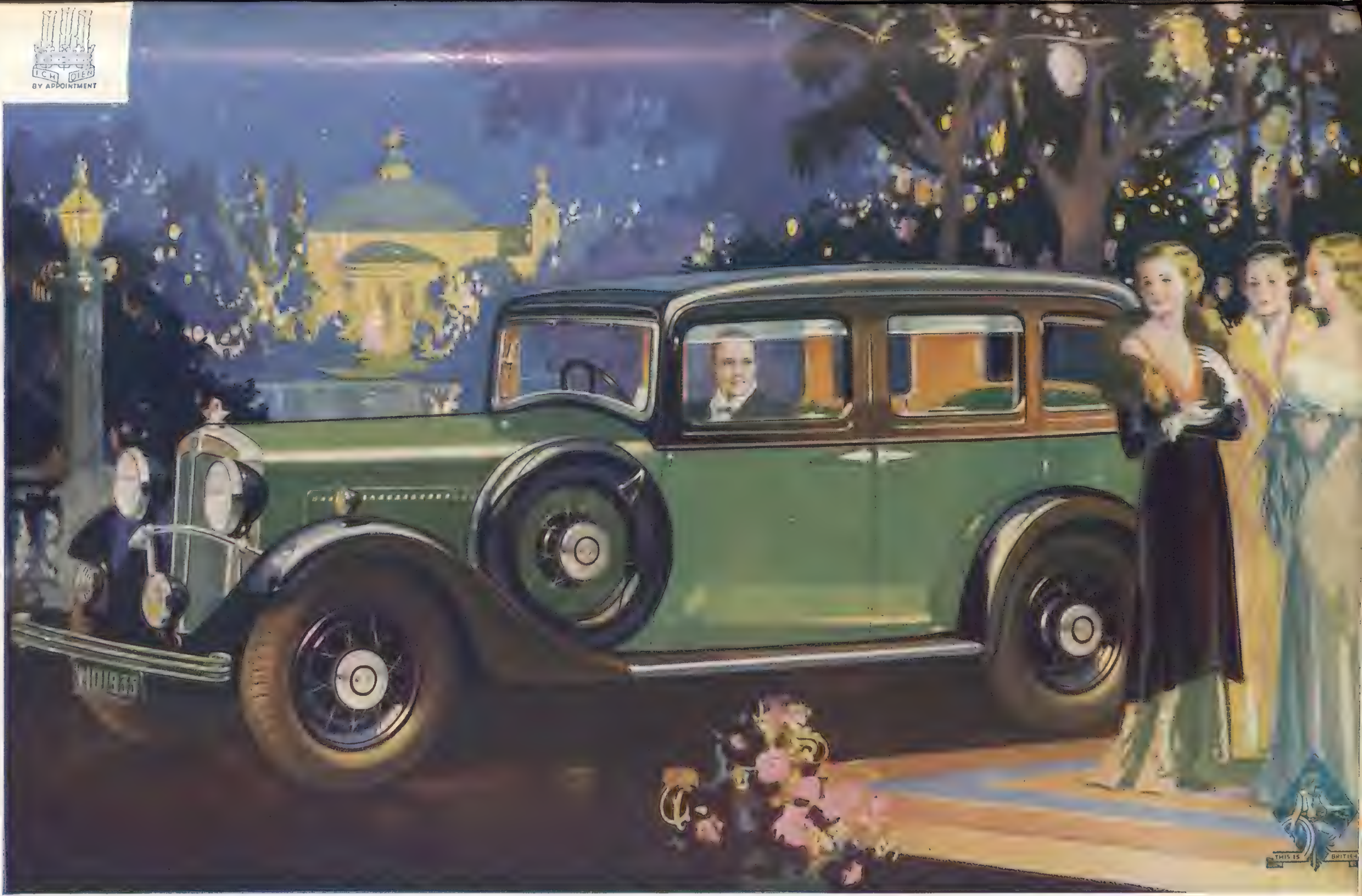
" What happened?" Nigel asked.

" Sad business—very sad business. I was up here at the time. She'd been bitten, you know, bitten by a friend's dog, a few days before it developed rabies. Of course she had the injections at once and everything seemed to be all right. Then one night at a dinner party—I shall never forget it, my boy—she turned to me and said she felt very queer; her arms were aching badly, she said. She went home soon after. Next day she was very ill—they took her to hospital—didn't realise at first what was wrong. But there it was—hydrophobia—and of course there was nothing to be done. I say, you're looking a bit sick. You haven't got the wind up about what I said, have you? Don't go getting into a stew now," he said, patting Nigel's shoulder. " You'll be all right. There's nothing for you to worry about. This other case was a bite, you know. The poor thing got the germs right into the blood stream."

" I'm not worried about myself," Nigel said truthfully. " It's a pretty ghastly story though. But I never knew—is it a symptom of rabies when people's arms ache, and so on?"

" Well, not always, you know." The doctor leant back

(*Continued on page* 97)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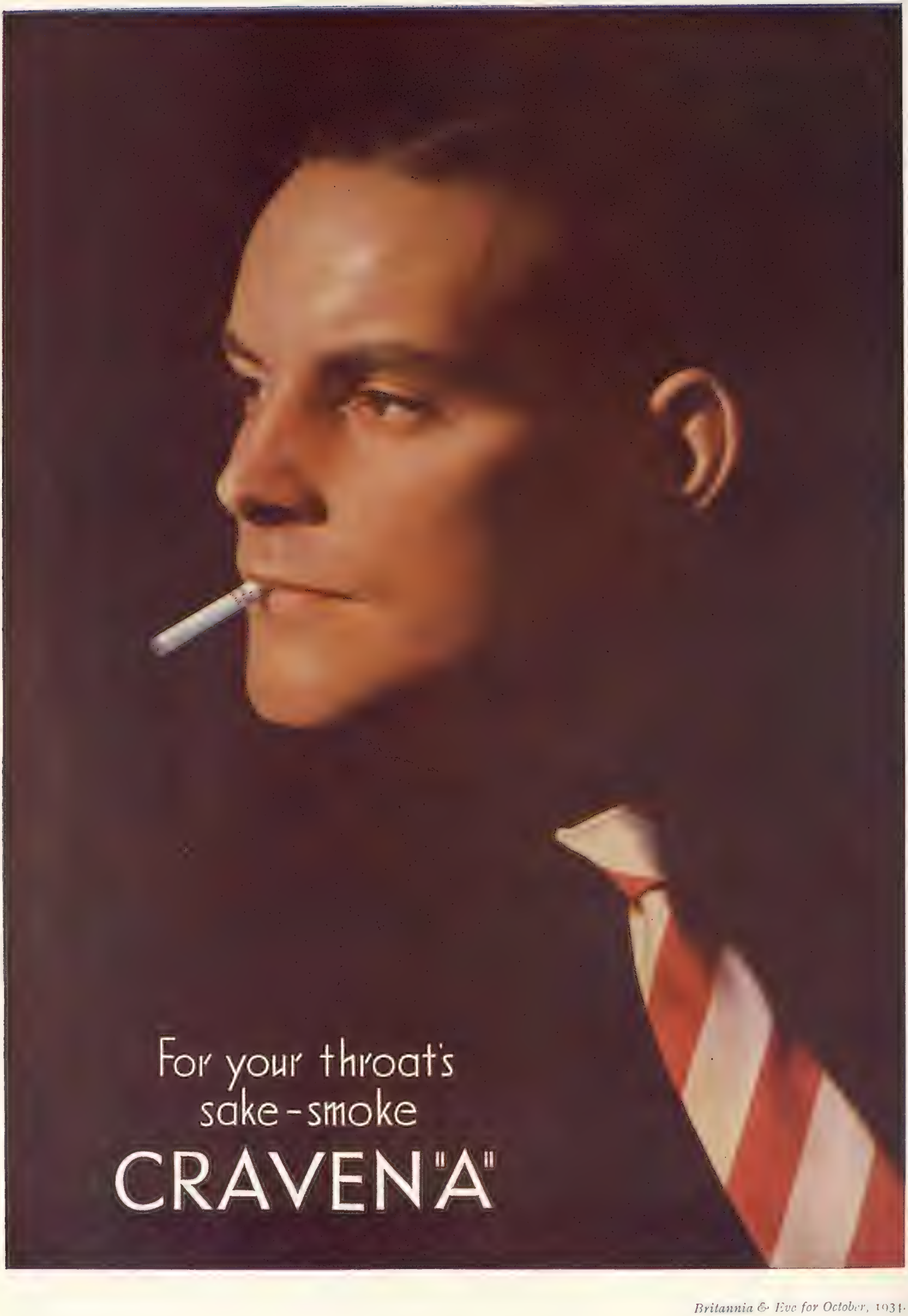

For your throat's
sake - smoke
CRAVEN "A"

more comfortably in his chair, puffing at his cigar. He settled his glasses on the bridge of his podgy nose. Nigel, watching him, felt that at any moment he might himself go mad and fall on the fat little man, destroying him, as the bearers of bad tidings used to be destroyed.

The cigar was being waved in his face. " But, mark you, my boy, if I had a patient with those symptoms, who had had opportunities of contracting rabies—well, I'd watch out—and be sorry for him."

LEAVING the doctor to his port as soon as might be, Nigel hurried down through the darkness to Ann's bungalow. He went by a footpath; although he slipped and slithered on the wet grass and mud it was quicker than following the road. He wanted to be with Ann in the shortest possible time—to see her, to touch her, to dispel the nightmare raised by that old fool of a doctor. Of course Ann was all right. Only a touch of 'flu. Why was he working himself up into this pitch—just because her arms had ached that afternoon? But last year a woman whose arms had ached like that had died—of rabies. Nigel broke into a run.

There were lights in the compound of Ann's bungalow; in the bungalow itself; and everywhere an atmosphere like the fussy disturbance which prevails in a hive after the honey has been removed.

Nigel strode in, to be met by the bearer, Mohammad.

" Aie, aie, Sahib," he wailed. " Even now they have taken the Memsahib, who was as my father and my mother, to the aspital."

And that was the full extent of Mohammad's knowledge. The Memsahib was very sick, the Doctor Sahib had been sent for; and had had her taken away but a few moments since. Nigel realised that if he had gone by the road instead of the short cut he must have met the hospital rickshaw.

If he had met the doctor like that, he could have spoken to him; perhaps got a hint of what was wrong. But now somehow or other, he must find out. He did not want to hurt Ann by giving rise to talk, but he could not wait until the morning for news of her.

It was no good going down straight away. So, for the longest hour he had ever known, Nigel patrolled up and down the wet hillside, scarcely noticing where his feet took him.

His thoughts were focused on the hospital—on what was happening there; and presently he could keep away no longer. As he walked up the broad gravelled drive, his one hope was that a nurse whom he knew might be on duty.

But his luck was out. A Sister, thin of body and lip, with sparse sandy hair strained away under her cap, interviewed him. From her every word and movement her opinion was apparent that there were no good, only bad and worse, men; she had evidently decided that for whatever reason Nigel wanted news of Ann, he had no legitimate right to ask.

She knew, or would tell him, nothing. At last Nigel blurted out, " She isn't—she hasn't got rabies, Sister? "

The Sister incredibly stiffened up another inch or so. She folded her lips into a straighter line.

" Rabies? Hydrophobia, you mean. Well, of course if Mrs. Preast had been bitten by a mad dog, we should be worried."

Nigel took out a handkerchief and surreptitiously wiped away the sweat from his face and hands. He mustn't let this woman see what he was feeling.

" Then—you think—she might have it? "

" Certainly in those circumstances she might—very possibly." The Sister, grimly smiling, got up to indicate to this importunate young man that he must go. If he must run after another man's wife, *she* wouldn't help him.

Nigel was at the door of the Sister's room. Suddenly on the quiet night air rose a shrill, dreadful screaming. Up, up, it soared, as though making vocal agonies inexpressible, incredible, before it sank to a low moaning. The sound came from somewhere near at hand.

" Is that Mrs. Preast's room? " said Nigel, pointing along the verandah. " Is it her—crying out? "

The Sister nodded.

This was the end then. Ann's dreadful cry had removed any lingering doubts—and hopes—from Nigel's mind. Now he knew what he must do—he was conscious of something akin to relief.

As he stumbled up the hill to his hotel he did not think very much. This thing that had happened to him, to Ann, was too big to take in at once. He could only focus on one aspect at a time, and that not very clearly. He was like a man stunned.

The hotel was deserted. Everyone was up at the Club, playing bridge, dancing, enjoying themselves. Nigel felt a sense of spiritual as well as physical isolation—as if the world he knew had come to a sudden end. He might have been on a dead planet, so still, so silent was the night. Only the lights of Simla, glittering like diamonds on the dark velvet of the distant hills, were an earnest that mankind had not yet succumbed to its struggles and sufferings.

He switched on the light in his room. It, too, seemed unfamiliar. Surely it was not he who had dressed and shaved there only a few hours ago?

The room felt strangely empty. What was missing? Ah, of course—where had Benjy got to? He whistled. The sound brought realisation sharply back; Nigel sat heavily down.

Unmoving he stayed there, bowed over the writing table, for how long he did not know. Time was not important now. Presently he moved; unlocked and opened a drawer in the desk. From it he took his Service revolver; examined it to see that it was loaded, slipped it into his pocket. Then he got up and went out of the room.

The rain had started again heavily, but Nigel's coat protected the revolver and kept it dry. When he reached the hospital he did not go up the main drive, but skirting through a little wood reached the bushes edging the compound on to which Ann's room looked.

There, hidden in the bushes, he waited, fingering the revolver. Only one other room in the wing was occupied; he could see the lights and a nurse moving about. There was a light and a nurse in Ann's room, too.

Suppose they never left Ann alone at all? That had never occurred to him. He could not fail her—leave her to die that hideous, agonising death. If he were to burst into the room, would there be time, would his aim be good enough? One bullet for her, one bullet for him.

TOWARDS morning, when the dawn was beginning to show faintly beyond the far hills, the light in Ann's room was put out. The nurse stood at the long French windows. Then she opened them, stepped outside, and walked briskly away towards the main hospital.

Nigel waited until she was out of sight. Then, like a flash, he crossed the compound, unhasped the window, went inside.

The room was dark; he could see nothing clearly. Ann seemed to be asleep, he could hear her breathing; soft and regular. If only she did not wake!

He stood hesitating, his finger on the switch of the electric light. The moment after he pressed down the button would be his last—and Ann's.

He could not believe it. It was a nightmare out of which he would wake, just in time. Much more real to him than this room of shadows, in which a shadowy Ann lay on the dim bed, were a hundred visions of her as she had been, which floated now before his eyes—Ann out riding, in the beech-brown coat which matched her eyes and hair; after strenuous tennis in the heat, cheeks flushed, and on the nape of her neck tight, damp curls; dancing at the Club, looking, with her slim small figure, like some child that has no business to be up, sparkling, vital, alive with the moment's pleasure.

Nigel lowered the revolver. He loved her too much. He could not do it. The next moment he raised his hand again. Because he loved her so much, he must save her from the inescapable death agonies of an incurable disease which no drug can relieve.

He took aim as well as he could in the half-darkness. Then he put on the light.

From the bed came a smothered scream. Ann, raising herself with difficulty on her elbow, found strength to call to him sharply—

" Nigel! What are you doing with that thing? Put it down! "

The revolver wavered, sank with Nigel's hand.

" But—Ann—I thought—I thought—you'd got—rabies." He came and knelt at the side of her bed, leant against it, limp, exhausted. Ann, gently stroking his cheeks, found that they were wet.

Presently he said, " Ann, darling, thank God you're safe. I mean—it isn't—that—is it? "

Ann rallied herself to comfort Nigel. The nightmare that had taken possession of him must be dispelled—this dreadful fantasy that had sent him stealing, like a madman, into her room with a revolver. For a moment she wondered if he were indeed mad; but his eyes, his whole bearing, reassured her.

" Nigel, my sweet, what made you think of such an awful thing? Rabies! " She shuddered. Looking down, she saw the revolver lying like a dark stain, on the bed. If she had not wakened when she did! " Put that away, for heaven's sake. Anyway, it's not rabies I've got—it's malaria—only slight, though it looked like being very nasty at first. I was delirious in the bungalow—and after they brought me here nurse told me."

" I know. You screamed—frightfully. I heard you. That was when I was sure—about what was wrong. And Sister practically confirmed it."

" Nigel! Sister told you I'd got rabies! She couldn't have! "

" Well, she seemed to think it was possible, anyway. And I was mad with worry, because that ass Debenham got telling me about a case of rabies he'd known—and the woman's symptoms were like yours—aching bones and all that. I shouldn't have got so worked up about it otherwise—although you not having the treatment always worried me—but after what he said, it all seemed to fit in. And I couldn't let you go through with it—and I wasn't going on without you—"

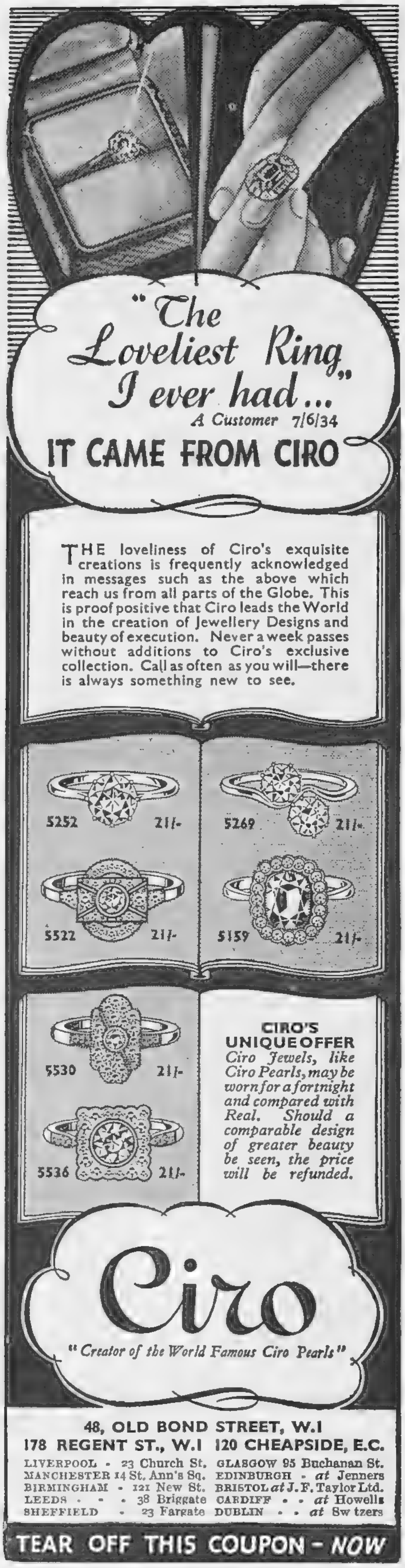
" You always said you wouldn't," Ann murmured. Suddenly she felt tired—too tired to think—mercifully too tired to realise fully how narrowly she had just escaped death. It was bliss to lie there quietly, holding one of Nigel's hands. She felt as if she were floating on a tranquil sea, rocking gently, gently on its bosom. Now Nigel knew she was all right. The period of quarantine was over, and with it the secret worry over that cut—the risk of infection taken rather than ruin Nigel's life was done with; Nigel was safe too. He was here close to her. But Robert—wasn't he due back soon? Not yet—not quite yet. Anyway the main thing was that she and Nigel were together—she couldn't bother about anything else—couldn't bother—couldn't—she slept.

When Nigel realised by her regular breathing that she was asleep he released his hand very gently; stood for a moment looking down at her, then, putting out the light, stole out of the room, unobserved as he had come in.

As he made his way back to the hotel the sun was rising, dispelling for a few hours the serried darkness of monsoon clouds, chasing away the soggy rags of mist which still clung to the hillside, even as the completeness of his relief was chasing away the last shreds of the fog of agony and despair which last night had filled his brain.

He and Ann belonged to life again. That was the main, the glorious thing. After that night of horror, when he had given Ann up for dead; after that moment in her room when both their lives hung on the pressing of a trigger, it seemed enough to know that they were both alive, in the same world. It was a

(*Continued on page* 98)



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The Stolen Day

reprieve—it was a freedom that not even Robert could deprive them of.

Never again, thought Nigel, as, back in his room, he flung open the windows to let in the cheerful morning light, would he lose heart because of Robert and the uncertain future. However unpleasant their position might be, at least they saw one another, at least there was hope, however faint, that some day something would happen to set Ann free. Not the awful, hopeless, finality of death—the ultimate bitterness of loss that he had faced last night.

Reaction filled Nigel with a lightheartedness which prompted him to sing while he had his bath. He whistled while he was shaving—and cut himself. But in spite of that, and his night-long ordeal, he managed to look, with his fair hair well burnished as a helmet and clothes freshly brushed and pressed, as debonair as a bridegroom when he went down to the dining-room. Only his eyes looked tired.

"Had a night out?" said the Adjutant of his regiment, observing this as he joined him on his way into breakfast. "Come and sit by me," he said, leading the way to the table which was kept as a temporary mess for the regiment while it was in the hills. "I'm not feeling too good—and you're looking pleased with life—you can cheer me up."

They sat down facing the widely-opened windows. The rain-cooled air blew softly in, pine-scented from the wooded hills which stretched before them, range after clear-cut range; until at last on the horizon the eternal Himalayan snows gleamed, cloud-like, against the clear blue of the sky.

Down in the valley, Nigel could just see the red roofs of the hospital where Ann was—alive and getting better. Even if Robert were to come back to-day he couldn't spoil that—couldn't detract one iota from that deep satisfaction.

"I wish now I hadn't gone up to the orderly room before breakfast," Sheldon was saying. "It's put me off my food."

"What's the matter?" Nigel asked. "Bad news?"

"Well, I don't know about that, but it's a frightful shock," grumbled Sheldon. He fumbled in his tunic pocket. "Read that."

Nigel took the flimsy telegraph form from him. "Deeply regret inform you Colonel Preast died here early this morning cholera. Ashton, S.M.O., Military Hospital, Lahore." was the message on it.

END

The Slave

(*Continued from page 29*)

second-hand clothes which were awaiting him.

Outside a Rolls-Royce was waiting by the kerb.

"Get into your car," said the Reporter.

"What do you mean, my car?" asked the Slave.

"This is your car now," was the reply. "You are a slave. Until you own a car, you do not know what slavery is. You are chained to it. You have to go out in it when you want to stay at home, just to give the chauffeur a ride."

Then the Slave was driven to London's most fashionable tailor, who was ordered to make for him twenty suits of every known kind—evening clothes of the most immaculate cut, a frock coat and its accompanying stripes, morning dress with a sweeping tail, lounge suits of various shades, golfing clothes and a hunting costume—everything, in fact, that Man never wants.

All he wants is happiness—and that is beyond him. For he never knows it when he sees it.

Then, in his Rolls-Royce car, the Slave was taken to the Savoy Hotel, where he was ushered into a luxury suite of rooms on the best floor, facing the almighty Thames.

"He is an eccentric millionaire, staying as our guest," said the Reporter. "He fancies he is a slave. He is perfectly harmless. He is to have everything he wants, but he is not to be allowed to leave his suite except in my company."

SHOWN into the immensity of his new apartments, the Slave looked wonderingly at the Louis Seize furniture, admiringly at the luxurious bed, which he could see through one door, and rather nervously at the bath, which confronted him through another. Then he was left locked in.

That night, in the Carlton, the Reporter, the Slave, the Editor and six members of the staff sat down to dinner. They passed the Slave the menu.

"Order your dinner," they said.

Never was a man so flustered.

"How do I know how to order dinner?" he said.

"Do as you are told," said the Reporter. "The whip is in my pocket."

So the Slave, his French even worse than his English, had to eat what he ordered. They watched his every mouthful. They insisted that he left nothing on his plate.

Looking round at the other folk he asked, "Who are these people?"

"Don't you know?" replied the Editor. "They are slaves, just as you are one. You don't want to be here this evening. Nor do they. But they have to be here, just the same as you have. Or, if they were not here, they would be somewhere else just like it, just the same as you will be to-morrow night, and the next night, and the night after that. You have no idea how sick of it you are going to be. We will teach you what slavery is, my boy. Do you know where you are going to-night?"

"No," said the Slave, more nervously than before.

"You are going to see Sir Blather Blah in 'Hamlet,' whether you like it or not, and with 'modern' scenery, too. We never know whether 'Hamlet' is worse with scenery or without scenery. To-night, it is modernistic and awful. And you have got to go!"

WHEN the curtain fell on the first act, the Editor began again.

"You are a damned slave, you know, and you have got to learn it. So are all these people in the stalls. Do you think people who were not slaves would come and see Shakespeare?

"Shakespeare is the dullest damned thing I have ever known. It is dreary words, just long-windedness. At least, that's what I think. These people think so, too; but Shakespeare is fashionable and that is why they are here.

"If he were not a famous dramatist, they would not come near the damned thing."

So for three and a half hours Hamlet mouthed and mimed, and mouthed again—and the Slave endured it all.

On their way back to the Savoy in the Rolls-Royce car, the Editor began again.

"Do you know where you are going to-morrow?"

"No," said the Slave.

"After you have had a bath in the morning"—the Slave winced perceptibly—"we are going to take you to a cricket match at Lord's. You have got to sit it all out. God help you! It is Eton versus Harrow, the dullest day I know. Cricket is bad enough when the pros play. But schoolboys . . .

"Their relatives all wear top hats and cornflowers and things like that, and sit about on coaches, bored to tears. And you will be quite as bored, and quite as top-hatted, as anybody."

But worse was in store. Seated on a coach, where the Slave's tall hat was as resplendent, and as uncomfortable, as anybody's, the Editor began his monologue again.

"Do you know where you are going to-night, Slave?" he said.

"No," said the Slave, perspiring.

"You are going to the Opera, to hear Wagner," said the Editor. "It is 'The Ring' to-night. It starts at 5.30 and goes on till midnight.

(*Continued on page 100*)

"If there were a better oil than Wakefield Castrol I should use it"
Malcolm Campbell
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And may the Lord have mercy on your soul! We will teach you what slavery is."

So, in the evening, the Slave sat in one of the most expensive boxes, and was not even allowed to put his fingers into his ears.

"How do you like slavery?" said the Editor. "Few of the others here like it. They are in the gallery. But the others endure it, for Fashion's sake. They have to come, just as you do. Do you think they would sit here if Wagner were not the rage? These same people used to laugh at it, until it became respectable."

You need not be bored with a description of all the tortures inflicted on the unfortunate man who had sold himself for £5.

TO the Academy they took him, to a Private View, and there in a tall hat he had to stare at pictures that did not interest him. He was in a crush of people equally bored, all jabbering away nothing to each other and running outside as often as they could go so that the photographers should not miss them.

One form of their slavery was the necessity of getting their pictures in the papers.

Then, for four long days, the Slave had to go to Ascot.

One day, the Editor went with him.

"I never know whether the people come to Ascot to look at the horses," he said, "or whether the horses come to Ascot to look at the people. Anyway, the horses are better dressed. Yes, and the horses are better bred."

Then, one terrible day, the Slave was taken to Cowes and made to stare at yachts which rich men had bought, some of them because their fathers owned yachts before them, others because their fathers worked in some factory or other, and they, having made money on the Stock Exchange, had to buy a yacht in order to get their names mentioned in the dullest, but most respectable, columns of the morning papers.

The Slave was seasick. So were some of the new-rich owners. But crews never told. . . . Just the same, you saw, in the papers, pictures of the owners hanging on to the wheel. They didn't know where the yachts were going. But neither did the yachts. The best thing about yacht-racing is that not even the yachts know who has won, because they are all looking different ways.

The Slave trod for weeks the treadmill of fashion.

But after he had been taken to Yorkshire, on the Twelfth of August, and made to shoot grouse against his will, he asked, one day, if he could go to Birmingham to see his wife.

"You want to escape," said the Editor. "We know your game."

"Oh no, I don't," said the Slave. "I haven't seen my wife for five years, and she lives in Birmingham."

"Well, we will come with you," said the Editor, "and then we shall know you are safe."

So they took him down by car. But before they reached the slum in which, the Slave said, his wife resided, they put on him his tall hat and frock coat, and, while the Slave walked up to a poverty-stricken door in a poverty-stricken street, they watched from the car . . . .

Finally, a frowzy woman with a dirty face opened the door, to find herself embraced by a magnificent individual in spotless attire and with a waxed moustache!

"How dare you!" she shouted. And she smacked the Slave's face. She did not know her husband! He had had a bath!

THEY had a council that night, in London. The Editor said he was getting a bit tired of the Slave. Besides, it was about time to publish the story.

"We have one of the finest exposures of modern society ever conceived," he said. "We have verbatim notes of everything the tramp has said about gentlefolk no tramp has ever seen at close quarters before. What an indictment of Fashion!"

To the Editor's great relief, the Slave made another request on the following morning.

"I am tired of being a slave," he said. "If I give you £5, will you sell me back to myself and get me a job?"

"Yes," said the Editor, "except that we think you have earned your liberty. We give you back to yourself for nothing."

So they got him a job at a milkman's, taking round milk, only to notice, in a Sunday paper three days afterwards, that the Slave had been sent to prison for stealing milk pails. As, all around the paragraph, were long stories of curates who had misbehaved themselves, long accounts of divorce cases, longer descriptions of murders in the night, no one but the Editor noticed it.

Anyway, as he had given the Slave another name, what did it matter, anyway?

"Don't let your stories about the slave destroy Society," he said to the Reporter. "Leave us something to attack next year."

The Slave wrote him, one day, from prison.

"I feel almost free here," he said. "At least, I don't have to go to the Opera. And we are not compelled to wear tall hats."

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 49)

they do. Look at thy son standing in the vestibule. If I split his heart with my shaft, it will be plain the Persians have no grounds for what they say: if I miss him, then I allow the Persians are right and that I am out of my mind."

The child heard nothing. He stood there smiling at his father when Cambyses drew his bow to full draught, aimed, and let fly.

The boy fell.

When the King reached him he was dead.

He ordered his surgeons to rip open the little body. When the arrow was found to have entered his heart, Cambyses was overjoyed.

"Now thou seest plainly, Prexaspes, that it is not I who am mad, but the Persians who have lost their senses. I pray thee, tell me, sawest thou ever mortal man send an arrow with a better aim?"

Prexaspes knew that if he had betrayed the least emotion, he too would have been lost. "Oh, my lord," said he, "I do not think that God himself could shoot so dexterously."

The brilliant position of cup-bearer and intimate friend of the King cost Prexaspes dear. The toll was made the heavier by the impossibility of getting out of the golden cage. Every man in such a position must play to the last, no matter what his cards.

Extraordinary news came to the camp at Agbatana where Cambyses was staying. A revolt had broken out in the Persian provinces. The two Magi left by Cambyses to look after the Royal House were at the head of this rebellion, and had put Smerdis on the throne, proclaiming the fall of Cambyses.

The King was struck as if by a thunderbolt. Smerdis?

How was that possible if Smerdis had been killed by Prexaspes?

At the same time a herald arrived from the capital and went straight to the camp of Cambyses' army to endorse the news and make the official proclamation of Smerdis as King of the Persians. He added that heralds had been sent through all the Persian territories, colonies and possessions for a similar purpose.

Cambyses—whose courage was only the frenzy of mania—raved with insensate rage and dread. Then he turned on his cup-bearer with an avalanche of reproaches.

"So Smerdis is alive after all, is he? This is the way thou performest my command. Answer, answer me, before, with my own hands, I tear your treacherous heart from your body."

Prexaspes was only too anxious to reply, but no power on earth could stem the stream of vituperation that poured from the foaming epileptic lips of his master.

But, as soon as he had the chance, he spoke: "Oh, my liege, there is no truth in the tidings that

(*Continued on page* 102)

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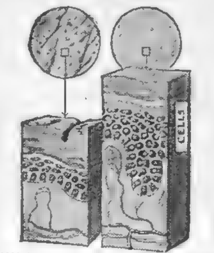

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Smerdis, thy brother, has revolted against thee, nor hast thou to fear in time to come any quarrel, great or small, with him. My hands wrought thy will on him. My hands buried him. If of a truth the dead can leave their graves, expect Astyages the Mede to rise and fight against thee. But, if the dead be dead as we know they be, then rest assured no ill can come to thee from Smerdis.

"Now, therefore, I counsel you: let us pursue the herald and question him who it was that charged him to bid us obey this Smerdis."

THE herald was pursued and caught. He was brought before Cambyses, where Prexaspes questioned him.

"Sirrah, thou bear'st us a message, sayst thou, from Smerdis, son of Cyrus. Now answer truly, and go thy way scatheless. *Did Smerdis hail thee to his presence and give thee thy orders*—or hadst thou them from one of his officers?"

The herald answered, "Truly I have not set eyes on Smerdis, son of Cyrus, since the day when Cambyses the Magnificent led the Persians into Egypt. He who gave me my orders was that Magus left by Magnificence in charge of the household. He it was who said that Smerdis, son of Cyrus, bade me proclaim him Lord."

Prexaspes was triumphant. He turned to the King: "Now I understand. The men at the head of the revolt are the Magi, Patzethes and his brother, whose name also is Smerdis. *His* brother, not *thy* brother, oh, my liege!"

Cambyses, staring, passed his hand across his brow over and over again, as if the thoughts that tormented him could be wiped away. Stuttering, he murmured to himself: "My dream, my dream .... I killed the wrong Smerdis. I slaughtered the very one who would have defended my throne and strangled this rebellion at the very start. Curse will befall me and my house for my folly. I thought I had performed a due sacrifice. Instead, I struck my innocent brother."

He tore his garments, scattering his jewels and gemmed buckles over the floor in the age-old gesture of Oriental despair. The folds of his robes swirled about him. The crises ended in a fit, from which, after a period of unconsciousness, he revived, restored to quiescence as a woman after tears. Every sob, every constriction and contraction of the *haut mal*—the high evil—that possessed him relieved his breast of a load, and loosened the unbearable compression of his heart.

He was already himself again, when the medical men of his suite offered their services. He waved them away, and felt quite ready to spring to—reaction.

His mind was inflamed with the ideas of revenge, fight, punishment, reckoning of a severity to terrify all Persia.

He would make the culprits taste the tree-planting.

He had it done to so many innocents as a mere jest. How much more would he enjoy it now that it was done to traitors. The suitable death for them all. Buried alive. Only their heads out of the ground. Yards of heads. Acres of heads. Miles of heads. And he would pass them all in review on his Arab steed, never turning back, on and on, along miles of heads, miles of heads, heads, heads . . . until his horse should fall exhausted.

He would glut all the vultures of Persia with their treasonous eyes.

A FEW hours later, fully armed, eager to speak to his soldiers for the last time in Cambyses' vein, he mounted his horse. As he was in the saddle he was seen to bend forward on the verge of collapse. Some of his officers helped him down. Blood flowed from his thigh.

The metal tip of his dagger's scabbard had broken away, and the blade, hidden in the folds of his dress, had, as he mounted, thrust to the hilt in his thigh. His constitution, riddled with disease, impaired with excess, did not allow of a quick recovery. On the contrary, the bone grew carious, the limb gangrenous.

Cambyses realised that he was doomed, and in a speech, reported in full by the historian of Halicarnassus, he urged his people to avenge him and reinstate on the throne the heir of Cyrus.

But what of Prexaspes who had nailed his colours to and crucified his life on the mast of Cambyses' evil ship? The impending end constituted for him disaster. As his state grew worse, the perplexity of the cup-bearer marched with it.

The murder of Smerdis had been kept secret until now. What would he do when the people, faithful to the real Smerdis, discovered that the man on the throne was an impostor, and that he—Prexaspes—was the murderer of the legitimate King?

There was no doubt. He would die.

But fortune favoured him—at least for a time. No one had believed the version of the murder of Smerdis, so keenly emphasised in the last speech of the dying King. Others had been destined to assassination and had been saved and hidden by the very men appointed to the task. Crœsus of Lybia, monarch of Gold, owed his life to such a fraud.

With the wrath of Cambyses, the authoritative word of Prexaspes confirmed that Smerdis was alive. His fidelity to the Royal House, he said, would have forbidden him to commit such a crime.

Nevertheless, it was with extreme reluctance that he entered into a compact with the two Magi. The incredible position made them fear Prexaspes even as he feared them.

They promised the cup-bearer fantastic presents, riches, limitless power. They thought also to avail themselves of the unquestioned authority and favour that he had with the people by persuading him to make a speech in public and officially assure them that Smerdis, son of Cyrus, was safely on the throne.

HERALDS were sent everywhere summoning the people to assemble beneath the royal palace wall. The fact that Prexaspes would speak to the public attracted thousands. From earliest dawn, there was not an inch of space which was not occupied by spectators. Roofs, scaffolds, ladders, carts and all those improvised arrangements to which the crowd of any time and country has recourse, were thronged.

Absolute was the silence. Prexaspes appeared on the topmost turret of one of the towers.

He spoke of the genealogical origin of Cyrus's family. He emphasised the growing glory of Persia.

But, when he came to Cambyses, he related the truth.

The private life of the King, the long tale of his crimes, the tragedy of his madness was related with a wealth of detail that fascinated the public.

He enumerated—without undue exaggeration—the services rendered by himself to the nation and to his King. With an obvious emotion, he recounted the hideous episode when his son had served as target for the royal bow. . . .

Then, before anyone could stop him, doubling the strength of his voice, he confessed: that in obedience to the order of Cambyses he had killed Smerdis, that on the throne sat only an impostor. With his last breath he warned the mob that a curse would fall on Persia if the house of Cyrus were not duly restored to the high task with which the gods had entrusted it.

He jumped on the rampart. He saluted the Sun—fire-god of Persia. He dived headlong into space.

His body fell, but his spirit, purified of sin and cowardice by confession and courage, ascended—so say those of his race who remember him—to the realm of Ahura.

END

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Maid of Niu-Niu

(*Continued from page* 37)

Islands—as Cooper doubtless knew—a Maid was not always a maid. It was the custom, when she grew rather old, as Lily was growing—Lily was twenty-two—to have her married. With marriage her power, almost divine, left her. No longer was she sacred, a thing to be worshipped. Another maid took her place, and she stepped down.

NOW Lily had been very troublesome about this. She would not marry. They brought her all the finest young men of the island—and Cooper could judge how fine they were; just look at them!—and told her she could have her choice of any one; of any two or three, if she liked. But the girl was obstinate; went so far as to say that she'd throw herself over the cliffs if they persisted. Then they said, thinking that she did not wish to lose her glory, that they would make her Queen; it was quite in the order of things for a Maid to take that place, after she married. Of course, an unmarried sovereign was a thing unheard of. Still she held out. Then the wisest of the old men—of whom he, Orao, was one—had consulted together, and they had come and told her that they would find her a white man. She said, "A white man broke my mother's heart; I am Niu-Niu in everything but colour; I will not marry a white man any more than a brown man. I will not marry at all." But she blushed, and looked sidewise when she said it, so the old men, who were very wise—especially himself, Orao—made magic to cause a ship to come. And behold, a ship did come, and as soon as they saw Harry——

At this point Harry broke in, violently addressing his father:—

"Damn it all, does the old monkey think I'm going to be married to any girl by force? Or to any girl anyhow, except Elizabeth?"

Cooper said, "Hold your horses, son. A lot of things may happen before the 'Donald Cameron' comes."

"Only one thing's going to happen that I know of, and that is that I'm going back to Elizabeth. She and I are going to stand up in St. Margaret's in exactly four months' time, if I have to knock off Orao's head and blow up the island to do it."

"T-t, t-t!" said Cooper pacifically. "Take things easy. You've got me with you, and I know the Islands. There's ways," he said. And he added (inconsequently, as it seemed), "A lot better than it used to be, Niu-Niu is. Ah, a grand place! I'd never 'a left it if——" He broke off short.

Harry, staring indignantly at Orao, at the youths, at the little white cottage before which they stood, the cottage that, it seemed, was to be his prison—Harry didn't listen. He was not in the habit of listening to James Cooper. It was quite enough to be kind to your father without that. And, after all, it was the Dad, with his absurd and romantic fancies—romance at fifty!—who had let him in for all this. But Orao was going on; he must listen. Pity the Dad had to translate most of it. He would have liked to listen and answer, unhelped.

Orao, it seemed, had not much more to say. The white men were to keep within bounds, and all would be well. If stray ships came—though that was not likely—and if, or when, the "Donald Cameron" called, the doors would be shut upon the two, and guards put outside. Unless, of course, the Maid gave orders otherwise. And she would only give such orders—advised by her council—after the title of Maid was hers no longer; after she had been wedded, by all the island ceremonies, to Harry.

For years no white man like Harry, young and handsome and unwedded, had been seen in lonely Niu-Niu. It might be years before such a one was seen again. The council, in the person of Orao, gave it as its opinion that Harry might as well consent at once, to save trouble. There would be no opposition from the girl; she knew better. And he, Orao, couldn't imagine a young man with blood in his body—an unmarried young man, too—doing anything at all but accept his luck, and sing over it. Or words to that effect.

"Tell him," said Harry, rather white about the lips, "that I'm as good as married. To—to the finest girl in the world. A very great chief's daughter. A—a girl I love. Tell him——" He paused, swallowed, and abruptly ended—"Tell him to go to blazes!"

James Cooper, in the island Maori that came back so easily to his tongue, explained that the young chief wished to thank Orao and the council, and above all, the Maid, for their kind offer, but regretted that he did not see his way to consent.

Orao, with a good deal of dignity for one so small and naked, bowed his head, collected his young men, and disappeared.

And the two white men, seeing nothing else for it, went into the cottage.

LILY was sitting on the coral pathway, outside the cottage door. She sat cross-legged, "taupo" fashion, with her limbs folded as a man folds his arms, a pose impossible to most Europeans. She had a fan in her hand, and fanned herself with it, gracefully, while she made conversation, discoursing exactly like a society woman paying a call. Behind her, six old women, sleepily chewing betelnut, kept guard, as they were bound to keep guard over the sacred person of the Maid, day and night, until her wedding.

In the past ten days she had called three times, each time taking her place outside the cottage, and talking pleasantly, noncommittally, about the weather, and the fishing, and the prospect of the island crop of yams. It seemed that, in the politest manner, she was showing off the goods to a possible buyer. No importunity, no sales pressure; simply a shop-window display. Neither Harry nor his father could help admiring her perfect command of a somewhat difficult situation. It was impossible to guess, from her manner, what she herself might feel.

As for the two men they enjoyed her company, uneasily in the one case, wholeheartedly in the other. Cooper found himself, more than once, wishing that Elizabeth, "that two yards of pump-water" (for so he described her much admired slight figure), had been drowned before she came along and captured Harry—and Harry's prospective fortune. This was the sort of daughter-in-law he'd have liked; this creature of white and tan and burning gold, with the cool, self-contained way of speech, and the hot flash that, now and then, showed up so intriguingly in her blue-green, brilliant eyes.

"Cripes, Harry!" he said, when for the third time Lily came pacing down the road, before her women—"Cripes, that's a girl that is a girl. She's pepper, she's ginger, for all her hair is gold."

Harry looked hard at her, and for a minute kept silence. Then he said, with something of an effort, "All one to me if she's garlic and onions, and if her hair's brass or pewter, or anything you like. She's—she's not a patch on Elizabeth."

"Son," said Cooper suddenly (they had talked much during those days of semi-imprisonment, but, manlike, shirked certain vital issues), "Son, do you want the Honourable Elizabeth or not?"

Harry forbore to wince at the use of the title. "Dad," he said, "if I were in my right senses, I do. But—who does keep his senses in the islands? There's something gets hold of you, makes you wonder what all the rest of it's about anyhow, why people can't just live instead of scratching about for money, doing things they don't want to all the time. I think like that sometimes, and then I look at—her——"

Lily was within hearing now, and perforce he ceased. His mind was a battle ground. He could almost see Elizabeth—Elizabeth, cool as a primrose, shiny-pale as the last snows of spring; tall, distinguished, calm, with something in her character that met and matched with the conventional spirit of his own; Elizabeth, who'd run his house, himself, his children, exactly as houses, husbands and children ought to be run. Elizabeth, of whom one was sure. . . .

And Lily, now offered to him as a sweet is offered to a child. Lily, with the tang of savagery in her burning loveliness; daring as any of Orao's wild young men. Lily, incalculable, wonderful, a consecrated Maid, a Queen. Whom to love would be the maddest adventure a man could conceive. His—if he chose.

Something in Harry that was all of his father cried out "Yes!" Something, cooler and harder, inherited from Gladys, bade him hold back. He was almost visibly trembling when the girl, who had taken her seat as usual, and as usual began to talk, turned and addressed herself directly to him. Had she seen his emotion? Did she, perhaps, misinterpret it? He did not know, could not guess just how Lily regarded him—and that was half her charm.

What was she saying now? What was the meaning of the impish light that glittered in her eyes? She was rising to her feet. She was going. And before she went she looked straight at James and Harry and said, with a graceful bow, "I invite you to my party!"

"What party? When?" asked Cooper.

"The day before the 'Donald Cameron' comes; that will be in four more days. The party," she said, "for the wedding." And on that she went, with the six old women scuttling, crab-wise, behind her.

Cooper swore a strange sea oath. "The cutty!" he ended. "The cutty! So she'd take an unwilling husband, soon as not. I told you there was ginger in Lily."

Fires seemed to be dancing before the eyes of Harry Cooper. "Dad," he said, in a voice not like his own, "what can I do? What can a fellow do against a hundred men?"

"Depends," Cooper told him, "on what the fellow wants to do. Son, you shall have what you want, whatever——" He broke off and corrected himself—"whichever it is."

Harry did not answer.

"They done me out of it," said Cooper darkly. Not to Gladys's son could he tell how he had been jockeyed into marrying Gladys, held to her apron-strings for half his life. It was his own fault; it had all followed, logically, from that night on which he had deserted Lily's mother, and left the island world.

"No one," he went on, "is going to do you out of what you want—if you know," he smiled hastily, "what it is."

There was silence, for so long as it might take three waves to tumble, creaming, on the coral beach below. Then Harry, with an effort, jerked out the one word—"Elizabeth!" Cooper said nothing in reply; he waited. Harry went on, collecting himself—"They're taking my honour from me, if they don't let me go. They're making me feel a swine."

Briskly Cooper spoke.

"We can't let you feel like a swine, son. Leave it to me."

Harry said, "The days of miracles are past," and turned away to the cottage. Cooper could not see his face.

IN the days that followed no miracle seemed imminent; nothing was done. The Dad went off walking by himself now and then; occasionally vanished for some few hours after dark, eluding the guards with an ingenuity that would have been quite beyond Harry. Harry wondered, occasionally, whether it was possible that, in the sudden outflare of youth that comes to most men at fifty, the Dad mightn't have gone chasing after native girls. They were attractive enough, heaven knew. As for himself, haunted as he was by the double images of Lily and Elizabeth, superimposed like a twice-exposed negative, he had no thought to spare for any of the handsome young hussies who from

(Continued on page 106)

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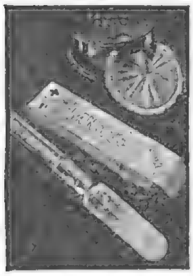

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time to time passed his door, laughing and looking. They did not look so much or so often as they had done at first. Anxiety and strain were beginning to tell upon Harry; his face was pale, his shoulders stooped. He was not now the splendid youth who had landed so lightheartedly on Niu-Niu only a few weeks back.

As for James Cooper, worry had left no mark on him. You might have taken him for a model ready to stand for the jolly seagod Neptune beside a somewhat weary, over-travelled Mercury. To use Cooper's own expression, Harry seemed a bit under the weather, while he himself was, and intended to remain, as fit as a flea. . . .

The visits of Lily had ceased. Once or twice, moodily lounging by the cottage door, Harry Cooper thought to have seen her white trailing robes flash through the neighbouring groves of banana and palm; but that one couldn't be sure of; it might have been a party of girls carrying flowers. Miracle or no miracle, the wedding preparations went on. Dances were being practised, pigs and fowls collected for the killing, bread-fruit baked, prawns, pigeons, oysters, turtle steaks prepared. There was no count of kumaras, yams and taro, of mangoes, oranges, custard apples, pineapples, "wi" apples, cocoanuts. Days before the wedding the feast would begin, continuing for days after. There'd be dancing and dancing, feasting and dancing, and dancing and drinking and dancing again. Kava and pineapple and orange beer would run free for all, and there would be, for the chiefs, strong ti root spirit, and palm wine as well. The nights were moonlight. Day and night, until it wore itself and everyone else to an end, the festival would go on. After that the whole island, tired, would rest, as only in the islands one could rest, for idle days and days. There'd be no dragon called "business" waiting, claws outstretched, at the end of the fun; no desks and ledgers over which tired heads would have to bend; no death-traps set in roaring streets, for hands a little unsure upon the steering wheel, eyes not swift to follow flashing signals.

Instead, there would be the cool, undisturbed twilight of the coral houses, with the seawind blowing through; the day sleep that restored; the singing of the reef that soothed and healed.

Savage? Yes—as London and New York are savage, too. Surely, if Nature needs an outbreak now and then; if enough is not indeed a feast, and too much sometimes good, as certain wise men say—then, the way of Niu-Niu is the best.

COOPER and Harry, outside it all, watched the preparations. It was pleasant enough in the coral cottage, up on the top of the cliff, if one had had one's mind free; if quite untouched by trouble one could have seen the processions of dancers and food-gatherers go by; with heart at ease, watched the splendid pageant of the tides, the dawn, the blossoming and fruiting of Niu-Niu's eternal summer. To see, and delight in, the picture of a perfect star painted in shadow about the foot of every palm-tree at high noon; to listen to the mourning sound of the casuarina trees, like the sad, sleepy voices of sea-shells; to mark, each day, the marvel of the Aaron's rods of emerald transformed, among the bananas, into flaunting banners of huge leaf—this would have delighted the sensitive soul of Harry, if only he had felt free to look and wonder.

As it was he could feel, like a flood tide flowing in, the charm of the islands softly invading his mind. Life here was simple as spring water, and as sweet. In England, "the world was so full of a number of things," important and unimportant, that a man, if not as happy, was at all events as busy as kings—English kings, well understood! A man, it seemed, was too busy with the mere mechanics of living simply to live.

Sometimes one wondered—almost—what all these complications really and truly were for. Hadn't one, on Niu-Niu, at the stretching of a hand, everything for which men toiled and toiled, in the grey countries, till they themselves were grey?

So he would think; then, suddenly, the picture of London would unroll itself before his eyes. London grey and cold, stinging, stimulating. London, and the sight of it, the thick-piled houses, the pavements, thronged and glassy-wet. The smell of it, tar and petrol and a million meals of food. The streets—Bond Street, where Elizabeth went shopping; Elizabeth coming down that narrow haughty thoroughfare, her small hat swept aside over her grey eyes, her waist, so long, so neat, clipped in a furred coat. Elizabeth, who was competence, capability, charm. Who was sure of everything in the world. Who knew for a certainty that England was life, and that the South Seas—if anyone ever spared a thought to that wild place—were death-in-life: only Elizabeth, who was even now buying her wedding clothes, in Bond Street, and in vain.

For the Dad, after all, had done nothing; the miracle hadn't taken place. Questioned, he merely advised Harry, as before, to hold his horses, and to keep his hair on. Once he had declared, in a burst of confidence, that what you didn't know wouldn't do you any harm, nor yet anyone else. Harry paid small attention. The Dad, in his opinion, loved cheap mysteries. And nothing could alter the hard facts, as they stood.

Now at last the feast began in all its fury; the island went dancing, drumming, eating, drinking and kissing mad; the great hall was decorated, the old men, too old for dancing and kissing, were gathering together to watch the rest. A small but formidable group they made, a handful of human dust and ashes, even such as would suffice to represent, in the end, all the flame and the splendour of the island's burning youth, to-day.

LILY, among her tire-women, was decking herself for the wedding. That misnamed handful of audacity and mischief, that spice-blossom, that freaked hot ginger-flower, was giving trouble to the old ladies whose task was so nearly done. She had slapped several of them severely; she had refused to wear most of the robes they brought her, and thrown away the wreaths they made for her hair, capriciously demanding others. She had made faces at them when they hung the Taupo's white shell about her neck on a new light string, and had fidgeted till they could hardly comb her amazing yellow hair and set the comb in it, ready for her lover to raise the long locks and secure them on the top of her head. Only the maidens wore their hair loose; the upraising of the hair, the snatching and throwing away of the white shell, and the drinking of a ceremonial cup of kava, half by the bridegroom and half by the bride, constituted a Niu-Niu marriage ceremony.

To quiet her, the old women began their eternal gossip; gossip was their joy, their chief excitement. "The young chief looks pale," they said. "He is terribly in love with you, so terribly that he is nearly ill of it." And they added remarks such as can be found, by the curious, in the earlier scenes of "Romeo and Juliet."

Lily tossed her head, giggled, and seemed to have some private joke of her own.

"He will be a good husband for the Queen," they said. "He won't anger the old men. Young men are beautiful, old men are wise. His time for wisdom has not come."

Lily looked at herself in a hand glass. "I am very beautiful," she observed. "I am beautiful enough for two."

"Yes, yes," they said uncomprehendingly, and combed away at the sparkling hair. Lily was anxious, they could see, upset almost. Well, it was enough to upset any girl, to have a bridegroom given her, who didn't know whether he wanted her or not (for that the old women, who were wise, well knew). But Lily would handle him. She was a little devil. He would

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know his master, before long, and she'd like that.

Did the old women, who were so wise, for this once make a mistake? Did they forget the fact that all women, at bottom, are alike? It seems they did; for no one, not the oldest and ugliest, and thereby the wisest of the lot, seems to have known, or guessed, at what was coming.

The wedding was not up to time; there had been a question of pigs, a perplexity about turtles, that had thrown back the ceremony for days, brought it, as things happened, right on to the time of the arrival of the "Donald Cameron." In fact, she was signalled that very morning. But the council, with Orao at their head, remained unperturbed. A hundred armed young men could keep the white men away from the ship people as long as might be necessary. And, after all, it would be handy to have the boat there on the spot, to take away Cooper Senior, prevent his making trouble. He knew too much about the islands; he was too strong in character; he'd have a finger in everybody's pie, if they didn't get him away. The Island wedding, for island folk, was irrevocable. Once the bridegroom had cast away the shell, raised the bride's tresses of hair and drunk the kava cup, he was hers and she was his, for as long as their lives might last. And Orao had planned—later on—to have a white man's wedding as well, down at Suva or Nukuluofa. Just to drive the last nail safely home.

Now, the festivity was nearing its crown and climax; the feast was spread ready; the bucks and belles were gathered in the great hall. Frizzed they were and painted, decked with beads and shells, with necklaces of scarlet berries, with striped grass crinolettes and loin-cloths of painted tappa. They were plump and shining, they had eaten nobly, and meant to eat again. They giggled, pinched and slapped one another, and kicked with bare brown toes. A wedding was fun...

The bridegroom! the white man who was to marry their white Queen! Here he came, slowly walking with his father. The girls looked knowingly at James Cooper, and whispered to one another. That day, he seemed ageless; his fifty years were neither here nor there; he held himself as nobly as any of the young bucks whose heads had never bent to the desk and pen. There wasn't a strand of grey in his black hair; his neck, in the loose collar, showed thick and sturdy as a three-year bull's. Gaily he was dressed, coatless, silk-shirted, with crimson cummerbund and white trousers and a gardenia in his breast-pocket. You might have taken him for the bridegroom if there had been no Harry walking beside. Harry, very tall and slim and pale, in white tailored suit and perfect boots. Harry, anxious-looking, uncertain and wondering what on earth the Dad had meant by telling him, ten minutes ago, to keep up his pecker; he'd get him through all right.

All right? When he saw Lily come into the hall, a dream in snowy tappa cloth and flower crown, floods of sparkling hair adrift down her back, a light of mischief, excitement, Heaven knew what, in her blue-green eyes, he wondered what was all right, and what, at the bottom of his soul, he really wanted. The "Donald Cameron" had whistled, down below, a quarter of an hour ago. If by some miracle the way was opened, if he could go this minute—what then?

THERE was to be no miracle, it seemed. Lily was slowly pacing with the dignity of a Maid, the majesty of a Queen, up to the dais where he and James Cooper stood. The old men and the warriors waited below. On a table stood the carved cocoanut cup of kava. Let him remember what Orao had said. . . He had to lift that mass of hair, twist it and fasten it on the top of Lily's head with Lily's own pearlshell comb. He had to break the string that held the white shell, and throw the shell on the floor. He had to take the cup, drink half of it at a draught (he hoped to heaven it wouldn't make him sick) and hand the rest to Lily. If he didn't do all this, there would be the father and mother of a row, and the Dad would never be allowed to go back home, whatever happened to him. And the "Donald Cameron," the trading steamer bound for Sydney town, had whistled down below. She'd go without her passenger—unless he did his job at once, without fumbling. After all, one must stand by one's father, even if he had got into the mess.

Lily was between the two; so close that one could scent the perfume of her delightful hair, see the dilated pupils of her deep-sea-coloured eyes. She was clearly very much excited. And she was looking—by Gad!—not at him, but at James Cooper.

Harry, half dreaming, stretched forth an uncertain hand towards her hair. She kicked him away. Instantly Cooper's hands were in her hair, had twisted it, swept it up and fastened it; had snapped the cord of the shell and flung it down. Quicker than a man might tell, Cooper had seized the kava cup, tossed half of it down his throat, and given the cup to Lily, who almost choked upon it as she gulped the rest.

ORAO, who had seemed, for the moment, petrified with astonishment, now sprang forward screaming, a shrill old man's scream. But the girls, unconsciously, barred his way. Shrieking with laughter, they had flung themselves in one solid mass upon the shell, and fought one another for its possession. There were auguries to be gleaned from that shell; strange secrets to be read from the manner of its fall. . . And he had seen no hesitancy in Lily's drinking her share of the kava.

And Orao, in one bitter moment, saw himself defeated. It was too late. Cooper, the sailor, the strong man, had married the Maid. Cooper would lead her, to-night, to the flower-decked bridal room. No undeveloped youth, easy to influence, would sit on the Prince Consort's throne of Niu-Niu. The island and the Maid would know a master.

"Here," said Cooper, giving Harry an enormous dig in the ribs, "wake up and scoot, son, scoot! Kiss your stepmother and be off, before any of these jokers with the spears quit laughing." (For the young men, aware now of the enormous jest that had been played, were roaring like jackasses.) "You can reckon on an islander for just five minutes at a time and no longer. Your hand, boy—don't forget you old Dad—be off!"

There were tears in his eyes, as he grasped the white hand of Harry, and crushed it in his own brown paw. A son was a son. Even if—maybe by and by——

HARRY, recovering his wits, smacked down a hurried, stepsonly kiss on the cheek of Lily (not thus had he thought to kiss her!) and, edging through the crowd almost unnoticed, fled. Down the coral roadway, where the wind swept up from the achorage below, where, now, the angry whistling of the "Donald Cameron" demanded, for the second time, attention, he went hotfoot. One couldn't think of refusing the Dad's fine sacrifice, so cleverly managed as it had been; so ably as that young puss, Lily, had played her part! How Lily and his father could have planned it was beyond his imagination.

Sacrifice? Was it anything of the kind? Was it not, for James Cooper, something quite other; a coming home, at last, to the life that he had missed and wanted—all the time? Harry, little accustomed to think of James Cooper save as a mere background to his own hopes and plans, accepted the idea with amazement. Yes, the Dad had never been really happy. He'd always had a sort of hunger in his eyes. As if he were looking at something that he wanted, a long, long, long way off . . .

And with that came the recollection of Elizabeth, a long way off, whom—Harry was quite sure about it now—he wanted.

The Niu-Niu lilies, heavy-headed, swept past his face as he went down the stairs. He thought he would remember the scent of them always.

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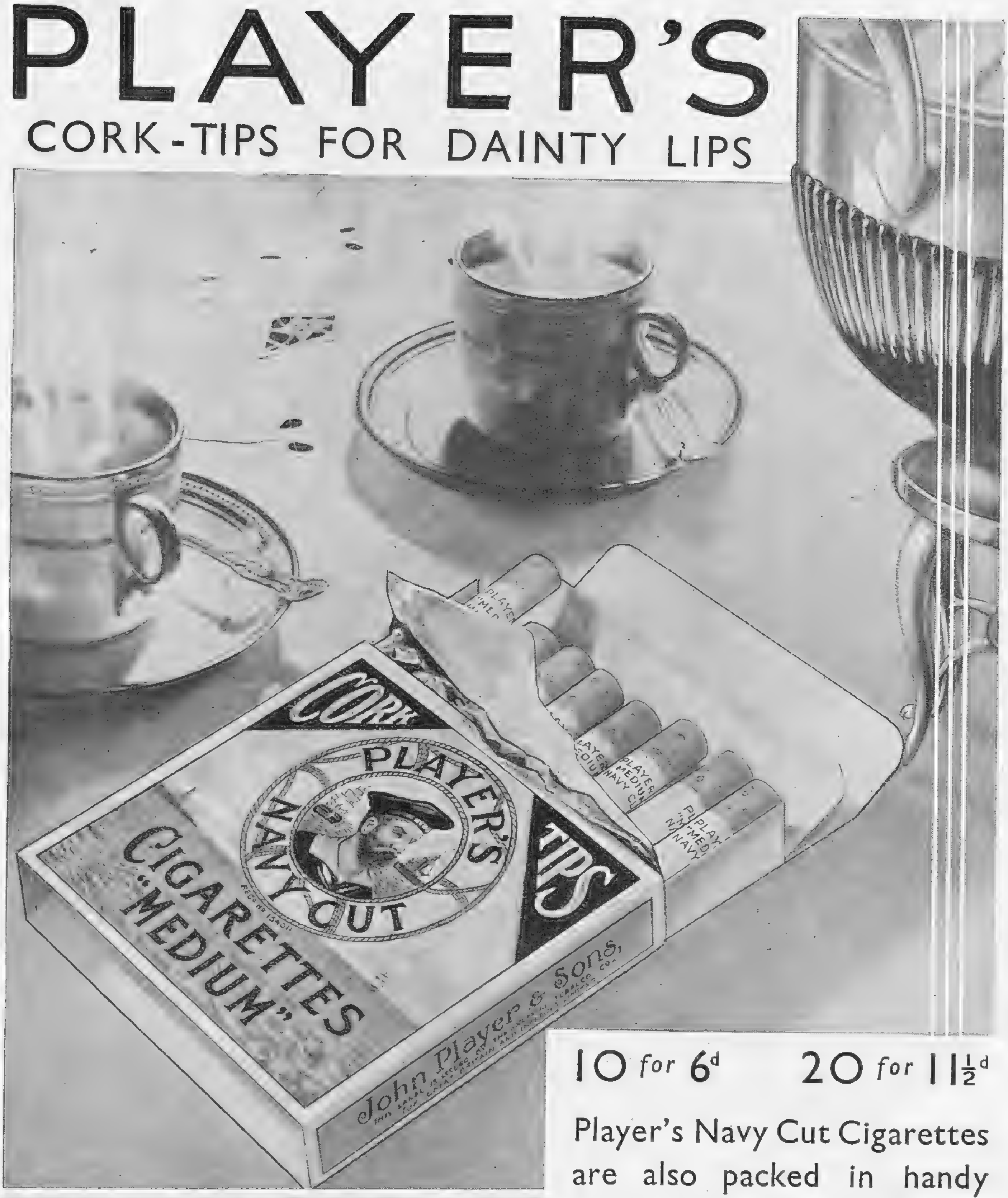

CORK
TIPS
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
"MEDIUM"
John Player & Sons,
PLAYER'S
MEDIUM
NAVY CUT

10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C. 207. F. Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Lost Fat

She Took

4 inches off WAIST
5 inches off BUST
6 inches off HIPS

When you pick up a Fashion paper and read that waists will be smaller, that skirts will be slimmer and tighter, what does it mean to you?

If you have allowed your figure to spread, it means a tight tethering with corsets, a compression of bulges here and bulges there; it means you are faced with a seam-bursting problem—unless, of course, you take steps to reduce your girth.

How about 4 inches off your waistband to begin with? Then, say, 5 inches off your bust? And would 6 inches off your hips be welcome? Read this letter:—

"My husband had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some years when he first bought your wonderful Kruschen, and I, being inquisitive, noticed it was good for reducing fat, also, so we both took the regular morning dose. In four months I have lost 16 pounds of fat without altering my diet in any way, except for sugar in my tea. I must say I feel much fitter and more active now, and can get up better in the morning. Being a short person, I looked as broad as I was tall before, and am very pleased with the result."

BEFORE.		*AFTER.*	
Bust	38 *in.*	*Bust*	33 *in.*
Waist	30 *in.*	*Waist*	26 *in.*
Hips	42 *in.*	*Hips*	36 *in.*
Weight	10 *stone* 1 *lb.*	*Weight*	8 *stone* 13 *lbs.*

Mrs. M. B., London, N.1

Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

The Newest "TOINOCO" CLEANSING TISSUES

SOFT, SILKY and ABSORBENT.

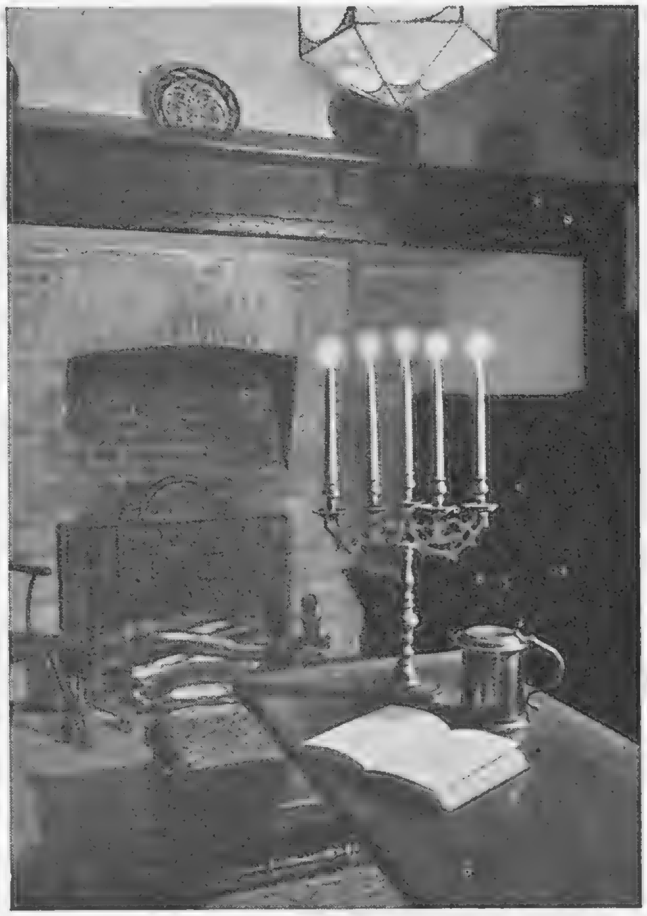
Handbag size, in packets of **50** for 6d.
Singly folded for easy withdrawal. Indispensable for travelling.

100 Double size in convenient boxes for Home use - - **2/-**

At all Chemists Stores or from—
THE TOINOCO HANDKERCHIEF CO. LTD., (Dept. B),
55, Hatton Garden, London E.C.1.

Proprietors of "TOINOCO Silky Fibre" the Original Brand of Aseptic Handkerchiefs.

Candle Power

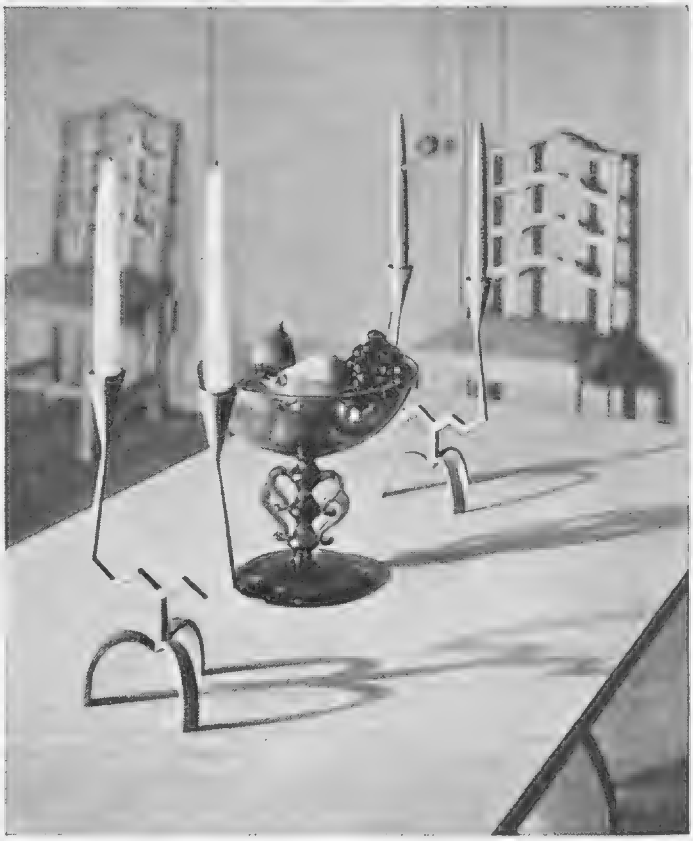


Left

AN old-world setting by Maples, showing Nell Gwynn candles in a very suitable setting. The lovely colouring of the candles, apart from the light they throw, is quite a decorative feature of the scheme

Below

THIS modern setting by Heals is enhanced by the charming appearance of the Nell Gwynn candles, of which there are varieties to fit in with any scheme



THOUGH candles have passed out of use in the sense of practical lighting, their importance as features of the decorative scheme has scarcely diminished at all—which can hardly be said of other things of their kind.

This is largely because of their adaptability to all styles and all periods of furniture perhaps, for they are certainly as well suited to an emphatically modern scheme as they are picturesque and natural in a room of the more mellowed variety.

As table decoration, candles are again very much the vogue. Certainly, nothing is more restful to diners, or more conducive to comfort and beauty at the table than candle-light flickering upon silver and glass, or reflecting itself in the surface of polished wood.

In one of the illustrations on this page, candles are shown in a massive wrought-iron holder in a setting of traditional character. It is easy to imagine how much is added to the effect of this scheme by the soft colouring of the candles themselves, as well as by their light, which lends an even greater richness to the sombre tones of the background.

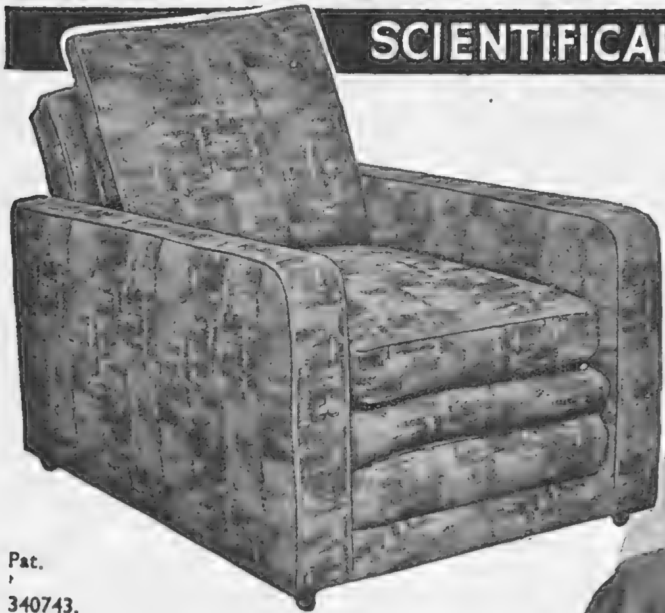
In the other picture a modern table setting is equally improved by the coloured candles in their interesting metal holders, their colouring carefully blended with the general colour note of the room.

Nell Gwynn candles are obtainable in an immense variety of colours and shapes. Try them in your brass and silver candlesticks, on the table or in any place where their colour and shapeliness are well seen. You will be delighted with the effect.

MINTY *Club Chair*

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

Modern stress calls for modern rest—not only for modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty chairs are the last word in comfort, practicability and sound construction. All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.



Pat. 340743.

REST IS THE FINEST MEDICINE

THE "MERTON"

THE "ISIS"

THE "ISIS"

Pampers the human form as never before. The spring back and doubly sprung seat have patent pocketed feather-down cushions. Pure hair upholstery. Frame, seat and back are separate units for easy cleaning and loose covering. No dust-traps, no gadgets.

"ISIS" CHAIR from £5-19-6
according to length of seat.

"ISIS" SETTEE from £10-10-0
according to length of seat.

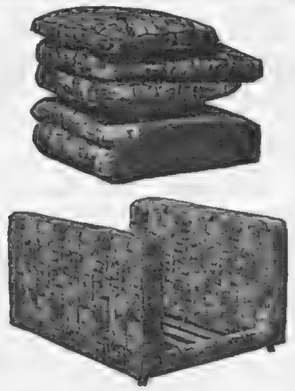
The "MERTON" Economy Model

Thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout.

"MERTON" CHAIR from £3-19-6
according to length of seat.

"MERTON" SETTEE from £7-19-6
according to length of seat.

Deferred Terms can be arranged.



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

MINTY CHAIRS ARE BUILT FOR STRENGTH.

Two Chairs and a Settee form an admirable Suite.

Write for Catalogue of the Minty "ISIS" and "MERTON" Chairs, and patterns of Coverings.

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TWILF IT DE LUXE MODEL 02561 BR.

An exquisite Corselet in Cream needlerun lace lined net. Insets of two-way stretch elastic and low back. An ideal foundation for evening wear. Boneless. Bust sizes 34 to 40 ins.

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POST FREE

All the latest models can be seen and fitted at

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D·H·Evans of Oxford St.W.1.

D. H. Evans & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.
'Phone : Mayfair 8800

Overtime *for* Cupid

(*Continued from page* 15)

leaders dealt with the ominous symptoms and outlook in grave orations. Among a large number of Left-oriented intellectuals marriage was regarded as bourgeoise. A "companionate marriage" was the only possible thing for the advanced "parlour pink."

All that is now old-fashioned. It dates as decisively as a Trotsky speech, a 1925 skirt, or a treasure hunt. Marriage is not only popular; it is fashionable. There is a remarkable dearth of free young rips and bloods. Actresses and show girls complain about it. They have to find their escorts now among middle-aged and elderly men. Clear evidence of this, apart from that visible to the naked eye, can be found in the expensive pleasure haunts and supper places.

Inspect the lists of co-respondents in divorce suits. There are few gallant lordlings and gay young Don Juans among them. Our friend is almost invariably married, or at least divorced. The eligible bachelor of many seasons' standing is as rare now as the great auk's egg. Sir Philip Sassoon, for instance, 46 and still unmarried, is a phenomenon so outstanding in society that a newspaper scarcely ever mentions him without reminding us of what is plainly regarded as the most remarkable fact about him.

Investigate this and you find yourself among the roots of profound social and economic change. For one thing, women are much more the partners and companions of their husbands than they were even a few years ago. One young man about to get married observed at a luncheon party I was at recently that men in his position, young and with some money, were formerly expected to want to have their fun with a bevy of damsels before settling down; but he preferred to have his young fun with just one. This is a new outlook among the patricians, the plutocracy, and the upper middle class.

For another thing, commercial enterprise and the fall of money, labour and material costs in the building field have combined to facilitate home-making. Your young wage-earner does not need capital to embark upon marriage. He can get his furniture by paying instalments over four or five years (fares to the showrooms paid, and a life insurance policy thrown in); and for 10s. 5d. a week he can get a 5-room (3-bedroom) house with bath and all services, or he can buy his house over five years, with a free insurance thrown in to take care of the purchase in case he dies.

I have heard it frequently said—usually by people commenting on the rising divorce figures in general, or on some particular young marriage that has hit the rocks—that there is too much hasty marrying these days. Another of the many illusions about this marriage phenomenon.

So far from being more careless, young people seem to be getting more cautious and canny, more exacting, more determined not to be caught, or to commit a serious error. Broken engagements are commoner now than they ever were. The pretty young lady whose engagement to our tennis friend, Perry, was recently announced, has two broken engagements back of her; and she is by no means exceptional. The beautiful Mrs. Sweeny very nearly married the Earl of Warwick. A weaker girl might have done, for it takes courage to break an engagement, especially a much-publicised one. However, break it she did, and married the other man.

At the ecclesiastical offices in Doctors' Commons they will tell you that the number of licences of marriage taken out, but not used, rises every year now. In the London area alone more than 3,000 licences of marriage were returned to registrars during the first half of this year. One or other of the parties had second thoughts at the eleventh hour. Here we have a rough guide to the enormous number of second thoughts there must be among engaged couples who have not got to the point of taking out a marriage licence.

HOW far the existing divorce law encourages or discourages marriage is a controversial point on which you can argue until the port decanter is emptied, resort is had to violence, or the cows come home. I myself, discussing with a well-known sociologist the parallel rise of the marriage and divorce figures, was sharply chided for loose phraseology.

I had said that British marriage seemed to be getting Americanised, by which I meant that people were popping in and out of marriage much more freely. For it is a mistake to suppose that husbands and wives who get a divorce thank their stars they are free at last, and devote the rest of their lives to enjoying a glorious freedom and advising their friends never to get married, or privately commiserating with those of their friends who are married. On the contrary, more than two-thirds of the men who are divorced marry again, and the number of women who follow their example is almost as great (and would certainly be greater but for the fact that most of them are between 35 and 45 when the divorce occurs).

But the sociologist said "Americanisation" was far too loose and sweeping a term. And I had to admit that I had succumbed to the temptation to sacrifice precision to expressiveness that time. It is not yet customary for our young women, even our stage and film young women (who rightly or wrongly are supposed to be more emotional and impulsive than the ordinary citizeness) to jump in and out of marriage as agilely as, say, Miss Jean Harlow, whose matrimonial exploits are not so exceptional in the American area as one might imagine. Nor is a British divorce rate of about 1 in 85 really comparable to the American rate of 1 in 7.

But, then, marriage has certain safeguards here which it lacks in the great United States. Its prestige is maintained on a higher plane by a strictness of view and a rigidity of code which many intelligent people think is overdone. The marriage rate would be immensely higher here, owing to the larger turn-over, if counties made their own divorce laws, and hard-up counties, desirous of attracting custom, made divorce exceptionally easy in their area, provided you came along and stayed a few weeks. This is what happens in America, where they have 49 separate codes of divorce law, and where, a legal authority recently pointed out, it is possible for a divorced person to be single, married, divorced, and a bigamist at one and the same time, depending on the State he happens to be in.

But in this country one strict divorce law runs. Rare cases of unnatural vice apart (they account for only two or three divorces in a year), there is only one ground for divorce: adultery. Eminent lawyers have long advocated two changes. They would grant a dissolution where there has been persistent aggravated cruelty, and they would allow divorce for desertion after four years. But even these advocates of easier divorce are against granting divorces to the spouses of convicts or lunatics.

It is extraordinary, as Sir Reginald Poole pointed out some time ago in a presidential address to the Law Society, that for one isolated act of infidelity by the other, a man or woman can obtain a decree of divorce enabling either of them to obtain custody of the children and to get a settlement of money secured on them for their life; while, on the other hand, a drunken woman may neglect her home and her children, or make her husband's life a hell on earth, and a husband may beat his wife, abuse her before the children and servants, and otherwise drive her to despair, drink, drugs, the madhouse, or suicide—and the (*Continued on page* 114)

Benger nights are restful nights
BENGER'S Food

A cup of Benger's sipped before going to bed ensures quiet restful sleep. Eminent Medical men describe it as "The finest thing to go to bed on."

Those troubled with sleeplessness will find Benger's Food invaluable. It accomplishes that most important thing, the soothing and very gentle stimulation of the digestive organs so necessary for really restful sleep.

The "Practitioner" says:
"We have always recommended Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation, and see no reason now, in spite of the multiplicity of competing foods, to qualify or withdraw that recommendation."

311a BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK (U.S.A.) SYDNEY (N.S.W.) CAPE TOWN (S.A.)

BENGER'S Food *for* INVALIDS *and the* AGED

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

VICHY ÉTAT
EAU MINÉRALE NATURELLE
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THIS famous NATURAL Mineral Water facilitates digestion and thus improves the complexion. The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

NEW

so gay . . .
so enchanting . . . .
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the latest creation of
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A new discovery in the art of perfumery. A new pleasure. A new thrill. A SUMA is for the truly sophisticated woman. It has gaiety with restraint . . . lightness with haunting charm . . . glamour with serene and lovely grace. But there are no words to describe A SUMA, this latest creation of Coty. *You* must test and enjoy its perfect fragrance for yourself.

● In decorated flacons from 21/- to 47/6. Smaller bottles from 3/9 upwards. Also available in Face Powder, Hair Lotion, Brilliantine, Talc, and Toilet Water.

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Write to-day for interesting booklet "The Coty Way to Greater Charm," sent post free by return from BE, Coty House, 3 Stratford Place, W.1

"Here's another lucky little boy with strong white teeth who knows all about Giant Decay and the Ivory Castles"

When Jack cleans his teeth with Gibbs Dentifrice he's fighting Giant Decay and slaying the Caries Imps. So says the Gibbs Fairy Story. So Dentists affirm.

It's easy to charm children into regular teeth cleaning, when they use Gibbs Dentifrice. They love its delightful flavour and refreshing after-effects. Doctors, Dentists, and millions of private users assert that Gibbs Dentifrice is the finest tooth cleanser obtainable, for adults as well as children.

Make sure of strong, beautiful white teeth for each member of your family. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES *in tins 7½d, 1/-, 1/6*
TOOTH PASTE *in tubes 6d & 1/-*

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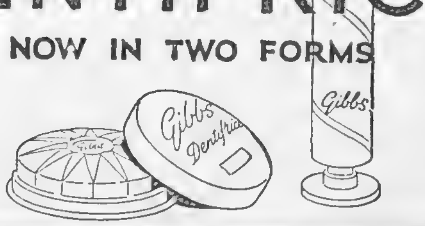

only remedy the abused one has is a judicial separation.

However, the resistances to reform of the law have so far been too strong for the reformers. The inflexible law stays. There is no sign of any relaxation of the fundamental law of divorce in Britain. The Church continues officially to frown on the guilty partner, although he or she may be in all other respects a saint, while the aggrieved partner, who may be vile, is treated as necessarily of superior clay, and admitted to Church privileges which are forbidden to the guilty one. Society—and the authorities—may not be so inflexible; but all the same the social and legal mechanism does not encourage any particular lowering of the prestige of the marriage institution here by making it either easy for one of the partners to escape from a marriage, or a light thing to play the rôle of co-respondent.

It would be indelicate to surmise what it cost Mr. James to get married to Miss Tilly Losch, but what it cost him to get unmarried from her has been the subject of expert estimates in the Press. The figure is put at around £10,000, counsel's fees and refreshers accounting for half. In that case the parties employed three high-priced leaders and four juniors, evidence had to be taken on commission abroad, and a score of witnesses were called.

One may here interpolate that wealthy men who make romantic marriages do not always pause to think that if the marriage goes wrong, and the wife can sue for divorce, or the husband sues and the wife enters a cross-petition which succeeds, they are liable to lose a third of their income, diverted by way of alimony to the successful wife. In fact, few men who enter into marriage with the mental reservation that if it does not succeed a divorce is, after all, a simple and easy escape, remember that little snag of alimony.

Between 60,000 and 70,000 ex-husbands are paying alimony or maintenance to wives from whom they have been either divorced or separated. The total sum is estimated at £10,000,000 a year, and the components range from the shillings of wage-earning workers separated in the police courts, to the thousands of rich men whose divorces are, as a rule, arranged by high-priced lawyers bargaining behind the scenes before the court case comes off. One millionaire who has taken a third wife is paying to each of his previous wives an allowance of £20,000 a year. This is quite an item even for a man whose revenues vary from £250,000 to £500,000 a year, before income and super-tax.

The simple, undefended, friendly divorce can be had for £25. That, at least, is what it cost a man I know, who agreed with his wife that they had better part, and further agreed to play the gentleman's part (which is the cheapest possible way of managing these things) by supplying the necessary evidence of adultery at an hotel with the usual "unknown woman."

The affair is more expensive where the lady succumbs to temptation, and a lover—expensive, that is, for the co-respondent, who has to foot all or a large slice of the bill (if he has the means; if not, the cost still falls on the luckless husband who sues), and may be mulcted in damages, too. The cost then may be as low as £150, which is the bill of costs presented to a co-respondent of my acquaintance who took over a wife and four children, the husband being quite resigned and willing to divorce his wife without fuss and without asking damages; or it can be as high as £10,000, the award given by Lord Merrivale and a special jury against co-respondent Captain Noel Pearson in the Ingham divorce case (not the record; that is held by Mr. Dimitri Sophocles Constantinidi, who was awarded £25,000 damages against Dr. Henry William Lance, a physician). From which it will be seen that while home-breaking or wife-stealing may be a joke for a penniless Don Juan, it is liable to be no joke for any man of substance.

It now looks as if the prestige of marriage will receive a further fillip (if one agrees with those who hold that the harder it is to break marriages, the higher the institution will be held by the average citizen and citizeness) by a tightening up of the legal procedure. The main reform expected to emerge as a result of an overhaul of court procedure this autumn will bring consternation to the many hundreds or thousands of husbands actively planning, or vagely contemplating, for a variety of reasons, a quick and easy break out of their marriage.

It is aimed at the prevention of the arranged divorce, which sustains a very considerable and expanding business. There will be no more of those cases in which the presumptive evidence against the husband is adultery with a "woman unknown"—that is, if the court can help it. A word on this helps to illuminate the murkier recesses of the divorce scene.

Human nature being what it is, it has long been taken for granted that if a man and a woman shut themselves up in an hotel room, it can be for only one purpose. Thus solicitors advise clients who wish to break the ties of an unsuccessful marriage, or whose wives have fallen in love with someone else and have prevailed upon them to "do the decent thing," that the first and vital thing is to provide evidence of misconduct. This is simple. The husband goes out and finds a woman willing to co-operate, at a price; and the wife's lawyer gets his evidence, and everything is plane sailing, although, in fact, all that happened was that the husband entered the room with the woman, and remained there talking, reading, smoking or looking out of the window.

But even this relatively simple procedure entailed some inconvenience and embarrassment to nervous or high-minded males. Now, a demand for any service will always bring some commercial brain into the field eager to supply it. Very rapidly these last few years there has grown up a regular business for the provision of the necessary co-respondent, along with the evidence, all at an inclusive fee, and not even including travelling expenses in most cases, because this business has branches in all the major cities.

Mr. A's solicitor helpfully puts his client in touch with Mr. X, the agent who arranges these things. A female co-respondent? Certainly. Mr. X has a list of them. If the client is taking the affair lightly, and is not averse to mixing pleasure with business, Miss Z, gay, blonde, curled, good entertainment and an expert dancer, will join him. If he is a serious person, and wants to discharge the necessary business with expedition, Miss Smith, alert, assured, silent, will play the rôle of the woman in the case.

Mr. A. then books a room at an hotel (the agent has a list of very accommodating hotels) and man and "wife" repair thither and sign the register as Mr. and Mrs. A. They enter the room under the eyes of maid, or porter; or, if the hotel is particularly helpful, it may not be necessary to do anything beyond signing the register. The evidence has been manufactured. The husband has not committed adultery, but he has gone through the forms and ceremonies which are accepted in a court of law as presumptive evidence of the act. And everyone is happy.

Except the authorities. From their point of view the procedure is an abuse of the law, and an encouragement to easy divorce. The law calls for adultery, and adultery there must and shall be. Furthermore, since this is unlikely to deter the average man bent upon a divorce, a statutory declaration will have to be made that any misconduct that has occurred has not been committed for the purpose of rendering a divorce possible.

This puts another complexion on the matter. A man will fake divorce evidence and feel righteous about it. But making a statutory declaration which is false is quite another matter. It will make him think twice and thrice—and then perhaps decide that he cannot go through with it. The divorce-arranging business will receive a severe set-back if this reform goes through. It is even possible

(Continued on page 116)

'Yes darling, it's all arranged'

"Six bibs . . . four frocks . . . nun's veiling, delaine or silk (yes, silk I think) . . . four tiny nighties . . . four tiny petticoats . . . six woolly vests . . . oh, lots of lovely things . . . I've got the list from Treasure Cot and so we simply can't go wrong. And a rubber bath . . . and the cot itself . . . and I've even chosen a pram . . . a very rolls-royce of a pram . . . fit for a very precious baby. Now what about me. My dress is a great success, clever Treasure Cot again. Funny how I always used to say maternity gowns were so depressing . . . everyone says I should get another and I think I will. They're such normal looking frocks, not expensive and it's good for one's morale to have something to change into. I'll go to Treasure Cot again to-morrow—it's such a restful place to shop—with everything one could need at hand. Such helpful people too!"

* * *

If you can't come to see us the next best thing is the Treasure Cot catalogues. Each one deals in fullest detail with its subject. Just send a postcard giving titles of books you want and they will be sent you free in plain envelope. These are the books.

M. Maternity Wear. **A.** Everything for the event (cots, layettes, accouchement items, etc). **C.** Children's Fashions from 12 months upwards. **F.** Nursery Furniture. **P.** Baby Carriages. **X.** Chilprufe for Children.

Note — we are agents for Harringtons Squares.

Treasure Cot

The service that grew from a cot

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John Tait & Partners

The First Step in the Care of Your Complexion is to cleanse the skin and keep it healthy and youthful. In Iradium you have a skin tonic of the highest quality at the lowest price. It thoroughly cleanses the pores, stimulates but does not dry the skin, and makes your face feel delightfully fresh.

IRADIUM
SKIN TONIC de DIXOR
2/6 and 5/6 a bottle
Order a bottle from your Chemist, Hairdresser or Stores.

FREE SAMPLES of IRADIUM DE DIXOR, VELOUTY DE DIXOR, the *Original* Combined Cream and Powder, and a copy of the DIXOR Book of Beauty will be sent to those sending name and address with 3d. stamps to cover postage to Dept. B.E. 9, DIXOR, Ltd., Danemere St., London, S.W.15.

By Appointment

There is a **MELTONIAN** dressing for every type of shoe

By Appointment

Suede shoes, for example, should be dressed with Meltonian Liquid Cleaner (in bottles 6d.) There is a special Meltonian Rubber Brush too, 1/-

that the steady rise in the divorce rate will be checked, relieving the authorities from the annoying prospect of having to appoint a new judge at £5,000 a year to help cope with an overload of work—although the machine works so efficiently now that straightforward cases occupy no more than five minutes, and decrees nisi are made absolute with mass-production speed.

Finally, by way of a happy ending, let me remind you that the divorce court itself has its moments of high romance. Every year between 70 and 90 husbands and wives who have obtained divorces think better of it, either before or after the decree is made absolute. There was a much publicised case of that description the other day; but it only secured news space because the people were fairly well known, and the divorce action itself had been news, mainly on account of its cost. It is not uncommon for a husband and wife to regret a split which has led to the divorce court, and when the judge picks up the list of decrees nisi to be made absolute, counsel rises and asks his lordship to cancel application No. so-and-so, because the parties are to remarry. His lordship is charmed to do so.

Confounding *the* Prophets

(*Continued from page 27*)

On his way back to the studio Heron grew more and more wretched because any imagined explanation of to-day's events seemed so impossible to conjecture. At his easel he tried to work, but the Ark on the divan and those gaudy bonds kept capturing his attention.

Worthless: yet someone paid Daisy fifty pounds for bits cut off them!

Were they worthless? Hope flamed in him. P'raps John had made a mistake. But on the telephone from the dairy at the end of the road, his cousin Bill, stock jobber, confirmed John's information.

"Mompings, me boy? Utter tripe. Went phut two years ago or more."

Heron wandered back to the studio and stood at the window.

So Peter Monckton was a secret friend of Daisy's. Where had the swine taken her in that car? What were they doing?

Sir Peter Monckton, the only son of a millionaire! Able to give a girl anything she set her heart on, able to give Daisy all the things she had missed since—lost through—her marriage. . . .

Hours passed. The light failed. St. Jude's clock struck seven, then eight and at last nine. . . .

The opening door made Heron start up from the divan where he had stretched himself.

"Poor darling!" cried Daisy, hurrying in. "In the dark, all alone and tumbly-empty! You've forgotten to eat, of course. It's all over at last, Sweetness. A boy—the Red King! I've gaspers—catch!—bangers, apples, doughnuts, coffee, butter, rolls——"

"So you've cashed those coupons?" Heron asked, taking a cigarette from the packet.

"Did I not! At the double!" she exclaimed and kicked off her shoes as she always did, one here, one there. "Half a hundred of the best! I feel like Ma Midas—only fagged out. Being born's a crime we ought to apologise for all our lives. Darling, I simply couldn't lug the beer along. I've told Lynette you were paying off the fiver we owe them and she asked me to buy a few things. So I was smothered in parcels like a Christmas-tree. There's a quid—if you don't mind dashing to the pub."

He caught the crumpled note and went out because he felt so criminally reluctant to charge her with his discoveries and burst a lovely bubble. . . .

Returning from King's Road, a quart bottle of ale under each arm, he paused near the Wilsons' studio. Daisy hadn't been with Monckton long, he tried to feel assured; she had been—she had said so—with Lynette. He trudged on past the door.

But had she? Easy to find out. He paused again and then went slowly back to the house. Dishevelled Ted opened the door, excitedly drew Heron in and spoke in swift undertones.

"Glad Daisy was able to be with her," said Heron, having heard of Lynette's bad time.

"Was she? Good. I was told to keep out of the way. Lynette said she'd knife me if I heard one sigh."

"Has Daisy come yet?" asked Lynette very faintly from the bedroom.

"It's only Heron," cried Ted. "Want her?"

"She beetled off early this morning," complained Lynette. "She swore she'd be back in half an hour. She never fetched up. She——"

"Now you mustn't talk and excite yourself," broke in a patient voice, and the nurse appeared and held up a warning finger before noiselessly shutting the bedroom door.

Walking slowly up the dark street, Heron thought:

You read of these things—wives and secret lovers. But in real life they hardly ever happen—or do they?

How can anybody know? Secret lovers. So long as they're secret nobody knows. A few get found out and the beans are spilt. How many remain secret for all time?

Daisy had said she had cashed those coupons. That couldn't be true. She had said she'd been with Lynette. That wasn't true either. Daisy had been with Monckton and he had given her fifty pounds.

Two damnable lies: two damning truths.

He had reached the porch of the block of studios and now set the two bottles down.

Secret lovers have only to be circumspect to escape suspicion, he thought, remembering Pam, Pamela Jones, back in his student days at Oppenheim's. Nobody had ever even faintly suspected the existence of the affair between them.

He remembered their ecstasy one night in Montmartre when they had sat on the long flight of stone steps that lead to the basilica of the Sacré Cœur, sat clasped and whispering vows till sunrise . . .

It had been happy and innocent and beautiful, that adolescent, transient affair, but it might so easily have been tragic and guilty and sordid without a friend of theirs being the wiser.

Secret lovers can keep their secret very easily.

Daisy and another man. The bare thought of such an indefensible outrage was like a gallipot of dirty turpentine flung on the canvas of his glowing memories of her, perverting the most joyous, intimate and beautiful into obscenities.

Faintly he heard Daisy singing upstairs, and hurriedly pattered down the steps to the street and walked swiftly riverwards.

ON the Embankment, having lit a cigarette, he leant against the balustrade, the dark river swirling behind him, cold with despair.

In his misery he remembered laughing at John and Rose holding up white podgy hands in horror at his marriage. What, he remembered jeering, did they know of love, the smug, unctuous, convention-bound maggots? Daisy was admittedly of another class, and had been gay (common and fast were John and Rose's phrase), but the miracles of love, he had scoffed, are the commonplaces of everyday life. She would alter. She had altered. He hadn't had one qualm.

And now?

Sports coat, pull-on and flannel trousers had been bought out of the last half-year's fifty pounds and made his flesh creep. The canvas he worked on, most of the tools he worked with, had

(*Continued on page 118*)

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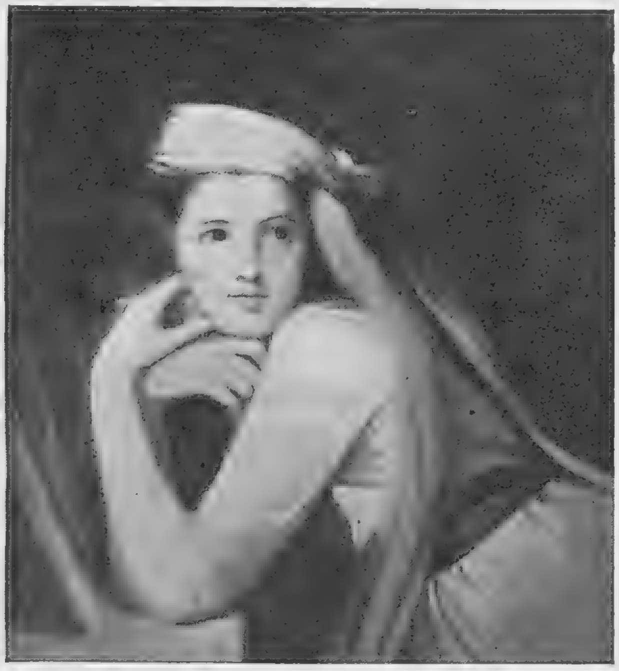

Lady Hamilton by G. Romney National Portrait Gallery

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News

The AGA is the only cooking stove in the world with a guaranteed fuel cost of less than 25/- a quarter

AND the Aga is the cleanest and tidiest stove—the world's most efficient cooking machine in all the methods of the noble art. Toasting, frying, boiling, baking, grilling, roasting, poaching—all these methods are vastly improved in the Aga. And then the Aga cuts the drudgery out of kitchen labour and reduces the necessary work to a great extent.
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The new and larger 4-OVEN AGA (Regd. Trade Mark) COOKER

The S.B.21. illustrated above, price £78. Standard Aga £62. Delivery and erection of either model from £5 10s. Either model can be installed for a first payment of £5 10s. and the balance paid monthly or quarterly over one, two or three years out of the saving in fuel the Aga will effect.

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(*opposite Selfridge's*). *Telephone: Mayfair* 6131 (*5 lines*).

been paid for out of the same filthy source. Even the cigarette was one from Daisy's packet.

In disgust he plucked it from his mouth and, turning, flipped it in a glowing parabola to fall into the water and go out for ever—like romance, illusion, a fool's faith in a woman and that fool's paradise. . .

He set off swiftly eastwards.

At length he rang the bell of number ten Medlicoat Mansions.

" Tell Sir Peter that Heron Fellding has come to see him," he directed the elderly butler.

The man hesitated. Heron stepped in. The old butler, startled by the visitor's aspect, had hurried to a side door and said, " A gentleman, Sir Peter, giving the name of Fellding——" when Heron put him aside, went in and shut the door in his face.

Sir Peter glanced up inquiringly from an armchair.

" I've come to get the truth," said Heron. " My wife came here to-day. You took her somewhere in your car."

Immediately he regretted the framing of that sentence. It was not as astute John would have framed it. It gave away his ignorance of their destination, and Peter Monckton was smart enough to take immediate advantage of the loophole.

" Oh, yes," he said affably. " She was in a hurry to get back to Chelsea. I dropped her at Hyde Park Corner by the bus-stop."

" Why did she come ? "

" Mightn't you ask *her* that question ? " suggested Monckton, and his suavity would have converted even faint suspicion into certainty.

" You gave her money. I—— "

" I cashed some coupons for her," amended Monckton, breaking in.

" The coupons are worthless. You *gave* her fifty pounds. Why ? "

Monckton lit a cigarette, and his stolid imperturbability seemed more damning than agitation.

" How," went on Heron, " has she earned it and the rest of the money you've given her these last two years ? "

" Isn't that *her* business ? " asked Monckton.

" It's her husband's."

" I suppose so ; but for all that I'm afraid I can't enlighten you."

" You will," said Heron, who drew a chair in front of the door and sat down. " I shan't go—and neither will you—till I've got the truth out of you."

Monckton stared at Heron, seeming to appraise him, and after a silence, asked :—

" D'you suspect her ? "

" I suspect you," retorted Heron, " damnably."

" That," said Monckton, " doesn't matter. Do you suspect *her* ? "

Heron, eyeing him, answered with deliberation, " I do."

Monckton nodded regretfully, said " I see," and then added :

" Then there's nothing for it but the naked truth. I warn you you'll be shocked."

" I'm past that," Heron said.

" We'll see," said Monckton, then asked :

" D'you happen to remember a girl called Pamela ? "

" Pamela Jones ? "

" Pam and I were twins," said Monckton, nodding. " Duplicate twins."

" I thought I knew your face ! " exclaimed Heron. " But I understood your name was Monckton. I—— "

" She took an assumed name while studying art," broke in Monckton. " You see, my father was so self-made that he had to be a stickler and bring us up to be absolutely useless. You and Pam were once—good friends, I understand ; but I'm afraid, Fellding, she was fonder of you than you of her. You—sheered off."

Could all this be revenge ? Heron wondered. Had Pam's brother got hold of Daisy ? There is always something uncanny about duplicate twins . . .

"My sister took a great interest in your career," Monckton went on. "Your—pardon me—your failure distressed her. Two years ago she learnt from one Wilson, an artist, that you were on your beam-ends. She heard, too, what a splendidly loyal, uncomplaining, plucky girl you'd married; how she looked after you and hoarded pennies and sometimes went cold and hungry so that you could be clothed and fed and so paint the masterpieces that she—and Pam—felt certain were in you to paint. Pam was ill then—very ill."

Heron's startled eyes put a question. Monckton nodded.

"Two years ago. It was then that she told me about those rubbishy bonds some swindling friend had sold her. She asked me to use them as a screen because she was sure you'd refuse to accept money from her. I was to pay your wife fifty pounds half-yearly. Pam said you'd only fritter it away, but your wise wife would spend it wisely and you'd get all the benefit. Up to now your wife has always posted me the coupons as instructed, and I've sent her notes in exchange. To-day we met for the first time. She came in person because she said the money was so urgently needed both for you and to repay a loan to a friend who had just been confined."

Heron nodded, but he could not speak.

"If you want written proofs——" began Monckton, but Heron shook his head.

Each memory of every suspicion seemed to drip like acid into Heron's mind in the quiet of that room, and the recollection of his waking thoughts of Daisy that morning—those disparaging thoughts that had been almost regrets—was no balm.

"Is that all?" asked Monckton presently and stood up.

Heron rose too.

"If I were you," went on Monckton, "I'd say nothing and do nothing in the matter now or ever. If I were you I'd make tracks home and——"

He went to the door and held it open and added:

"And if I felt big enough to reach them I'd lick my wife's boots."

Fifteen minutes later Heron hurrying up the street towards home met sauntering Ted Wilson.

"They're splendid!" cried Ted. "By the way, nurse has been telling me of the brick Daisy's been. Lynette was all messed up with dope. She was wrong about Daisy not coming back. In the background Daisy was digging out like a Trojan all the afternoon and evening. Thank her for me frightfully, old boy."

Heron hurried on.

On the dark landing a yard from the studio's open door he came to an abrupt standstill.

Facing him, long nose and snub nose in the air, she scarlet, he livid, were Rose and John, and opposite them stood Daisy.

"He *is* suspicious, I tell you," John was averring. "He may be an easy-going fool, but Heron's not quite such an innocent, let me tell you, as to believe your preposterous explanation!"

"Which," put in Rose, "is really no explanation at all. A mysterious friend sent you the bonds! Then why secretly visit Sir Peter Monckton?"

"I didn't," said Daisy. "There was nothing secret about it. I——"

But Rose had heard only Daisy's denial.

"You did!" she stormed. "We saw you go in! We saw you come out with him! We saw you drive away together! We were there—at Medlicoat Mansions, I tell you!"

"You'd best be frank," declared John. "Though your marriage was a mistake from the very beginning, we don't lay all the blame at your door. We're aware that Heron's an abject failure. We——"

"We know," broke in Rose, "what you've had to put up with—the privations, the squalor. But mistakes can be rectified."

"Exactly!" said John. "That's the very reason the Divorce Court was instituted!"

"An abject failure," repeated Daisy, seeming utterly astounded. "Heron? Just because his work's (*Continued on page* 120)

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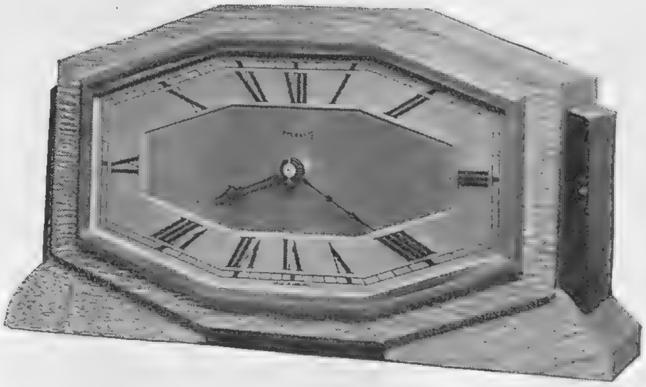
above the heads of the rich jobbernowls who are the only people to-day who can afford to buy pictures? What utter nonsense! I doubt if there's ever been so great a painter—none greater anyway. It's their bad taste and his bad luck—that's all. Things to put up with? Me? You pray God, the both of you, that one day you have as much to be thankful for as I've got! He's my man, all my ideal, and I wouldn't have him changed one speck. And he didn't suspect me. I know he didn't. He—simply couldn't."

The confounded John Fellding's precipitate retreat, both babbling incoherent protests, and the subsequent expression of their firm conviction that Heron had gone completely off his head, were justified, for solemnly Heron walked in, knelt down, ignored startled Daisy's, "Dar-*ling*, what *are* you up to?" lifted one stockinged foot, kissed it devoutly, then said in tones of obviously sincere distress: "I only wish to God you'd been wearing boots—beastly dirty boots!"

END

A Matter *of* Time

Recommends you to electrically controlled time for a peaceful life



THIS is a Ferranti electric clock—one of the best known makes. In oak this clock costs £3 . 7 . 6 and in walnut £4

TO those who can face the future bereft of that skin-saving explanation, "My clock was wrong!" electric time in the house is definitely a load off the mind. And, goodness knows, a load or two off that much overtaxed organ is not to be sneezed at in these days.

It's the little troubles, the petty irritations of the daily routine that add so much to the stress of greater issues. Smooth away these small difficulties and we find ourselves better able to cope with the big ones. That's merely one of the rudiments of success. So is a reliable clock one of the most efficient "smoothers" imaginable. You'd be surprised.

Think of all the annoyance, dispute, disorganisation that goes on in otherwise placid households for the want of the right time.

Nobody is really to blame. Clocks—ordinary clocks—need attention, doctoring, pampering even, if they are to function properly, and who has the patience or the mechanical knowledge for that?

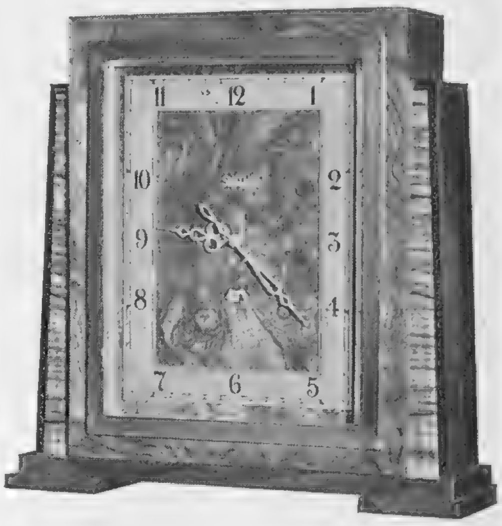
That's why electric time is so essential unless you reside in some Arcadia where nothing matters—not even the next meal.

An electric clock needs no winding, no regulating, no attention, ever! Yet it always gives infallibly accurate time.

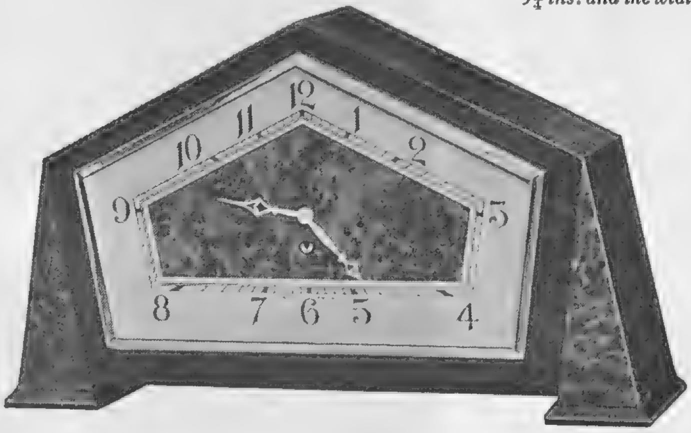
The maid can juggle with it to her heart's content; your small boy can stand it on its head, but you'll still have the right time. Atmospheric conditions have positively no upsetting effect upon this ingenious device.

In appearance, electric clocks have everything that skilled craftsmanship and beauty of material and design can give them. For every room of every type there is an electric clock now made. Smith's Electric Clocks—a very popular make—do not require a plug point to themselves and can be used simultaneously with other domestic electric accessories.

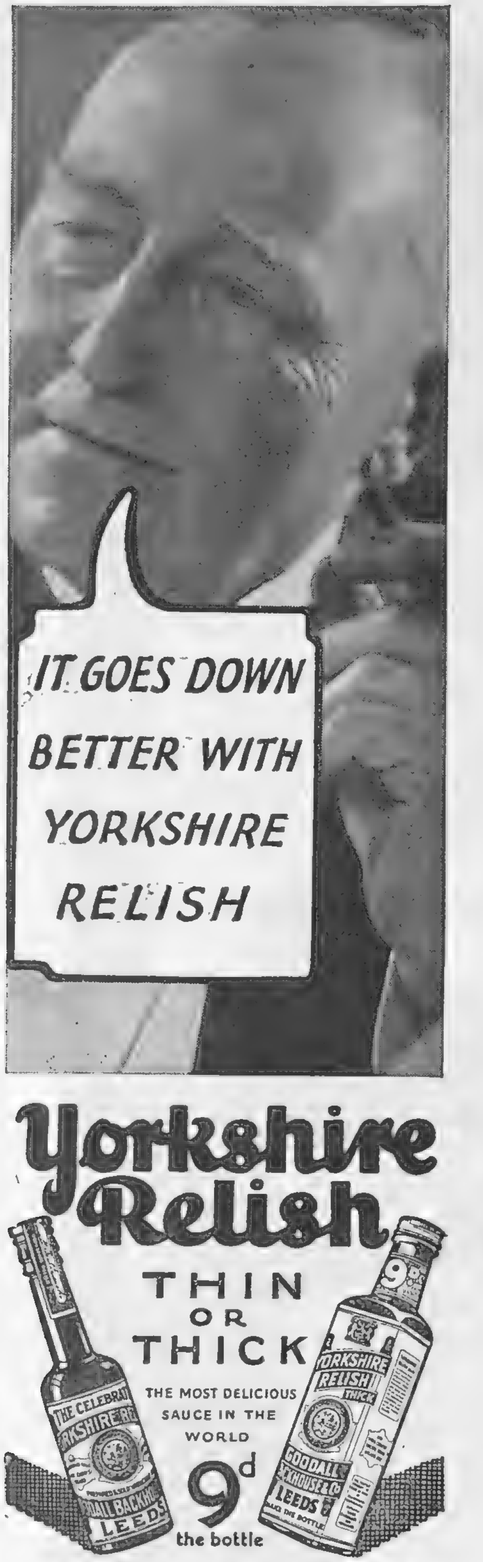
Many modern houses are wired for electric clocks, in fact—a sure sign that, before long, no home will be truly modern in its appointments unless it is properly equipped with electric time.



ONE of the best designs yet made by Smiths. The height of this model is 9¼ ins. and the width 9⅜ ins. In oak, 84/-



ANOTHER electric clock by Smiths, this time with a fancy shaped dial. Height 5¾ ins., width 9½ ins. In oak, 55/-



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Wincarnis is simply the finest wine reinforced with the strengthening blood-creating elements of the purest beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. You'll find it quite delicious. Get a bottle to-day and see how quickly you notice the difference it makes to you.

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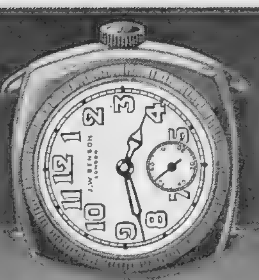

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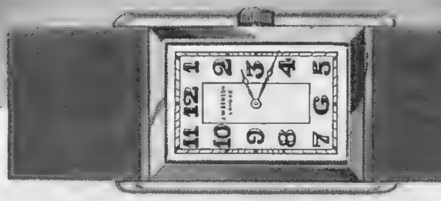

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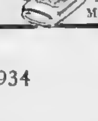

THERE is no need to go on suffering with a Cold for days or weeks. Take Genasprin at the first sign of a Cold; sneezing; aching limbs; rising temperature; and check it at the start. Genasprin's marvellous germ-destroying pain-relieving properties set to work without delay. It disintegrates minutely in water, passes quickly through the stomach, enters the blood stream and is then conveyed all over the system.

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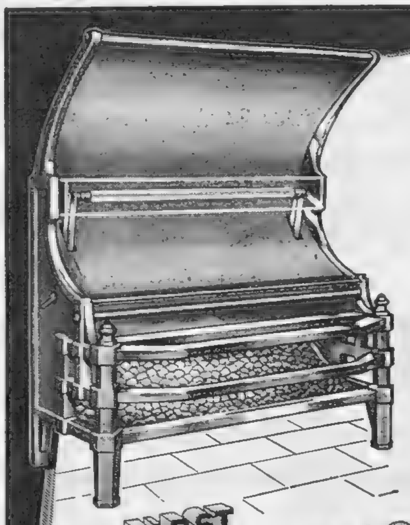

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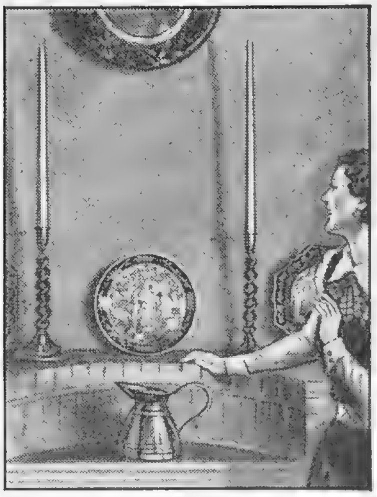

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Helpful booklet by Miss Elizabeth Craig free on request.

24 Hours on a Cape Horner

(*Continued from page 17*)

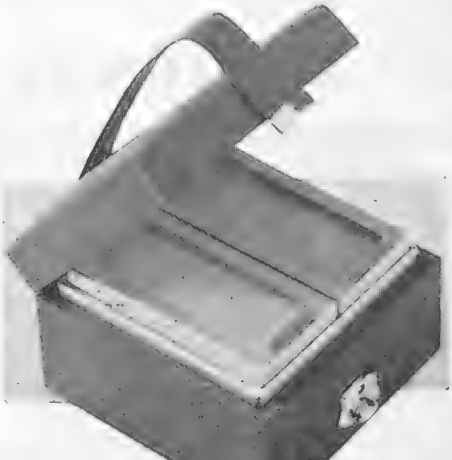
night from the poop as we were shortening sail under a full moon. Nobody answered him. He wasn't the sort you wanted to answer.

"With that the Old Man shot off the poop like an explosion—the whole 250 lb. of him. And up he comes, a belaying-pin in his hands, clambering like a great bear over the futtocks, as active as that same bear for all his sixty years. And then he had laid out on the yard, clawing his way behind us as we stood on the man-ropes, until he came to the end, when he let drive with the pin in his hands at the Thing, which was there as plain as life. The next minute, as the belaying-pin *went through* the Man on the Yard into thin air, our "Old Man" had thrown up his hands and gone down like a plummet into the deep sea.

"We never saw him again—nor the Extra Man on the yard neither. He had done his work—*he* had."

The old hooker lifts once more, and then, as the wind presses down upon her like a pair of giant hands, shoves her nose right down into it. There is a whiplash of spray over the naked bodies, and then, without warning, there comes a roar, and a great sea goes over her.

"Duet de Luxe"



WOMEN who really take an interest in the health of their skin know that when choosing face powder it is most important to make sure that the quality of the powder is above reproach, for a coarse powder often contains particles which may irritate or damage the skin, while some powders are inclined to dry the skin by absorbing its natural secretion.

Innoxa powder may be used with the utmost confidence, for it is sifted with the greatest care, and, owing to its special composition, there is no danger of its damaging the most sensitive skin. It is delicately perfumed, and is made in a range of twelve carefully blended shades suited to every complexion.

Innoxa have recently introduced a most useful and attractive case which they call the "Duet de Luxe." The blue grained case is secured by a strap fastener and contains two full-sized boxes of powder in two shades, one for day and one for evening use. Any of the twelve shades in their range may be ordered and each box is fitted with a hinged cellophane lid—just the thing for travellers, as there is no chance of the powder being spilt. And the price—only 6s. 6d. complete.

"Take that upper fore topsail off her!" comes a howl from the poop, where the mate, hunched in his oils and sou'wester, stands, his eyes piercing the weather like knives.

When that little job is accomplished, the Wild Man, as we call him, takes up the wondrous tale which, to make it classy and classical, I will call "The Rape of the Sabines."

It is all about a delightful little episode at Port Wirrah-Wirrah, as we may call it, in South Australia, when he and a few boon companions had gone ashore after a five months' voyage, mad for the sailorman's three needs—drink, food and love—which sounds better than "women."

"We had been at sea for months, and were raging for some good food," he said, his pale grey eye wandering around the circle. "*You* know. Our blood was salted and dried out . . ."

The cry comes away for'ard out of the night:—

Klare Lanterne! ("Lights burning bright!")

There is a little silence.

" . . . The first thing we did was to bury our muzzles in a pint of gin. One of us, old Briny, was wolfing down orange after orange like a dog-faced baboon.

"Then we told the girl at the Sailor's Rest, where we had slung our mud-hook, to put on the biggest, juiciest and tenderest beefsteaks that Australia could produce, with plenty of onions—and, by cripes! that is just what she did!

"You never saw such feeding! We were half-starved on the old hooker, and we had nearly run out of water. How we buried our teeth in the juicy steaks and stuffed ourselves with the onions and spuds—we'd been living on those damned tinned taters on the ship. Filthy food, I call it!

"Then we buried our noses again—and again. After half a dozen extra brandies, we were fighting mad and love-mad." (Here I translate freely.) "I could have made love to the ship's figurehead. So out we went into the town, to see what we could find."

It seems that at this point, finding a *shebeen*, they started all over again with some "Tiger," which the Wild Man says "went straight down to the spot, taking the skin off your throat as it went, and making you game for anything."

He went on with his artless little tale of how, in their unlawful amours, simple and entirely unconfined to the usual channels, or a laudable attempt made so to unconfine them, they had carved up half Wirrah-Wirrah. Upon which, the local police had been called out.

Through whom they went like a knife through cheese with their ten-inchers in some very pretty knife-play. And then the Wirrah-Wirrabites, shaking their hands and saying "wirrah-wirrah" without cessation, had sent for a military detachment, the Wild Man averring modestly that before they had had to yield gracefully to *force majeure* "they had gone a good way towards carving up the whole roseate Australian army." At least, that was what he called the military detachments.

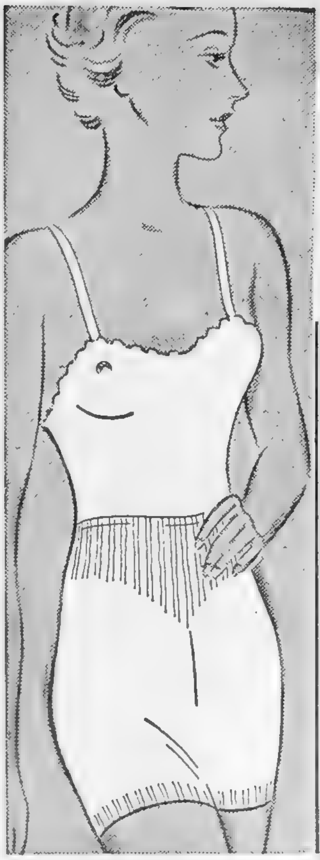
The golden-haired, blue-eyed Finns, the flame of blue swords glinting in their eyes under the galley fire, listen in silence—but one feels it to be the silence of approval, appreciative and final. The long blonde hair of some of them sweeping their shoulders, for it is too early yet for the "Cape Horn clip," it is a battle after their atavistic Viking hearts.

There is a certain dark tension in the air, as though magical forces were being unleashed. The smother over the side seems pregnant with warlocks and witches as they ride the wind, screeching as they come.

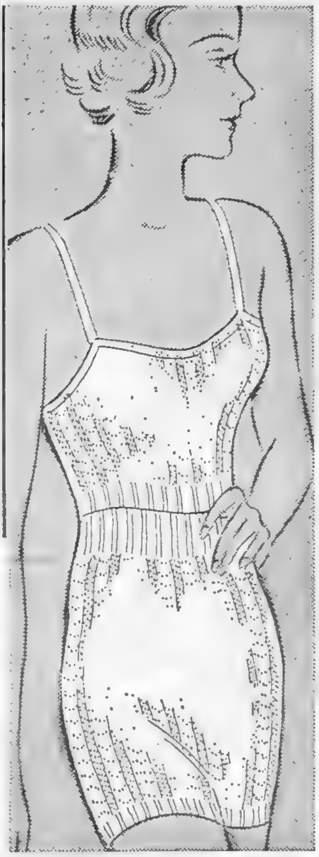
They say a black cock has been slaughtered under the break of the head, with that letting of blood which is the basis of all incantation. Already I, whom they declare to have the "Big Magic," have been taken to the jigger-mast to scratch it, whistle and bring a wind out of a dead calm—and have done my work so well that we look

(*Continued on page* 124)

These pictures suggest ever so faintly the charm of this year's Wolsey. We can only illustrate two but there are many more sets to delight you, at prices that will appeal to you. Once in your hands they will prove irresistible!



FAY—Some like a silk finish to their woollies. This set in wool and art silk is warm as warm, yet feels so cool and smooth. The vest has shaped opera top (picot finished)—the pantie a flat fitting yoke and a double gusset for hard wear. White, shell or peach—each garment ... **3/11**



ALMA—Fully fashioned in diaphanous lace-patterned wool and art silk, smooth to the skin, but oh! so warm. The vest fits superbly — pointed top, satin shoulder straps, ribbed waist—and the panties are very neat with their ribbing at the waist and legs. White, shell or peach. Ladies'—each garment ... **6/11**
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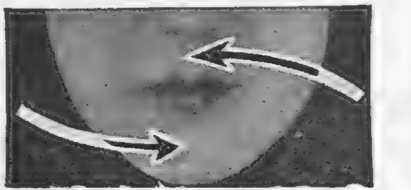

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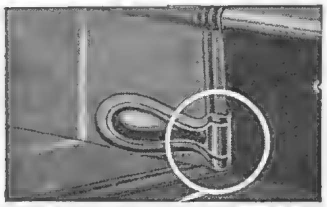

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like being blown out of the water and carried *over* not *round* the Horn by the airy road of the witch riding on her broomstick or the warlock on his "horse of air."

And then there is a roar of Viking laughter as she "takes it green" over the starboard bow, to wash the galley clear of the story-tellers as they rush to the deckhouse for dry clothes.

Reel No. 2.

"*NIGHT SPORT 'NEATH TROPIC MOON*"

It is a fortnight later, with one hundred degrees of crimson sun dipping behind the blue wave. A regular doldrums swell, long and oily, creeping like silk from the horizon to under-run the ship, with the watch below trying to keep themselves in their bunks with the high weatherboards, nervous as cats and wanting to fight anything. Half of them, stark naked, are lying crucified on the foc's'le head or on the roof of the deckhouse fighting to draw the air that is not there into the starved lungs. The four-master groans in her innards as she swings drunkenly, her masts trying to break out of their steppings.

A stark statuesque figure, snow-white under that tropic moon, and gripping the twelve-foot harpoon, is hanging out there on the bowsprit shrouds under the great jibboom, waiting for the shark that refuses to materialise and to "take the steel."

Whereupon we lower the whitest and most tempting bit of them all, the "Angel Child," in a bosun's chair to the water's edge, to act as living bait and tempt the big brute who has been, not following, but lying alongside all the breathless day, for there is not a ripple on the water.

Vainly the Angel dangles his young and tender legs in the lapis lazuli sea under the round white moon.

As we gaze with a certain pained intensity into that bath of turquoise, a shadow shows itself somewhere down there in the deeps. There is a sullen belly-turn as the white of John Shark dull-gleams and the seven-rowed teeth turn to seize our Angel.

There is a scream and half a dozen sinewy arms are lifting our living bait out of the maw of the sea-tiger. There is a poised moment, as he swims past the port bow, and the naked figure clinging to the shrouds has balanced itself, the right arm uplifted, waiting what is known to the matador in the bull-ring as "the moment of truth."

The long pale arm hurtles over and down, and the twelve-foot harpoon has squeegeed into the turquoise and into the body of the man-eater. There is a spurt of crimson down there under the big moon; the movable head of the harpoon has come out and is "fast"!

Twenty-four fists are gripping the manilla rope that trails the harpoon head, and with it Johnny. There are screams of joy—unholy joy, as the olive-green shark fights for his head and his life—but though he may lose the latter, he does not lose the former.

He has swum out from the bows, all his fins going, and before he felt the check on the rope. And for twenty seconds he takes the "hook" and the strain, nor will he yield a foot.

Then, as those twelve deltoids and triceps, used to ten hours at the braces and toughened out of all humanity, find their rhythm as the first boy calls the time, Johnny *has* to come in, trailing his life-blood behind him as he comes.

And then, in a moment, the line of naked men has tumbled "head over tip" on our white decks, as the razor-barbs pull out of the yielding skin, for the harpooner has not found the "direct hit" which reaches the vitals.

And there they lie with the Man in the Moon laughing at them, for you can see him plain as Punch, with the slack of the rope to which they ludicrously hold. Loud are their curses as they call upon the sea-gods—but Johnny himself, (*Continued on page 126*)

y Appointment

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have been famous for over 80 years and are recognized throughout the world for their luxurious qualities. The new autumn models now presented in our Fashion Salon offer a selection of choice that will appeal to the most fastidious tastes. There is a very wide range of new styles, each of which maintains that desirable character inseparable from the true Tailor-made garment.

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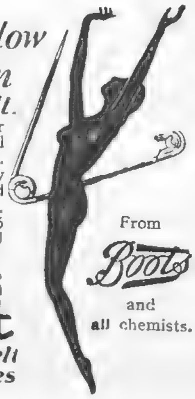

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just over the side, is still on patrol, waiting for the next harpoon or the next pork-hook.

But where there was nothing, there are now dozens of fearful shapes. They are "on the scent." The scent of that blood which stains the blue water. And there is no need for any more Angel as bait.

A great whale has come out of the blue to say "How-de-do" to the old "Neptune," and to see what is all the pother about. Like all his kind he regards our 4,000-tonner as a giant playmate—bigger even than his own seventy or eighty tons.

And so he sends up a high thin spout close under our stern, and, diving, comes up the other side to send his thin spray under the staring moon.

No use sending a spear into *him*! He could haul the ship!

And when finally he submerges to a sound like all the fire-irons of the world scattling together, and the man-eaters having sunk with him, our battered old sea-bird lies there cradled on the silk of the swell with no living thing within two or three thousand miles—the loneliest thing on the ocean!

THERE comes a confused sound from the foc's'le head to our friend the whale, who is now spouting again in the faraway, sending his breath-mist to the golden stars. And there is the sound of voices which gather into a great sea-roar as they follow the tune played on his harmonica by your humble, sitting on the scuttle butt, for they all know the English words:

"Hurrah! for Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Hurrah! for Reuben Ranzo,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Ranzo was no sailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Ranzo was a tailor,
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
Ranzo joined the "Beauty,"
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!
The "Beauty" was a whaler,
Ranzo was no sailor, . . .
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!"

The "Ranzo, boys, Ranzo!" comes in like thunder between the other lines, which are sung as a solo by the chantyman. God knows what the "springers" rushing from side to side athwart our bows make of it, down here in latitude N. 9° 8'.

The mournful strains of "Leave her, Johnnie,"

I thought I heard the skipper say,
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her . . .

wail out over the misty waters, for, the big fish having disappeared, wraith-like pillars fine as smoke, are gathering about us—and instead of the scorching night, there has come a queer chill into the air—something like the chill which you so often get in these latitudes after a tearing blistering midday.

The men seem to come closer together for protection. They (*Continued on page* 128)

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o 'Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

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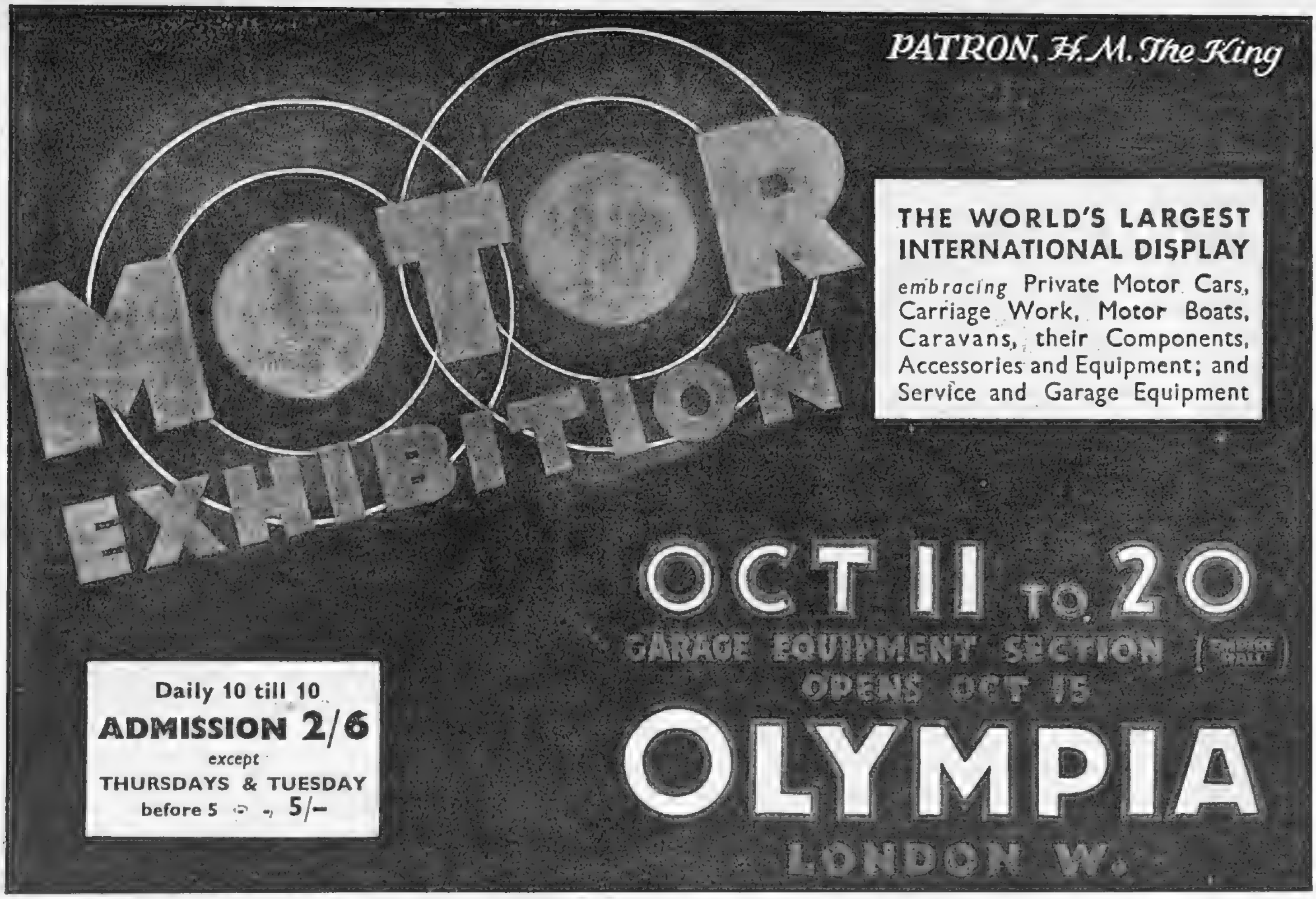

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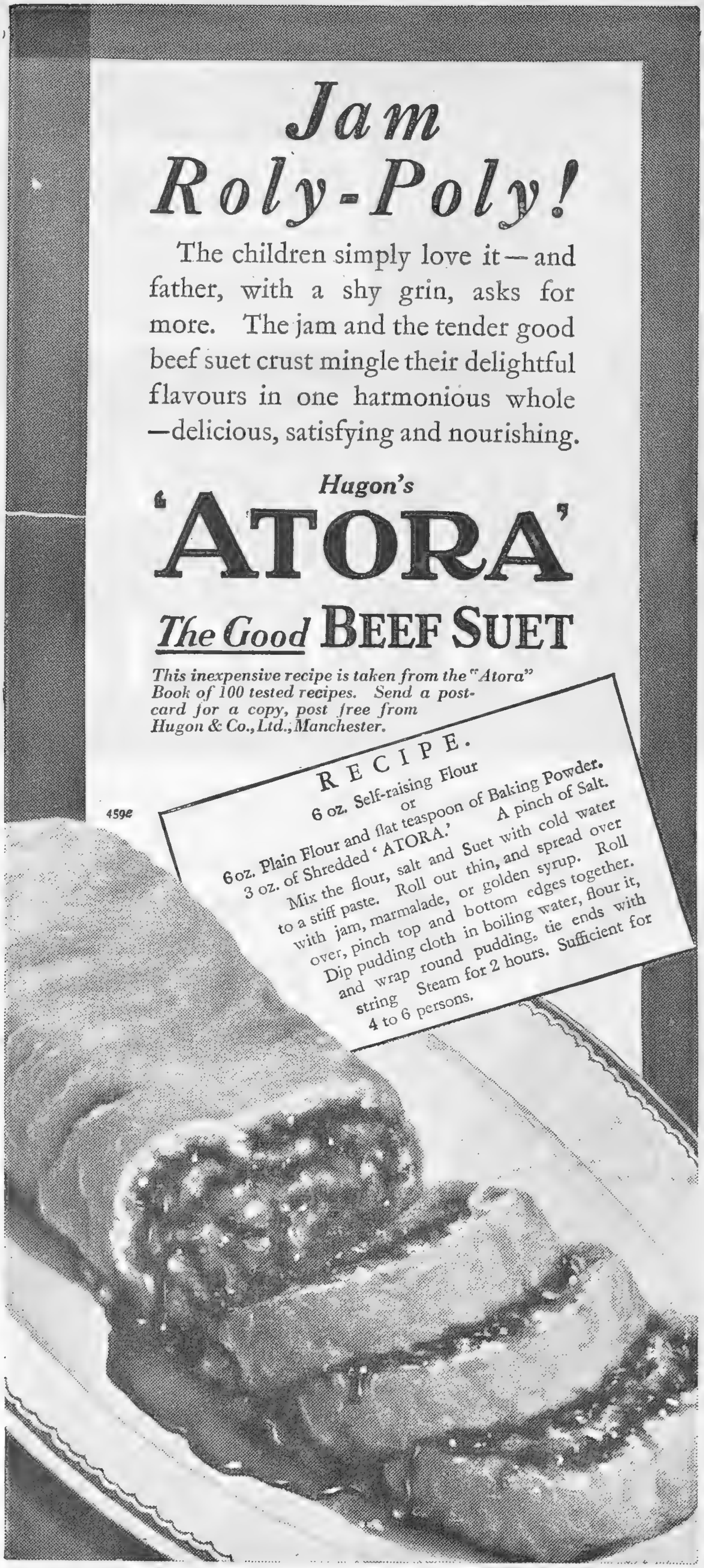

Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying and nourishing.

Hugon's 'ATORA' The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the "Atora" Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a post-card for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

RECIPE.

6 oz. Self-raising Flour
or
6 oz. Plain Flour and flat teaspoon of Baking Powder.
3 oz. of Shredded 'ATORA.' A pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.

459e

have come off the "head" and are gathered, some of them under the break of the poop, and some of them have gone into the deck-house to fetch a sweater.

They peer out anxiously from under the "break," and one of them whom we call "Old Sorrow," says:

"I tell you, this latitude is haunted. There's something queer about this part of the ocean. They do say that somewhere hereabouts there is a secret sea that is covered with seaweed and even has floating forests of weed growing on it. If the ship gets among all that sea-tang she is as good as lost!" He adds impressively after a moment in a deep funereal voice: "I'm only tellin' ye!"

But the moon shows himself again—a great, bald, bawdy fellow—and he is laughing at the speaker. The wraiths clear away. The night is its own hot reeking self again, and the boys have stripped to the buff once more and are lying on the roof of the deck-house and on the "head," from which comes the sound of the harmonica and a *tap-tap-tap*.

The strains lift on the night airs into a very hurricane of sound—but underneath, each of the treble notes coming clear as a bell to hold the tune and the feet of the dancer, who is dancing "The Sailor's Horn-pipe," or what he calls the sailor's hornpipe, on "three straws." His arms are balanced across his mossy chest, his head held on the "universal joint" of his shoulders, as he sways to the melody.

And now he is circling the deck, just clearing the port bower anchor and coming round by the crimson capstan, his feet going like one o'clock, *Tappety-tap-tap-tap; tappety-tap-tap-tap.*

For to get the "clog" into his feet, he has donned a pair of broken shoes, through the left of which his little toe peers coyly at the moon.

He is coming round by the port ladder, when a wild satyric figure comes like an apparition out of the port calaboose in a foreshortened nightshirt, with tufts of whitened hair sprouting angrily, as it shouts:

"God of Mercy! Can't you let a poor old man sleep."

With a final howl of "God of Mercy!" the old satyr makes as to retreat to his den in the port calaboose where, with his Bible, he sleeps amongst his shavings, when he catches sight of the stepper, who happens to be one of his favourites. Whereupon he pulls up short, and with the stump of the missing thumb pointing solemnly to Old Man Moon overhead, he says, quietly:

"And be sure, there IS a God!"

Upon which he vanishes like a wraith of the night.

Reel No. 3.

"*FIGHT AND FEED AT 'SIXTY SOUTH'*"

"If this easterly goes south, we shall have hell's own weather!"

This from our Old Man as we beat off the Horn, as he paddled about in a foreshortened jacket vainly endeavouring to hide his prodigious rump ("behind," though politer, is in this case insufficient!), and, as always when it is possible, ignoring oilskins.

We have struck all our jibs—"flying," outer and inner, and are driving along only under fore staysail, lower topsails, and a mizzen staysail to steady us. We are doing our damnedest to avoid making "northing," as it is south we want to get and around that "blasted cape," as our captain calls it in Swedish. He turns to the mate to tell him for the fiftieth time:

"Six times Jensen tried to round it, and six times he was driven back. The seventh time, after they had been beating for weeks about that bloody snout—and *all* sailing ships ought to be sunk at the bottom of the sea, and may God damn them!—he went down quietly, took his pistol, and blew his brains out. And he did right!"

We are sailing *bi de vind*, as the Swedes call it, the wind (*Continued on page* 130)

PRINCE'S PLATE

designed for

MODERN DINING ROOMS

Mappin craftsmen have designed new Tea and Coffee Services, new Spoons, Forks and Cutlery, new Cabinets, etc., to harmonise with modern ideas in Furnishing. The quality of Prince's Plate remains unaltered—it is much the cheapest in the long run! May we send a catalogue and full particulars?

Prince's Plate Tea Set, 1½ pints, £5. 5. 0. 3 pieces. Tea Tray to match, 18 inches . . . £5. 10. 0.

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(opposite the Mansion House).

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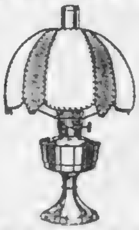
When it's Aladdin, of course



Aladdin burns paraffin and costs less than ¼d. an hour. The pure white rays of 125 candlepower are even preferred to gas or electricity. It's a safe light that winds or draughts cannot flicker. A light as clean and odourless as electricity. But what a difference in cost! **Costs from 33/-. Shades extra, from 4/6**

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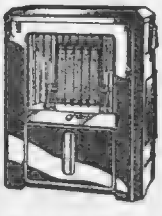
When it's Aladdin, of course



The new Aladdin Paradiant Fire gives you intense heat for less than ½d. an hour. Heat that is odourless, ashless, cinderless, and *safe*. Heat you can carry around, even when alight. No pressure or pumping. No installation costs. A fire of perfect appearance, and its fuel?—just paraffin. The very last word in heating. **Costs only £4.9.6.**

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White May, coloured pink for your protection. That's Aladdin Paraffin—the finest paraffin obtainable and costs no more. Insist on Aladdin Paraffin and look for the colour—Pink.

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39 Aladdin Bldg., Greenford, Middlesex *London Showroom,* **71, Mortimer St. W.1**

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Norma Cave & Arthur Milner in their Studio at 122 Regent St. W.1.

World's Champion Ballroom Dancers tell what they owe to

"YESTAMIN"

"World-fame has its disadvantages," writes Miss Cave, "and particularly so in such a strenuous profession as this of ours. As world champions we are naturally in continuous demand, and it is by no means unusual for us to devote sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to our beloved if exacting profession. A continuous stream of appointments at the smart hotels; demonstrations of new steps created by ourselves; personal tuition of a host of eager pupils; the continual travelling here, there and everywhere; irregular hours and meals and the necessity for keeping right up to concert pitch to give of our best to our huge audiences; all this takes terrific toll of nerves, health and vitality.

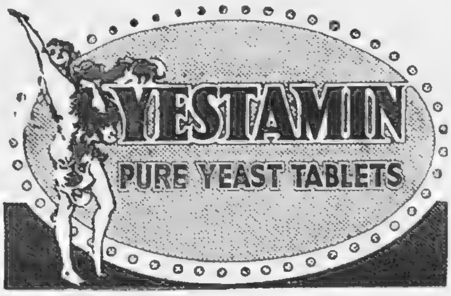
"Quite early in our career we discovered the vital, energising compensation of Yestamin. Without it I do not see how we could have kept up the pace.

"It is not too much to say that Yestamin has contributed in no small measure to our phenomenal success.

"It has certainly kept us free from all nervous and physical disorders, and given us the vitality our profession demands.

"We feel we owe it to Yestamin to make this frank admission."

Yestamin Tablets are a special concentration of yeast in its most readily assimilated form. They contain a supply of vitamins B1 and B2 besides other essentials to health. As a general tonic they are quite without rival (as the experience of Norma Cave and Arthur Milner proves) and they are also strikingly successful in cases of **Digestive Disorders, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Constipation, Nerves, Insomnia, Sciatica** and **Anæmia.** All good chemists stock Yestamin Tablets. The 1/- size contains over a hundred, and there are 250 tablets in the 2/- size. Be particular to remember the name—Yestamin.



Also Yestamin Powder in tins for adding to milk, porridge, etc., and to white flour when cooking, 1/3, 2/- and 3/6 per tin.

In case of difficulty please order direct from sole proprietors rather than accept an inferior substitute.

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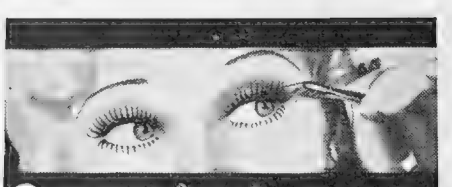

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THIS IS A PLAIN WARNING TO ALL WOMEN BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND FIFTY.

You have a regular physical function to contend with which can interfere with your ordinary life to a most inconvenient extent—upset your routine, disturb your mental poise and undermine your general health—if you allow it. You cannot escape or control this function. Plan or organise as you will, you cannot prevent the periodic demands it makes coinciding with the demands of your working or social life. *But you can—unless you are ill or abnormal—prevent it causing unnecessary suffering, or causing any disturbance in the tenor of your ways;* and it is wasteful, it is wicked, not to do so when the march of progress has provided simple means.

It is all a matter of efficient and hygienic measures of protection. During the last 4 or 5 years a new type of sanitary towel has been made *inexpensively* available—thanks to certain scientific discoveries and earnest co-operation between women doctors and the manufacturers of medical supplies. This type of towel eliminates discomfort, provides an aseptic barrier to any threat to health and prevents this natural function interfering with your work or your well-being. If you would like to know more, read "Plain Words to Women"—the little handbook mentioned in the Sample Offer below.

Lilia, the finest example of this modern type of towel, is made by a famous firm of surgical dressings manufacturers who keep in touch through a woman doctor—whose services they retain in an advisory capacity—with the intimate problems of women's health and the latest discoveries of medical science for their alleviation.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL.

Standard size, 1/– per carton of 12, with loops (or without them).

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW USERS

Twelve assorted Lilia Towels, together with a new adjustable, narrow, elastic suspender belt which has been medically approved, and one pair modern style protective knickers, for 3/6 post free, in plain cover. Belt and knickers, 2/6. Towels alone, 1/3. Medical Handbook by a lady doctor enclosed in every package. Write: Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S.7), Sashena, Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

coming over the starboard bow. There is ice in the air, and not far off all the icebergs we want, and every night I believe that one of them will look in at us through a port and send us to the bottom.

The sails are icy, and as the boys, dancing with death a hundred and sixty feet over the boil of wind and water, strike at them with frozen broken fingers, the blood spurts out from under the broken nails.

As we beat about that foredamned region, where they say there lie the hulls of more ships than in all the other seas of the world, there is fight in the air. Everybody wants to fight everybody else. And as I ladle out the "soup," or whatever it is that the cook calls "soup" when it isn't the pea-soup day, for the pea-soup is excellent, two of the men growl sullen at each other like two bears.

These two have been at each other's throats for weeks, and I fear the ten-inchers they carry. They have both promised me not to try any funny business with the knives, but you don't trust the promises of "Finnish tigers," as they are called, at "60° south."

So that when one morning they come for me to part my tigers, and I see a little pool of crimson under the port lifeboat, which I trace down into the "food-hall" (that is to say, the little ten by six where we devour our food), I am not surprised.

There are the two gents, locked inexorably in each other's arms, where they have been clasped closer than any brothers for the last hour or so. Lucky they are! If they could only break free and could get at their knives, there might be one, and possibly two, of our scanty crew missing the number of their mess.

There is an occasional heave, and an elbow or knee to the head, and the blood is running like a slaughter-house, though as yet there is no real damage. The "real damage" on a Cape Horner like ours is when a ten-incher comes flickering through the air or curves in the famous "belly-swing," which lets out little blood but much life. But these men, for some hidden reason, do not yet wish to use the steel.

At last I take a chance and "going in," as the bullfighters say, I take away his "meat" from the Finnish tiger with his back to the bulkhead. And as I do so, there comes a great sea which sweeps the ship, sending the whole boiling down to leeward, and effectively putting an end to the fight—at least so far as the "food-hall" is concerned.

Reel No. 4.

"ALL HANDS ON DECK!"

We are on the very razor-edge of rounding the Horn, and are cursing and praying alternately, according to the weather.

There is a hellish sea running. Great cathedrals of water that lift themselves up to the skies of driving grey as our shark's fins at the end of the jibboom point to high heaven, only to fling themselves recklessly down into the hell beneath. Huge amphitheatres of water seem to scoop themselves out from under our stern, with seats set in that whirlpool for the invisible spectators.

Heaven and earth and sea seem driving together into one vast inferno, and I, poor ignorant one, believe that the ship cannot live. The battering and the "hooking" by the cross-seas she is receiving seem to be on the verge of knocking her out—as a demon fighter in the 24-foot ring will "hook" and batter his man into subjection and nothingness.

And now we have to make the dangerous operation in a heavy sea known as "wearing ship." From starboard to port tack in this case. But who am I, of a vast ignorance, to tell of this!

The helm is put hard a-port at the critical moment, the mizzen and main yards having first been "squared" to take the weight off her, and so we describe our fateful circle from starboard to port. As we turn as on a pivot, the waves leap like wolves to try and come in at us in

(*Continued on page 132*)

BEAUTIFUL BUST

in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous

PARISIAN METHODS

Is your bust insufficiently developed?
EXUBER BUST DEVELOPER
will develop your bust.
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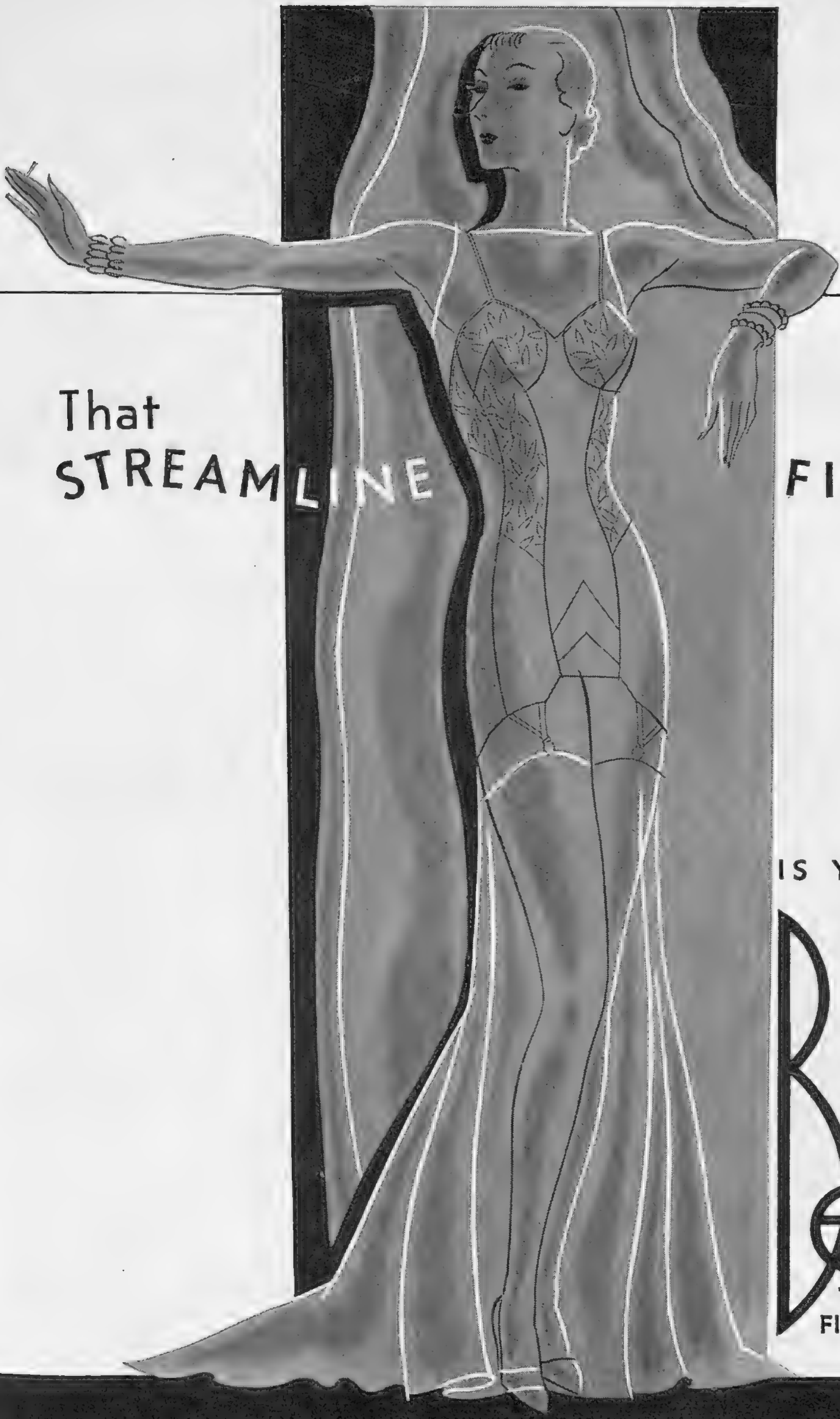
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SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
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The HOWARD POTTERY CO.,
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the "waist," and as she "hangs" sickeningly, the heart of one man on board at least is in his throat.

It is midnight. The men are worn out. They cannot either sleep or rest. They have been battered by the heavy seas, and their lungs are full of salt water. No hot coffee going, for the great seas have swept the galley—and nearly carried cook, coffee, saucepans and all overboard, as they had indeed done on a previous voyage, when nothing more had been seen of either galley or cook, as the former was wrenched from its iron bolts and the latter swept over the side with it.

Ten thousand devils are in the scrawming, screaming wind, which bears down on our doomed hulk blast on blast, fresh iced from the Horn. The whole Pacific (and what a name for such a sea!) seems to be coming in over the staggering grey sea-bird as she battles her way under a lower foretopsail. Already grey canvas has whipped itself out of the bolt ropes to disappear to leeward.

The boys are dozing, when there comes the crash of the mate's seaboots on the deckhouse door, and the roar, "All hands on deck!'

This is most urgent. Seconds may mean death.

The whole "push," half-clothed or sogging in their wet things, tumble out into the howling arctic night. The storm-fiend has set its claws into the lower main topgallant and is tearing it off the yard.

The boys have streamed aloft into the murk. And now they show as specks, blurred, up there in the night as they perch on the man-ropes.

The figures aloft are beaten to the yard, water-drenched, and the ship is plunging like a lunatic and under nearly bare poles as the "push" of boys, some of them nearly naked, crawl down over the futtocks, like whipped curs—though underneath those beaten cowed exteriors there beats the heart indomitable of the true Cape Horn breed.

The dawn comes hideous. A spectral grey, with "the thin grey line" of toiling men blending with the grey of sea and sky, as they clear up the litter of the night-storm.

They are broken, beaten, spent. They are cold and hungry and dog-tired. They have neither hope in this world nor in the world to come. All life to them in that aftermath of the storm seems to be an inferno of brace-hauling and fighting with maddened topgallants on yards and man-ropes slippery with death.

But there, behind them, itself sullen and beaten, lies the Horn himself, his blue snout jutting ominously into the hurricane of water and tempest and current which beat externally about him.

There he lies—old Cape Despair—*conquered!*

Planning the Perfect Kitchen

(*Continued from page* 68)

articles—such as sheets, covers, jumpers and sports kit—under full pressure, but with ease.

This machine possesses many refinements not ordinarily found in wringers. For example, the rollers run on hardened steel roller bearings, and you know how that can kindly minimise the turning effort.

The rollers are all fitted with rubber, while there is a simple lever pressure control.

Mounted on what is claimed to be the most rigid and yet the lightest-looking stand on the market, tubular steel, this wringer is supplied with a ten years' guarantee, and is very smart. It is supplied at modest prices too.

The Two-Speed Model costs 46s., and 19s.6d. for the stand, and the Synchro-Mesh Model is 42s. complete, with reversible table, trough and drain combined. Both models have rust-proof steel frames and may be had in a pleasant green or blue colour.

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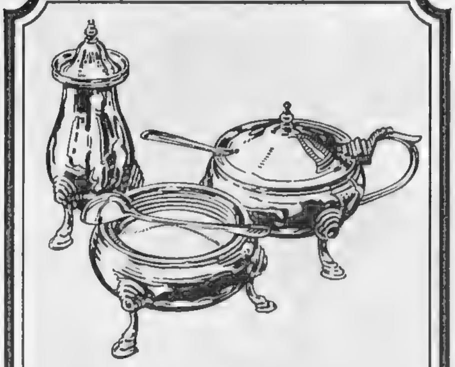

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which well-polished silver gives
to the dining table is assured by
the use of Goddard's Plate Powder.
95 years' world-wide reputation.

**"Goddard's"
Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere in four sizes, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.
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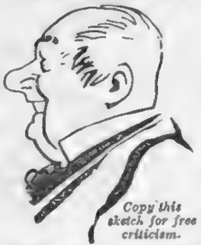

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WOULD you like to draw—to sketch—to paint?

The ability to draw is a more common gift than is generally supposed. Many possess it, but only a few have acquired that training and technique which is essential to success.

By the JOHN HASSALL WAY you can learn to draw in your leisure hours at home through the post, easily and without hindrance to your present occupation. Send a copy of the accompanying sketch (or an example of your original work) together with coupon below, and you will receive, in return, a free but expert criticism of your artistic ability and a presentation copy of the handsome illustrated brochure which tells in detail all about the JOHN HASSALL WAY, what it is, what it has done, and what it can do for you.

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Please send me—without charge or obligation—a copy of the Illustrated Brochure, "The John Hassall Way," and free criticism of enclosed sketch (my own work).
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NAME...
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ADDRESS ....

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*Brit. & Eve,
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Age (if under 21)..................

**The John Hassall Correspondence Art School,
Dept. H9/1, St. Albans**

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product, bearing the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance. Any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Macleans Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, sifted through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends advise them always to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

. . . . WHEN A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS DELIGHTFUL

She said I never dreamed you could serve Shredded Wheat in so many delightful ways

I said Yes, it's a mistake to think it's only a breakfast food. It makes many delightful changes for lunch, tea & supper. And it saves work

● How resourceful housewives become once they're awake to the adaptability of Shredded Wheat! The most delicious sweet and savoury dishes begin to appear. Here's a simple one that is always popular — Shredded Wheat, creamy milk and whole-fruit jam. It really does taste good. Honey or marmalade can very well take the place of jam or just try it with sliced banana.

THE FOOD THAT TASTES GOOD & DOES YOU GOOD

● Here's a tempting savoury: Shredded Wheat crisped in a hot oven, served with one or two lightly poached or fried eggs. And another: Shredded Wheat dipped quickly in scalding water and served with butter and seasoning. Remember everybody *needs* whole wheat with all its rich nourishment, vitamins and regulating bran. Have a Shredded Wheat meal once every day.

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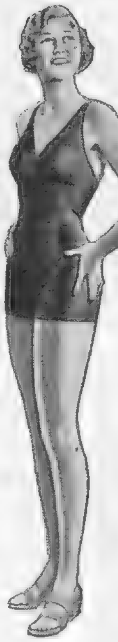

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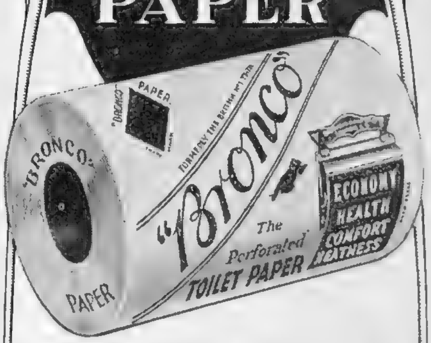
H138

The
DE LUXE TOILET PAPER



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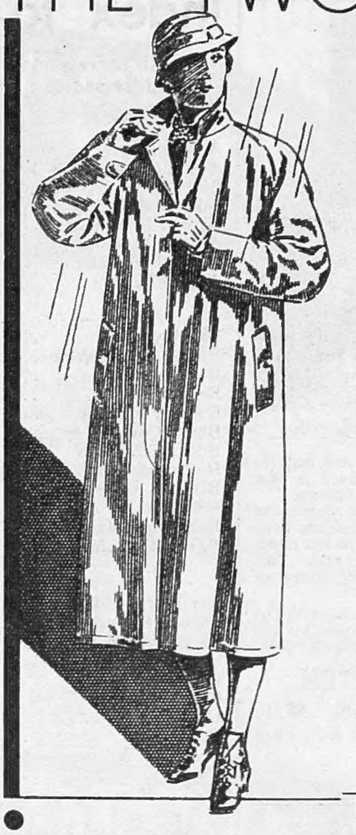

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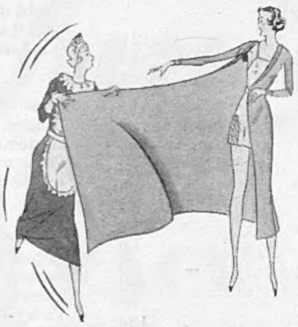

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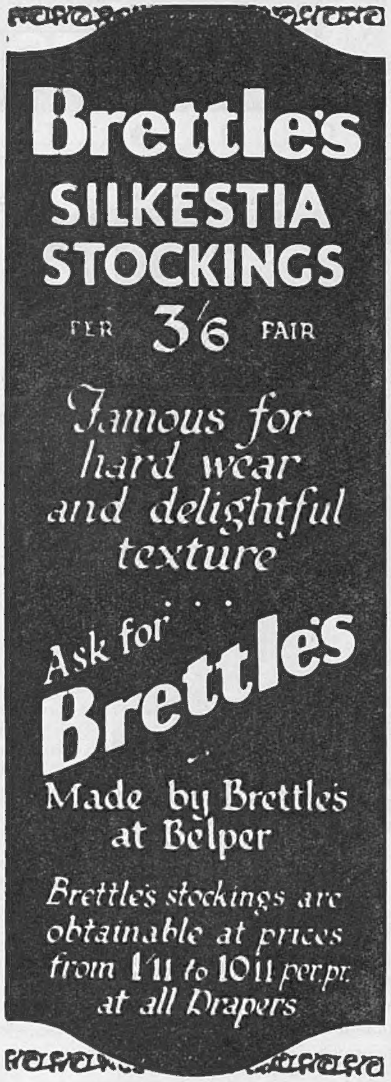
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OCTOBER, 1934

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland & Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

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Address ....
Date.......................................1934

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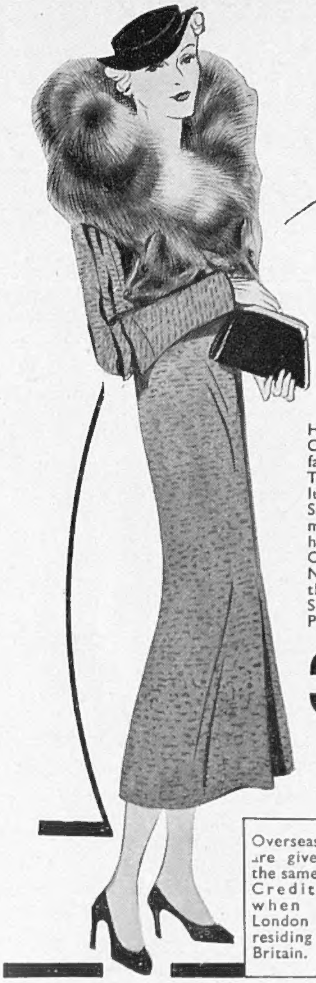

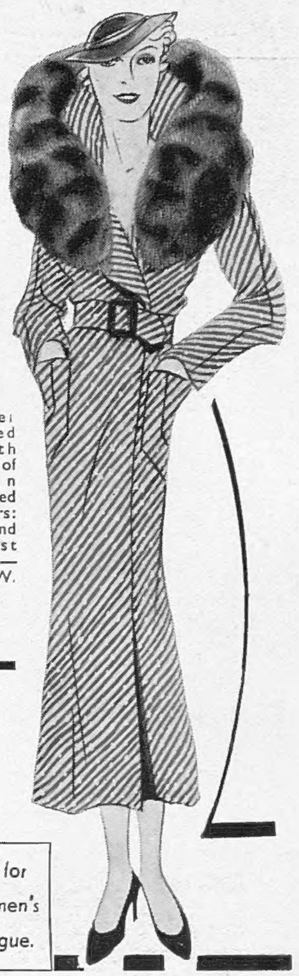

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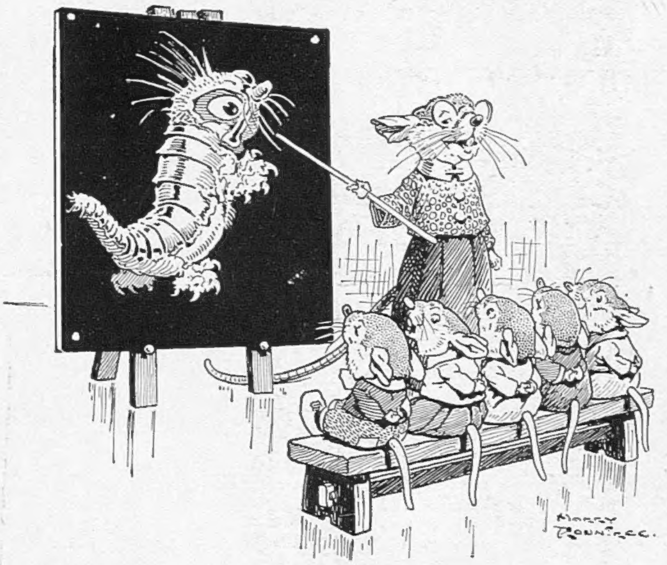

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